★ Oct. 2, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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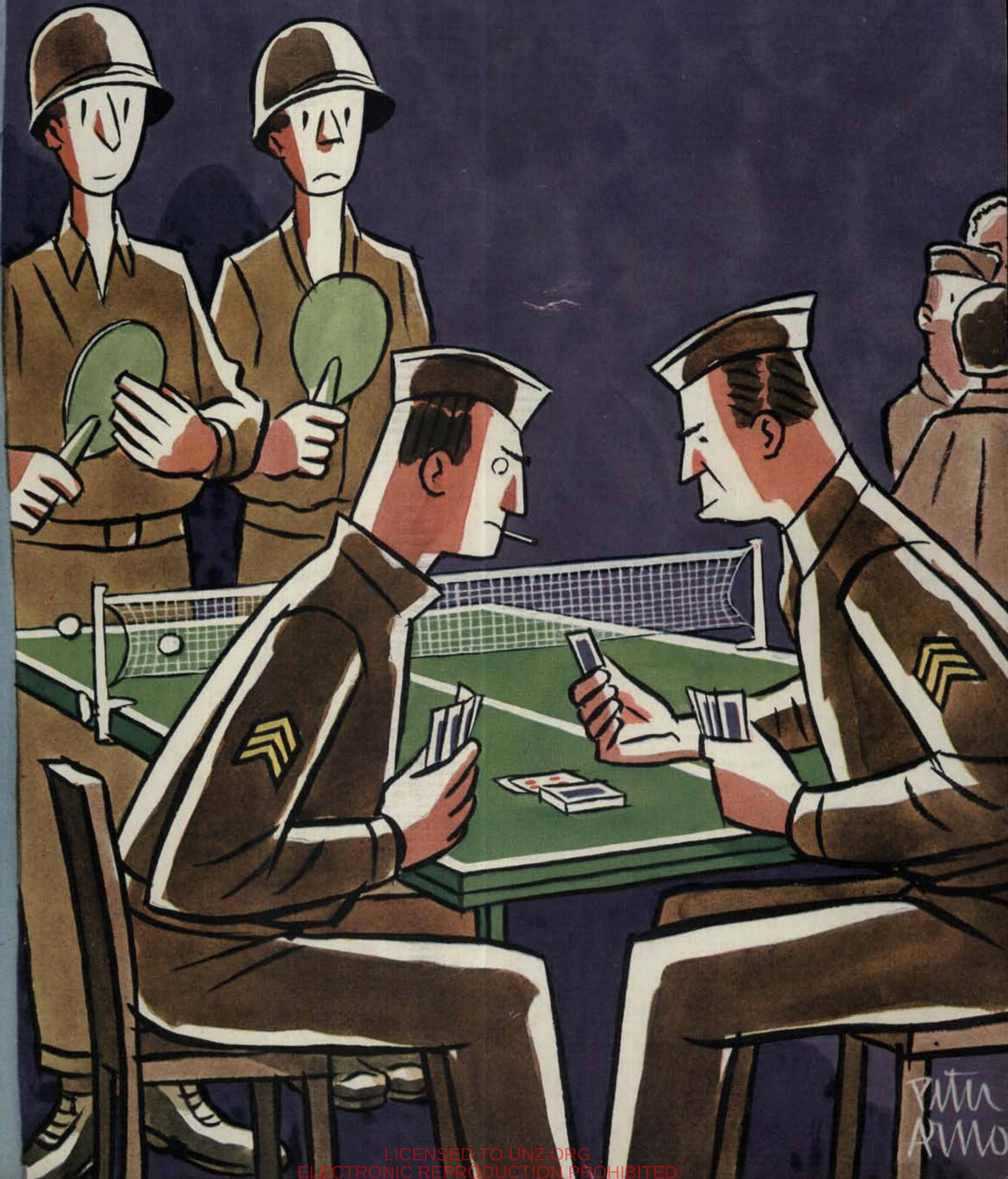

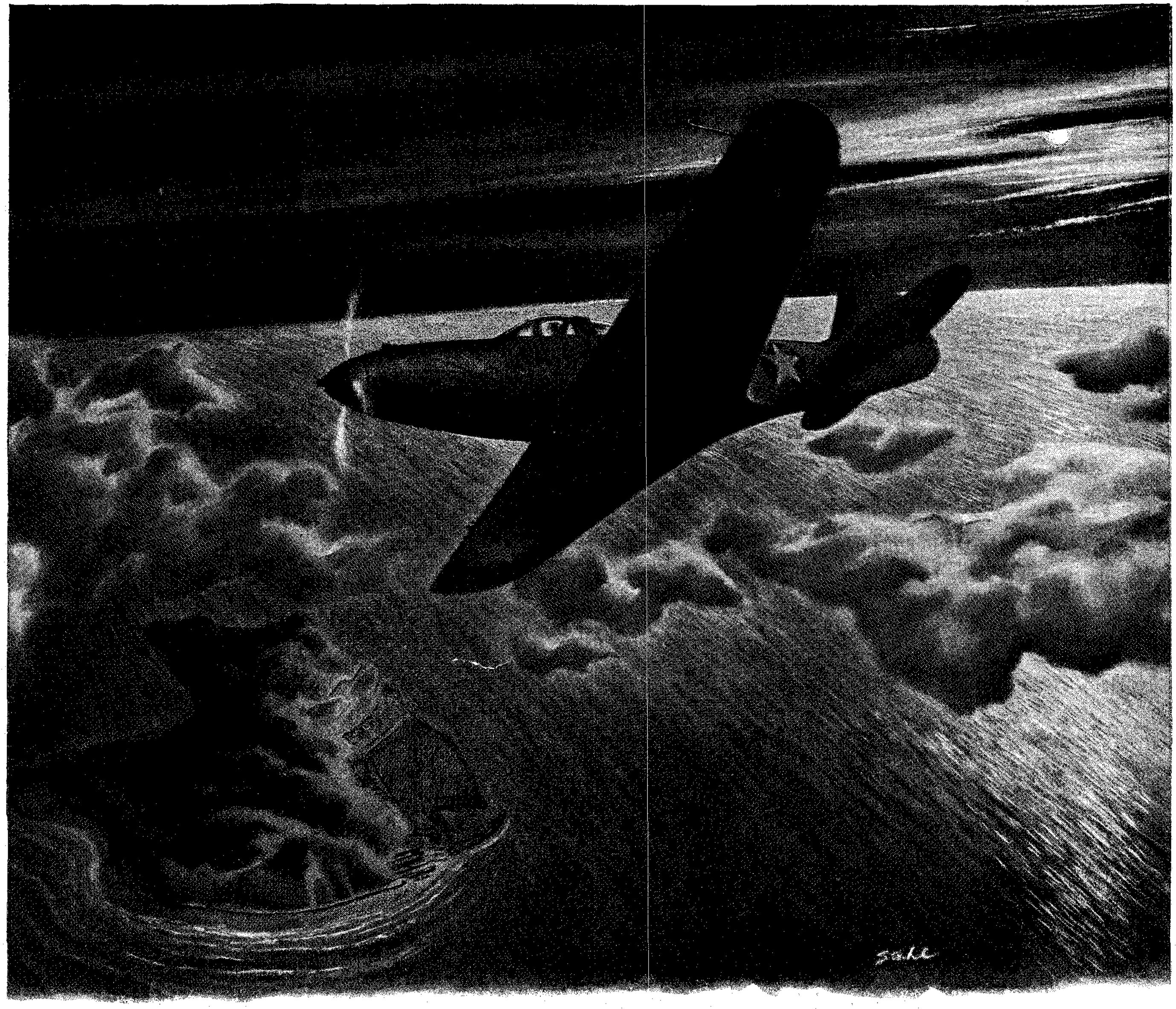

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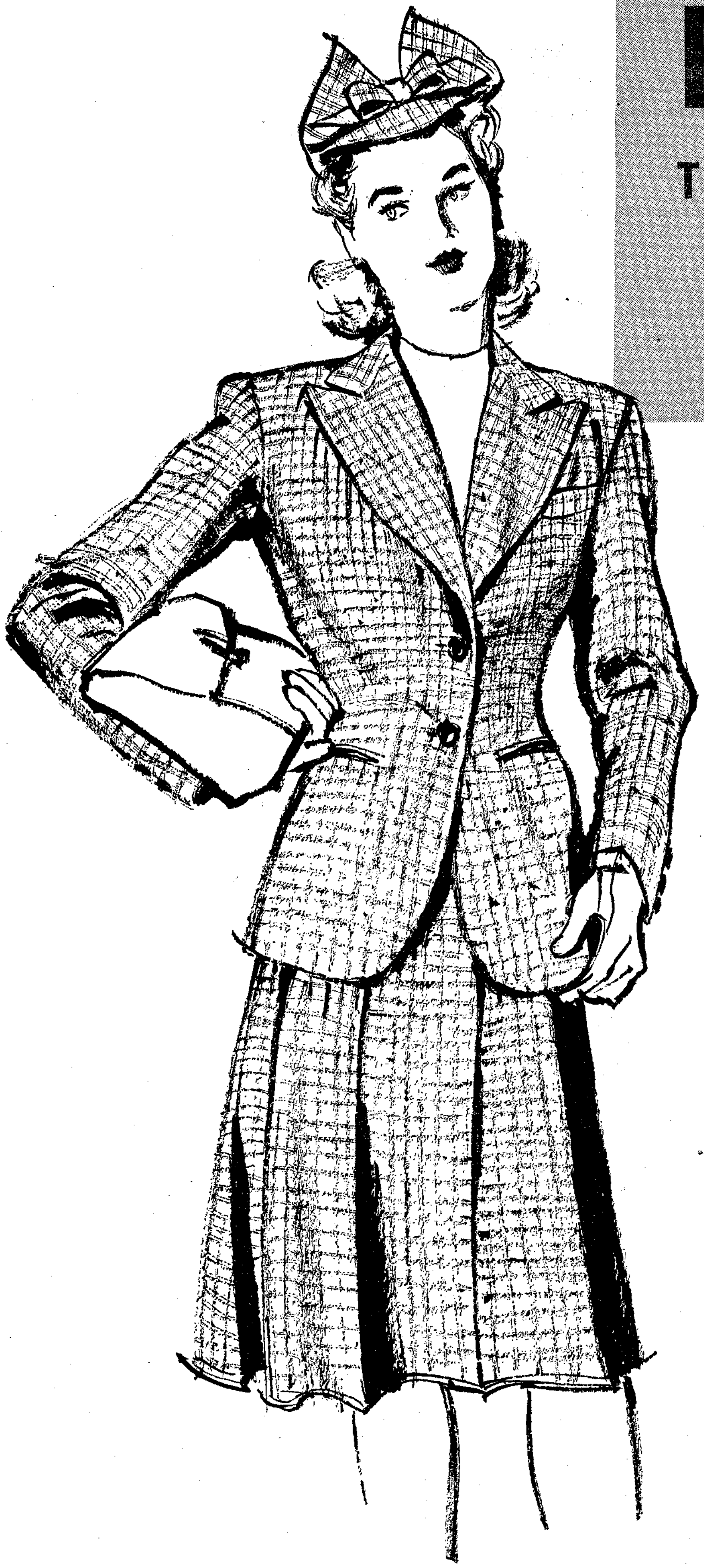

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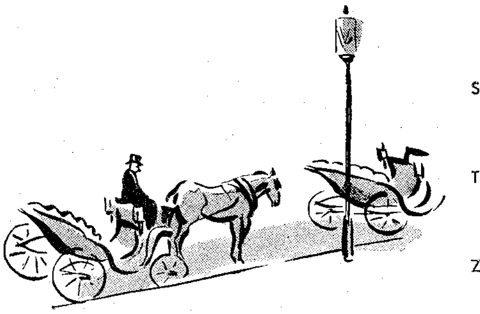
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

THE THEATRE

(On Tues., Oct. 5, there will be special matinées of "Life with Father," "Oklahoma!," "Something for the Boys," and "Tomorrow the World." Tickets may be obtained at any of the large department stores through the purchase of War Bonds from $25 to $10,000. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent play about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, and Mildred Natwick. Third season. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes as the little woman who started a big war. Scheduled to reopen Mon., Oct. 4. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 5, at 2:40; tickets at department stores only.)

A New Life—Rather elementary debate on Fascism and democracy, all taking place in a maternity ward. Elmer Rice's play is produced by the Playwrights' Company, and the cast includes Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 5, at 2:40; tickets at department stores only.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 3, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

All for All—Jack Pearl in a new version of Aaron Hoffman's "Give and Take." Produced by A. L. Berman. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Blossom Time—Schubert's plaintive romance with the jeweler's daughter in a good, characteristic revival. With Alexander Gray, Barbara Scully, and Doug Leavitt. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as elementary as it sounds. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laugh Time—Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Waters, and many others, including some excellent dogs, in a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 5, at 2:30; tickets at department stores only.)

Porgy and Bess—A superior production of the Gershwin-Heyward show about the inhabitants of Catfish Row. Todd Duncan again heads the cast. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Betty Bruce and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond Mat. Tues., Oct. 5, at 2:35; tickets at department stores only.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Moves on Mon., Oct. 4, to the 44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Somewhat rowdy, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—That old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. Everett Marshall and Frank Hornaday. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Oct. 2.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes, among many others, Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Fri., Oct. 8, at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hairpin Harmony—A musical comedy written and produced by Harold Orlob, with Karen Conrad and Carlyle Blackwell. Opens Thurs., Sept. 30. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

One Touch of Venus—A musical comedy by Kurt Weill, S. J. Perelman, and Ogden Nash, with Mary Martin, Kenny Baker, John Boles, and Paula Laurence. Staged by Elia Kazan and produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Oct. 7. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—Appearing in a joint recital: Sat., Oct. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

Ice Shows—"Ice-Capades of 1944," a revue featuring such champions as Donna Atwood and Nate Walley. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sun., Oct. 3.). . . "Stars on Ice," a spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a charming greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and, through Sat., Oct. 9, Jimmy Savo.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Ella Logan, who heads the show, will be replaced by Joe E. Lewis on Thurs., Oct. 7; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Not lapped by any waves, even at high tide, but still refreshing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, a well-appointed place of large dimensions, offers Fred and Elaine Barry and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at home to her friends in the Persian Room, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, with Larry Keyes' orchestra, will close on Mon., Oct. 4. The Iridium Room will reopen the next night with Freddy Miller's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—It's still the same

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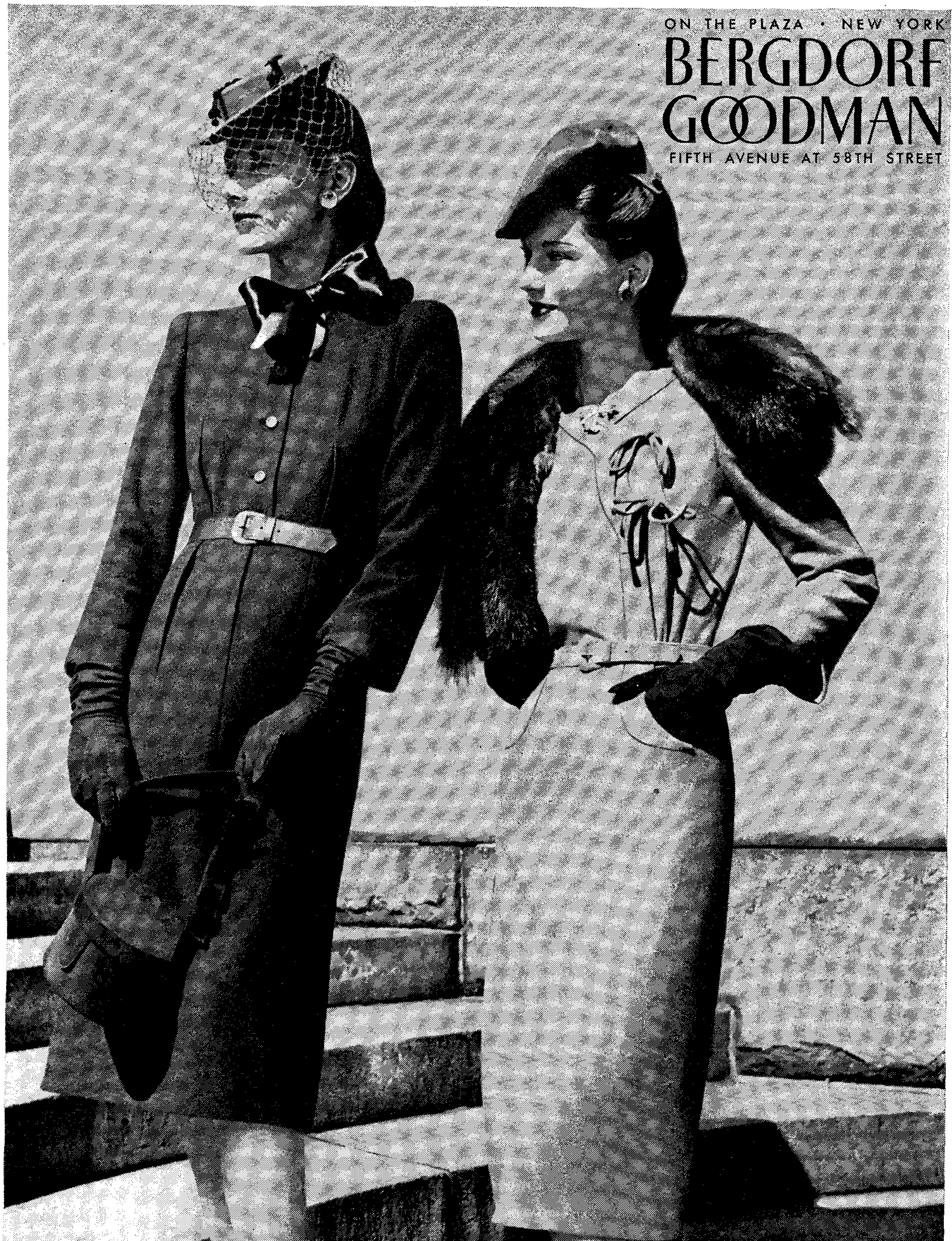
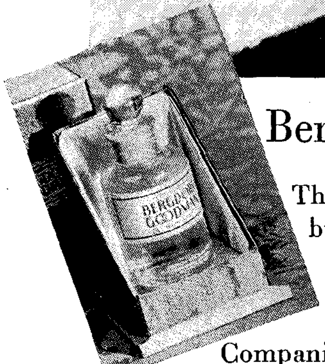
ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

old Stork Club. Russ Smith's orchestra; tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras will play on the Starlight Roof through Thurs., Sept. 30. On the following night the orchestras will move down to the Wedgwood Room, where there will also be a supper show headed by Frank Sinatra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is back, heading a new show. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): rococo but restful, with Mme. Claude Alphand, the Leonard Ware Trio, and quite a few others. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spivy herself and one or two others. . . . **la vie parisienne,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not very French, except for the murals, but there's Celeste Holm to listen to. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music makes an agreeable background for the chatter. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Carl Brisson, Val Olman's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **casbah,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **riobamba,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big and rather noisy show; Charles Baum's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings: Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. Closes for the season on Sat., Oct. 2. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra will be replaced by Benny Goodman's on Wed., Oct. 6; the ice show will stay on. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra will be replaced by Tommy Dorsey's on Sun., Oct. 3. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . **latin quarter,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a good-sized show. . . . **folies bergère,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls; Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **café zanzibar,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and lots of others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **la conga,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . **havana-madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, dances by Pearl Primus, and folk songs by Joshua White. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **kelly's stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Quintet supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

American Impressionists—Paintings by George Inness, John H. Twachtman, Childe Hassam, A. P. Ryder, and other nineteenth-century artists: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 16.

Contemporary American—At the **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: oils by Kurt Roesch, drawings by Ben-Zion, and sculptures by Doris Caesar. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 16. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: small paintings by Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

Drawings—Works in this medium by several sculptors and painters, including Charles Despiau, Aristide Maillol, Henri Matisse, and Diego Rivera: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9.

European and American—At the **andre seligmann,** 15 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by European and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 1. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

French—At the **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: paintings of the Midi by such artists as Monet, Renoir, and Cézanne. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2. . . . **niveau,** 63 E. 57: a showing of familiar paintings by Dufy, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Kisling, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

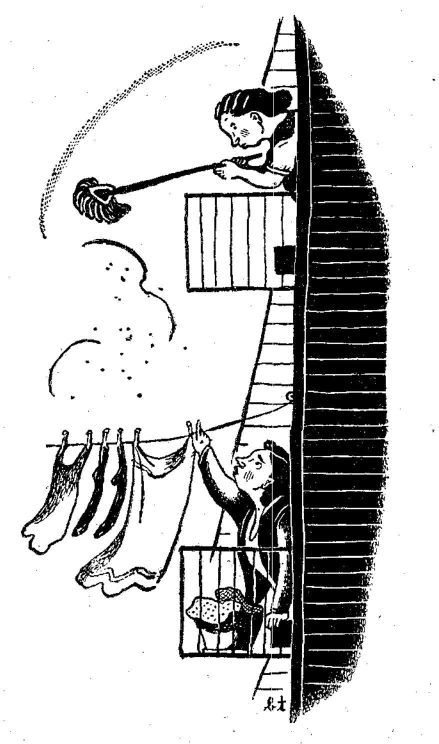
Groups—At the **associated american artists,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings done this summer by Paul Sample, George Grosz, Ernest Fiene, and other members of this gallery's group (through Oct. 13); also, paintings and drawings by Marshall Glasier (through Sat., Oct. 2). Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **macbeth,** 11 E. 57: an exhibit of contemporary oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 1. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: paintings by Jack Levine, O. Louis Guglielmi, and other artists now in the armed forces. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 2. . . . **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: figure paintings and drawings by Louis Bouché, Guy Pène du Bois, John Sloan, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

Mervin Jules—A showing of recent satirical paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 16.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—An exhibition of aquatints, lithographs, and other prints by modern Argentine artists (through Oct. 17); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Thurs., Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Constructions, jewelry, toys, and drawings by Alexander Calder, in a retrospective showing of his work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.



Posters—Twenty familiar Toulouse-Lautrec posters, as well as some others of the same period: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9.

Here and There—At the **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Louis Bosa, Stephen Csoka, John C. Pellew, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **perls,** 32 E. 58: first one-man show of oils by Fred Papsdorf, the Detroit primitive. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 30. . . . **new school,** 66 W. 12: paintings, sculptures, and prints by Stanley William Hayter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, José de Creeft, and Louis Schanker. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 11. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 46 W. 57: oils, water colors, and prints by Will Barnet. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

MUSIC

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season, Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 7, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 8, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Don Cossacks—The Russian chorus and dancers, under the direction of Serge Jaroff: Fri. through Sun., Oct. 1-3, at 8:40 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

San Carlo Opera—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 7; "Aïda," Fri. Eve., Oct. 8; "Faust," Sat. Aft., Oct. 9; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Oct. 9. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankee Stadium—Final games of the regular season: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs., Sept. 30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 1-2, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Oct. 3, at 3 P.M. . . . World Series: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7, at 1:30 P.M. (War-relief benefit, Oct. 7.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Mon., Oct. 4. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Football—Baker Field—Columbia vs. Princeton, Sat., Oct. 2; Columbia vs. Yale, Sat., Oct. 9; at 2:30 P.M.

Golf—Invitation tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., Oct. 1-3.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 9. Admission on Sat., Oct. 2, by purchase of War Bonds. (The Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Oct. 2; Ladies' Handicap, Oct. 5; Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 6; Champagne Stakes and New York Handicap, Oct. 9.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 10:55 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

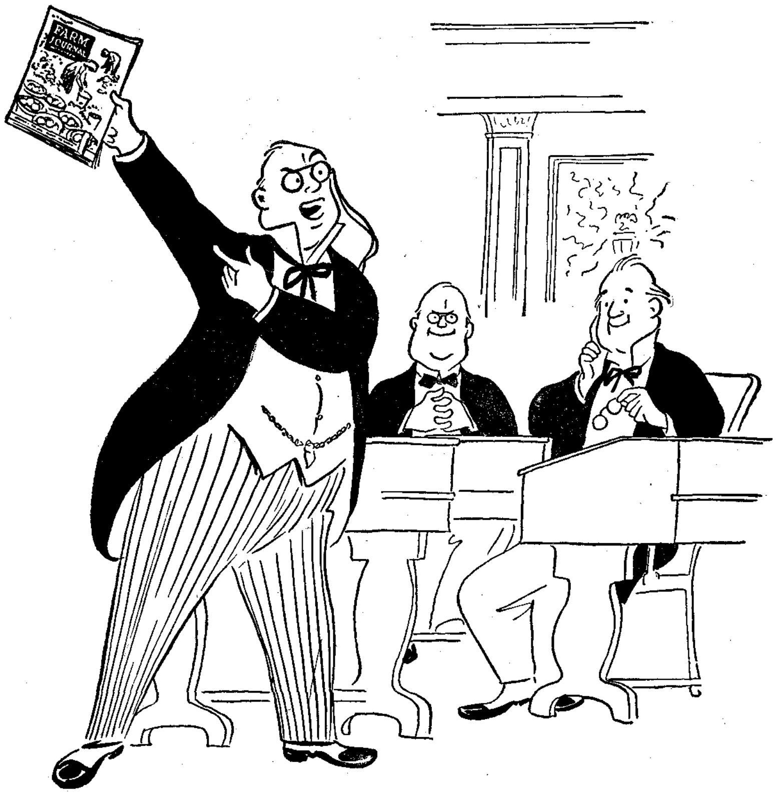
War Loan Drive—The campaign will continue through Sat., Oct. 2. Midtown headquarters are in the War Center on 50th St. near 7th Ave., where a rally is held nightly. . . . There will be a variety show at the Capitol Theatre, B'way at 51, on Fri., Oct. 1, at midnight, with entertainment by the Rockettes, Ella Logan, Bert Lahr, and many others. (Admission by War Bonds purchased at the Capitol, Paramount, Radio City Music Hall, Roxy, State, or Strand.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **coördinating council of french relief societies,** 457 Madison, at 50: sixty-two photographs taken by Thérèse Bonney between 1939 and 1943 in France, Spain, Sweden, and other countries, showing the effects of the war on the children of Europe. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; *through Oct. 29.* . . . ***museum of modern art,*** *11* W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, and photomurals; also, at 2:30 P.M. each day, a fifteen-minute film showing the Sikorsky helicopter in action. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

Rodeo—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, Wed., Oct. 6, through Sun., Oct. 31. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.

Harvest Show—An exhibition of garden crops and flowers raised by amateurs and professionals: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Wed., Oct. 6, from 2:30 to 10 P.M., and Thurs., Oct. 7, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Planetarium—"The Southern Sky" is the title of the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

October lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—President Roosevelt will speak on a program opening the annual drive for the National War Fund, Tues., Oct. 5, at 10:30 P.M., on all major networks. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., Oct. 3, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony: Frank Black conducting, Sun., Oct. 3, at 5 P.M.; Italo Montemezzi directing his new opera, "L'Incantesimo," Sat., Oct. 9, at 1:30 P.M.; WEAF. . . . World Series: Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7, at 1:30 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Rare books, including French eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literature, Americana, and first editions; from the libraries of the late Eila Haggin McKee, Robert Tittle McKee, and others: Mon. and Tues., Oct. 4-5, at 2 P.M. . . . Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian majolica, French eighteenth-century snuff boxes, and Renaissance furniture and decorations, owned by Mrs. Whitney Warren: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 7-9, at 2 P.M.

Note—Places where you can register for voting in the November elections will be open Sat., Mon., and Tues., Oct. 2, 4, and 5, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Wed., Oct. 6, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

The Adventures of Tartu—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in an English-made thriller about sabotage and espionage in Czechoslovakia. Not a Hitchcock picture, but almost as good. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Oct. 2. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 4.)

Bataan—Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and others carry out a realistic delaying action in the Philippines. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Oct. 1.)

Casablanca—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7.)

The Constant Nymph—A conscientious reinterpretation of the much-interpreted novel, with Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 2-5. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Oct. 3-6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 6-9.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—Hemingway faithfully, handsomely, and timidly adapted to the screen. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Hers to Hold—One of those light Deanna Durbin vehicles with songs and a certain amount of sentiment. Assisting Miss Durbin are Joseph Cotten and Charles Winninger. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 30. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 6-7.)

Johnny Come Lately—James Cagney's first independent production isn't world-shaking, but it's a pleasant little story about small-town journalism forty years ago. With Grace George. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Next of Kin—The British have put this film together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 5-6.)

Report from the Aleutians—An Army documentary which answers clearly and movingly a lot of questions about what goes on in a little-known theatre of war. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 1-2.)

This Is the Army—A number of Hollywood civilians have been added to the soldier cast, but no harm done. The newcomers include George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Watch on the Rhine—About the best anti-Fascist film that's turned up. Paul Lukas, Bette Davis, and George Coulouris. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

REVIVALS

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Oct. 1.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of All the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (World, 153 W. 49; tentative, Thurs., Sept. 30.)

Crossroads (1942)—Blackmail in the French diplomatic service. William Powell and Hedy Lamarr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 30. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 3-5.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 1-4.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 5-6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 6-8.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the novel by Tarkington. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 5-7.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 3-5.)

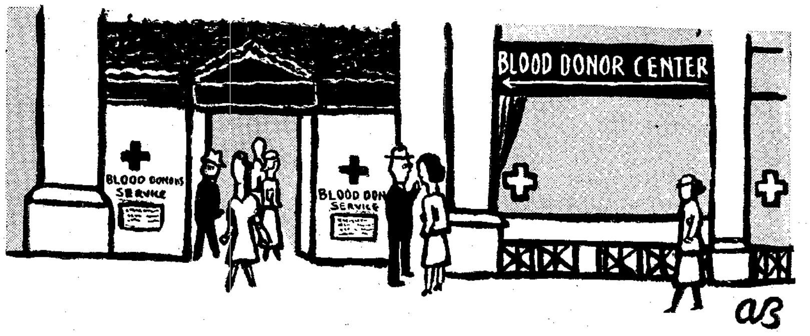
The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 1.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (World, 153 W. 49; tentative, Thurs., Sept. 30.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 30.)

Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 1-3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., SEPT. 30:** five Charlie Chaplin films (1914). **FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 1-2:** six comedies (1908-1929), including "The Freshman," with Harold Lloyd, and "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley. **SUN. AND MON., OCT. 3-4:** four Charlie Chaplin films (1915). **TUES. AND WED., OCT. 5-6:** "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919) and "The Nut" (1921), both with Douglas Fairbanks. **THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 7-8:** "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906), "High and Dizzy" (1920),



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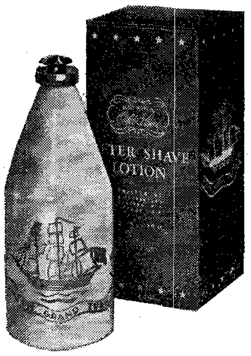

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Harold Lloyd, and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. **FROM SAT., OCT. 9:** "Grandma's Boy" (1922), with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), with Buster Keaton.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301): women to put in at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools; anyone who can typewrite, and is free during the day, to work full or part time in the C.D.V.O. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a short lecture course and then do clerical work on a regular schedule in Red Cross offices and information centres; women to spend as much time as they can spare making surgical dressings, or sewing and knitting for servicemen and war victims. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics, map-reading, and other subjects, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving service officials; women to take a brief course and then work in the Selective Service Office rehabilitating men discharged from the armed forces. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a thirteen-week course in welfare work, and then put in about one day a week as volunteer case aides in the social service divisions of hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as orderlies in wards.

WAR LOAN DRIVE—The C.D.V.O. still needs volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening selling bonds or doing clerical work in connection with the Drive.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for bombs, blasting powder, shells, and other war materials. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss and Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for Christmas packages to be sent overseas. For information about the size, contents, and other requirements, call the A.W.V.S. office. The organization will also arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

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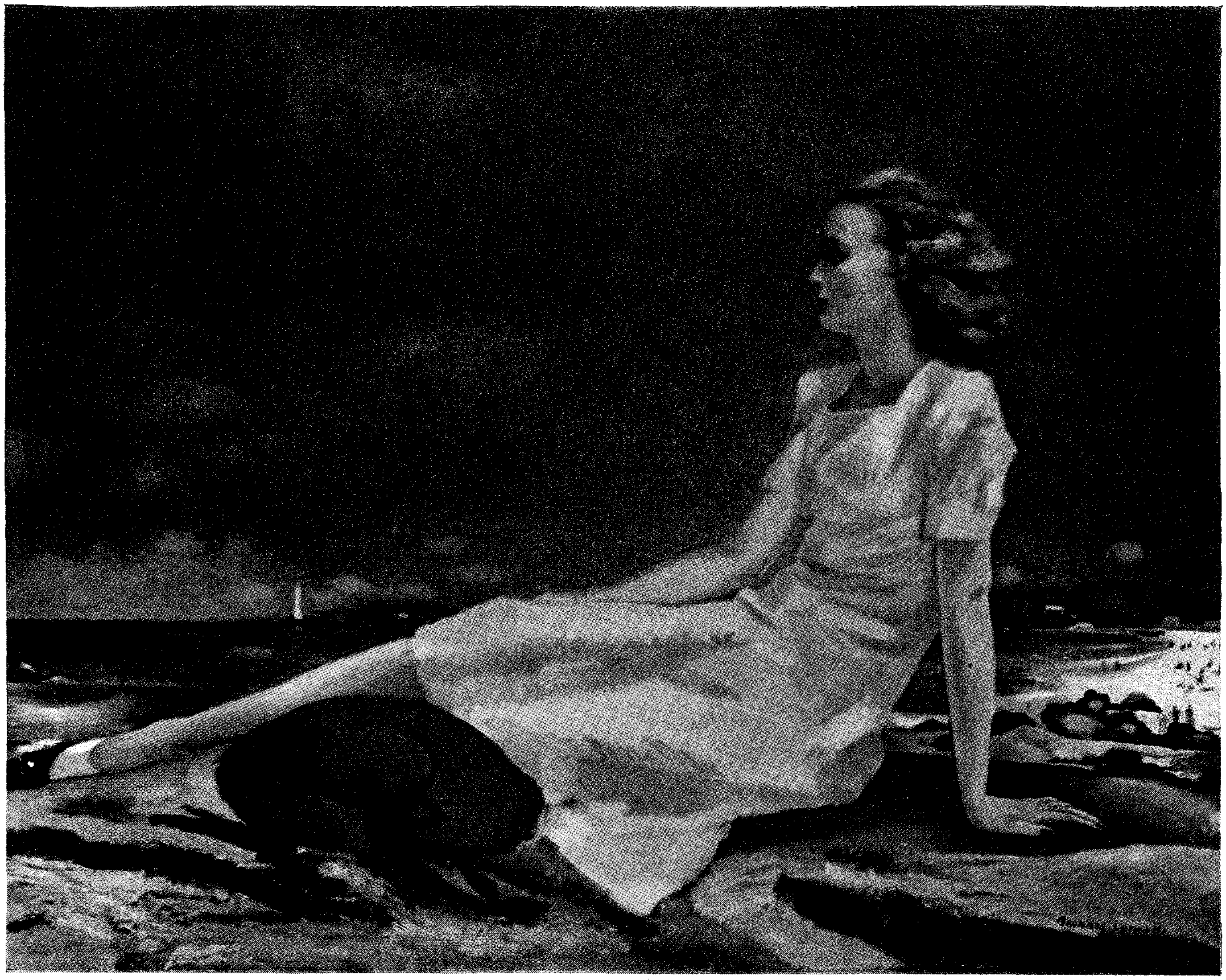

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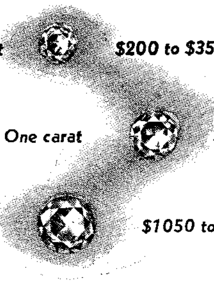

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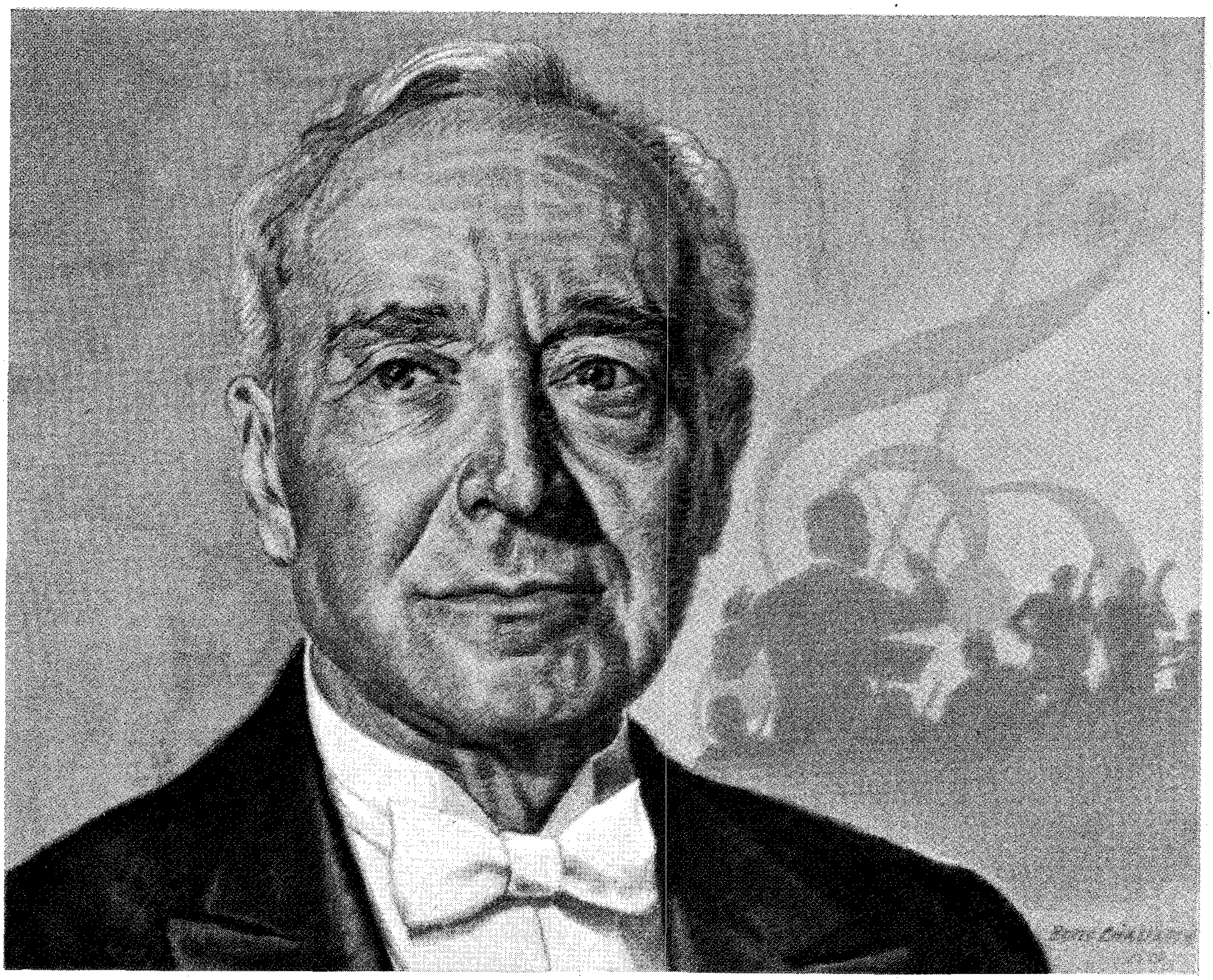

Serge Koussevitzky, painted for Magnavox by Boris Chaliapin

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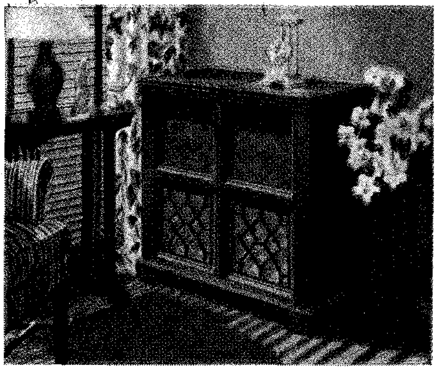

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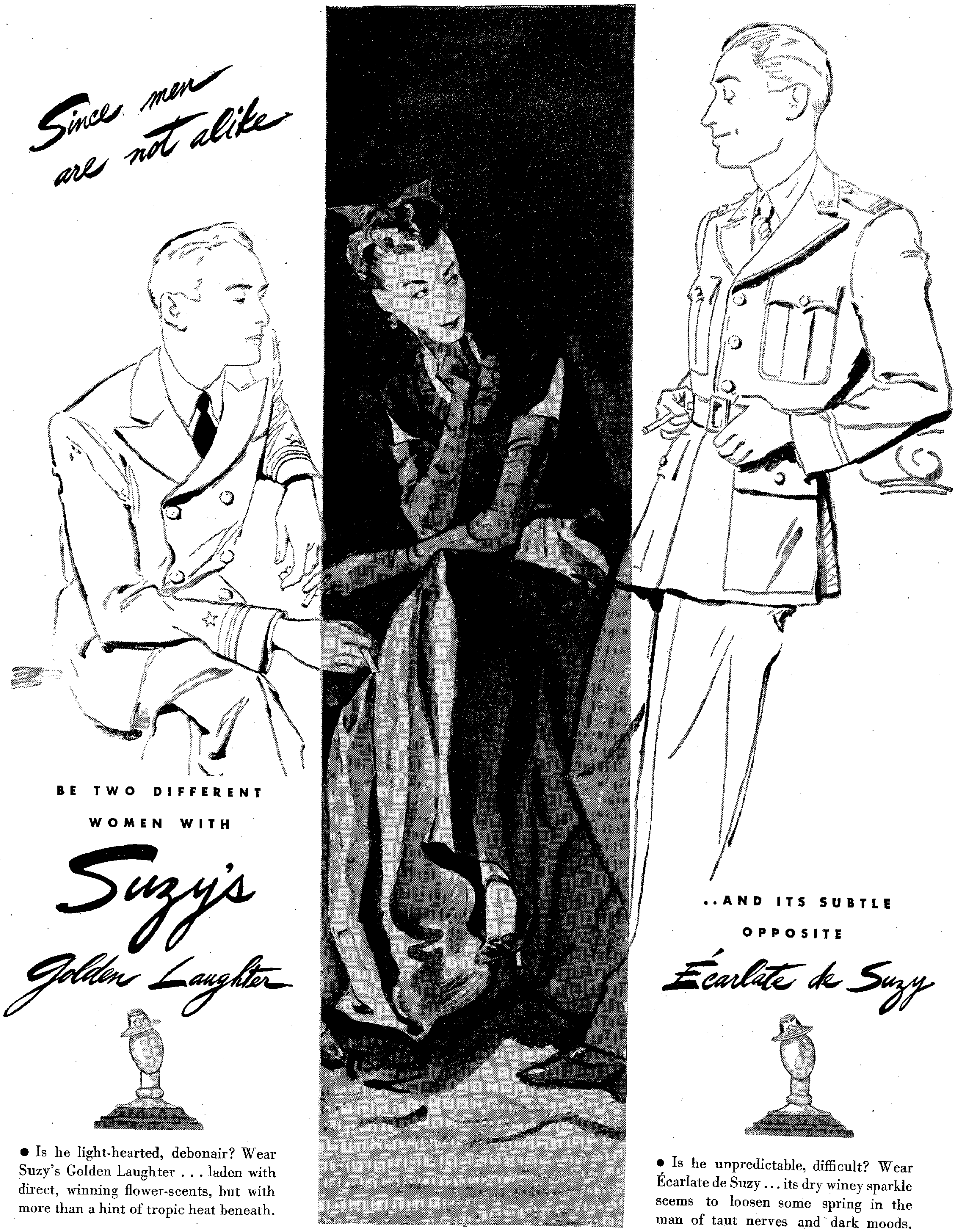

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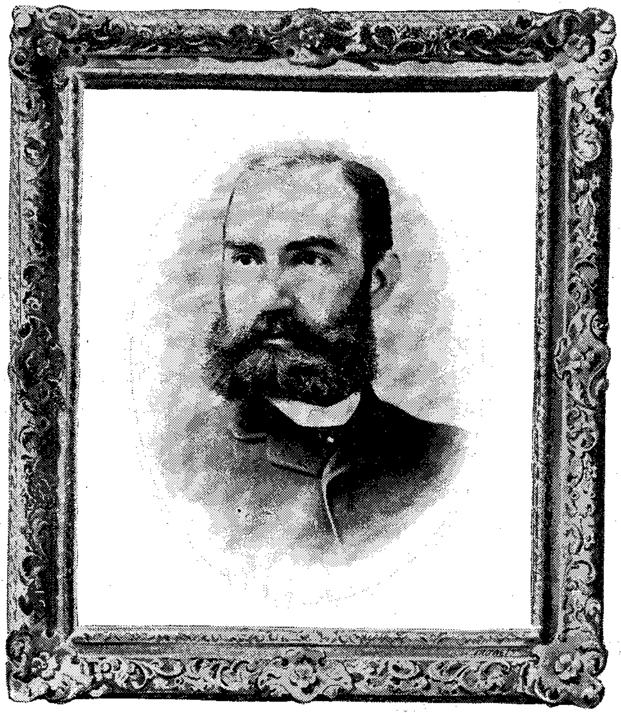

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO the twenty-nine members of the House of Representatives who voted against the Fulbright resolution, who fear entanglement with other nations, and who would preserve all our sovereignty and independence; to these twenty-nine unforgettable legislators whose dim, aloof spirit walks by its wild lone, we now award a special ribbon for unusual density above and beyond the call of duty. The ribbon is made of bloody bandages, and we hope it will forever remind the representatives of the real entanglements of the flesh which belie their quaint and curious theory. Gentlemen, if you do not know that your country is now entangled beyond recall with the rest of the world, what *do* you know?

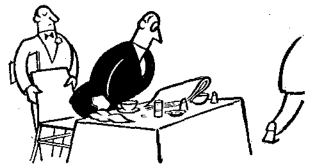
OLD ORDER CHANGETH NOTE: On Sunday, September 12th, the *Times* used the word "stooge" in the headline of a story on the secret Nazi control of banks in neutral countries. It was not set off by quotation marks.

TWO wonderful bits of news turned up during the week. The first was the news that eighteen cases of dogs eating their own license tags had been reported in this city. Dog tags used to be made of hard rubber, but in the new world which Henry Ford has given us, they are made of soy beans. The dogs have just got on to it.

The second was the news that the House of the Future (which has given us many anxious moments lately) is going to be just like home. We discovered this in a strong editorial in the *Architectural Record*. "The house of the future will have rooms," the editorial writer boldly announced. "Most houses will have foundations . . . with the main floor near the level of the ground. The house of the future will have floors, walls, ceilings, partitions, and roofs. . . . Access will be through doors, which will also serve to separate one room from another for more privacy, visual and auditory. The house will have windows to admit sunlight and air and to permit views and vistas of the outside; windows will be of transparent materials."

Things have certainly taken a turn for the better this past week.

THE man who had had the table before us had left his newspaper behind, folded back to the feature section. We picked it up and saw that he had been checking over a syndicated personality test, a series of questions to be answered yes or no, designed to tell the reader in decimals if he was happy with his lot. Following his marks, we found that we were sitting in a chair still warm from a man content at home and interested in his work, free from bad dreams, indigestion, boredom, and worry about the future, genial with children and dogs, considerate of his servants and his inferiors at the office, a man with a good hobby and some money in the bank. His total was only ninety-five out of a possible hundred—he couldn't honestly say that he always tried to keep up with old friends—but anyway, there it was, written testimony to a life that had fallen only five points short of all the world could hold. We ordered tomato juice and eggs and coffee and ate them sitting in the chair just vacated by a lonely, most uncertain man.



COUPLE of routine matters of translation:

When *Look* magazine asked Willkie if he would be available in 1944, Mr. Willkie replied, "If the Republican Party intends to drive heart and soul for liberal objectives, such as I seek to outline below, I shall give it my complete and undeviating service, whether as the convention's nominee or as a worker in the ranks." Translation: "Hell, yes."

When MacArthur gathered that he might be moved a step or two downstairs, he said, "It makes little difference whether I or others wield the weapons, just so the cause for which our beloved country fights is victorious. However subordinate may be my rôle, I hope to play it manfully." Translation: "Can you tie that?"

THIS magazine now gets out a special peewee edition each month for the armed forces, and we have just seen our first number. It's about six inches by nine inches and is as cunning as a china doll. It's as though the Special Service Division of the Army Service Forces were to send the boys a real little Betty Grable about three feet high, except that in our case the ovation will be quieter. The miniature magazine will contain each month a selection of current *New Yorker* stuff picked for its appeal to the soldiery. It will be delivered to the fighting fronts by airplane, fashionably. There will be no advertising in it, a clear step on the road to either chaos or the perfect state, depending on whether you follow the *Times* or *PM*. In many respects it is a queer project, this tiny publication which

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most of the editors are too old to read without their bifocals and which many of the customers are too young to read at all. Furthermore, it will be subjected to the catalytic action of gunfire, which may dissolve our safe and careful prose and leave only a dubious sediment in the tube. Men in daily contact with the enemy may even regard it sardonically or with indignation. However that may be, we send it along, and with it our greetings and our wordless prayers. This is certainly the first time we have ever felt hopelessly indebted to any special group of readers, and may the occasion, with God's help, never arise again.

Anti-Aircraft

WE suppose that everybody has known all along, in a vague way, that the city is well protected by anti-aircraft batteries on skyscraper roofs, but we never really quite believed it until the Army allowed us to go on a tour of inspection. At nine o'clock one morning last week, we set off in a jeep. Under the escort of an officer attached to the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command of the Eastern Defense Command, we were taken to a big downtown office building and, after a formal inspection of our credentials, allowed to go up on the roof. There, on a wooden platform camouflaged against detection from the air, we saw the guns, described to us as Bofors 40-millimetre anti-aircraft and 50-calibre machine guns. These are standard for rooftop gun emplacements. Painted on the sides of the gun platform were silhouettes of some of the big neighboring buildings, along with the distance, in yards, from the platform. This was intended to help the gunners get the range of any enemy planes. Nearby, we were told, were a good many rounds of ammunition.

This particular station has been in operation for a year and is supposed to be just about the pleasantest spot along the whole Atlantic Coast, because the men—eleven privates and a sergeant—don't have to live on the roof or cook their own meals. They have a tiny little suite of three rooms right under the roof. It is also right next to the elevator machinery, but they've got used to the noise. This particular office building maintains an employees' cafeteria and the men eat there, on the standard dollar-and-a-half-a-day-in-lieu-of-meals arrangement. "We'd get more meat if we ran our own kitchen, but we don't have any complaints," the sergeant told us. The station has its own little PX—a large crate containing candy bars, razor blades, playing cards, and other small wares. One of the men takes care of it, keeping a small commission on all sales. Men off duty have the use of one easychair donated by the building management, a secondhand radio for which they all chipped in, and a movie projector and some Mickey Mouse reels. Men can't leave the building without a pass, which they receive about once every four or five days. Their mail, which is addressed in care of their battery, arrives once a day by messenger.

Although the soldiers stationed there have never fired a shot from their rooftop emplacement, they've been as busy as any other soldier. Reveille is at six-ten, and from then until sundown every minute is filled. They are always cleaning and polishing the guns, of course, and every time a plane goes by they draw a bead on it, to keep in practice. Sometimes the Civil Patrol planes pretend to dive-bomb them, to give the machine-gunner a workout. The men have infantry drill on the roof, receive gunnery instruction, and participate every other day in what is called "current events"—discussion of how the war is going and what it's all about. They have regular inspection once a day, and formal inspection every Saturday, and when they go down to the cafeteria for meals they have to change from their fatigue clothes to their regular uniforms. There is always one man at the telephone, on the "hot loop," or direct wire to headquarters. If an alarm came through, the guns would be ready for action immediately.

We visited a couple of other anti-aircraft stations. These were different only in that the men lived in shelters they had built and had their own kitchens. The officer who was showing us around said that we could keep up our tour of inspection all day, there being a great number of such stations right in the city. We were already convinced, however, that the city is guarded well.

Repent at Leisure

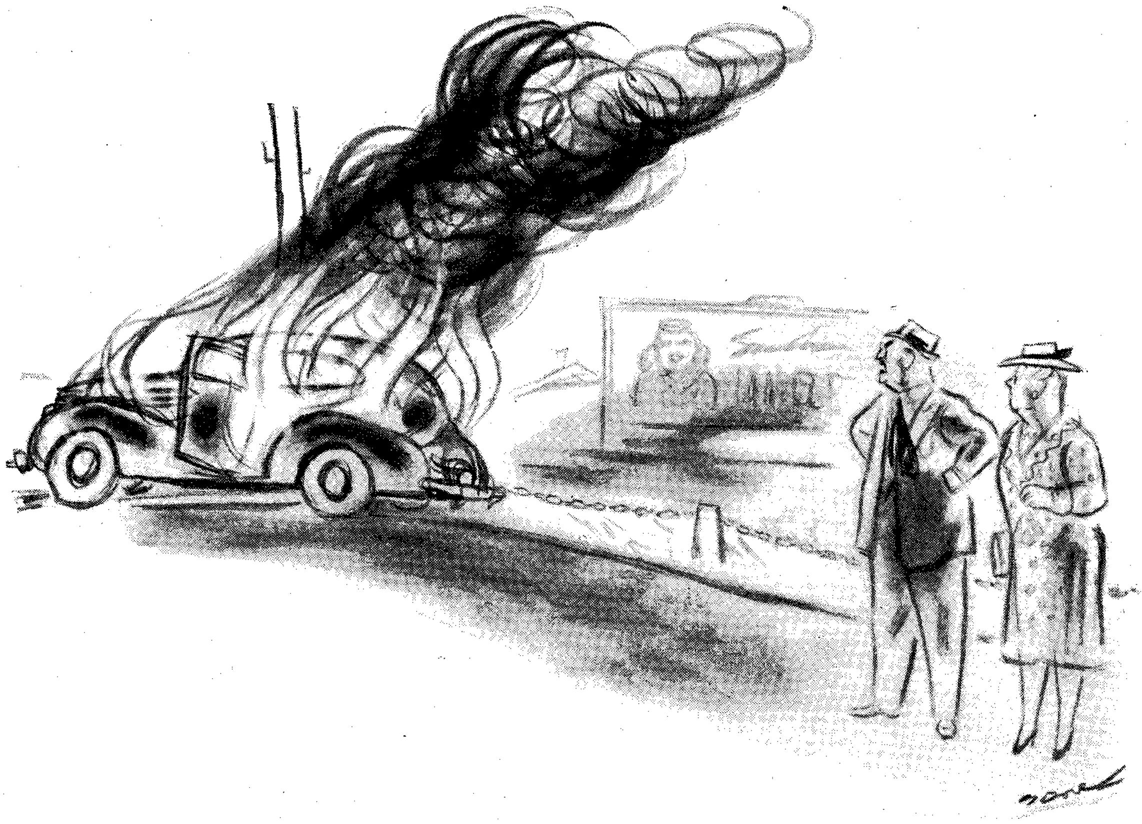
A GIRL copywriter in one of the big advertising agencies failed to show up for work Monday. She sent a telegram instead: "WILL NOT BE BACK TO WORK WAS MARRIED YESTERDAY SINCERELY SORRY."

Icarus

TWELVE years ago, on the evening of October 3rd, an airplane appeared high over the central part of Rome, just as the cafés and parks were filling with after-dinner crowds. The pilot descended to a height of less than a thousand feet and circled the region of the Piazza, the Corso, and the Chigi Palace, meanwhile tossing out quantities of leaflets. The people who picked them up—and there were almost enough for the entire population of Rome—found that they contained a spirited denunciation of *Facismo*. The plane disappeared into the evening darkness, and the pilot, who was a young poet named Lauro de Bosis, was never again seen by anybody. Lauro de Bosis was one of the earliest anti-Fascist heroes and is still the most romantic. The reason we seized the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of his deed to tell you about him is that he was half American and was converted from Fascism by people he met in New York at cocktail parties and so on, quite a number of whom remember him well.

The American parent was, as you may have guessed, de Bosis's mother, whose maiden name was Lillian Vernon. She came of New England stock and was the daughter of a Methodist minister living in Rome. Adolfo de Bosis, Lauro's father, was a poet of some distinction, best known in Italy for his translations of Shelley. Lauro was born in Rome in 1901 and took his degree at the university there twenty-one years later. He thus matured in a Fascist environment and accepted it without giving it a thought. He had studied chemistry, but his real interest was literature. After graduation, he took up Greek and did a metrical translation of "Oedipus Rex." These special interests and accomplishments, together with the fact that his mother had taught him English, led to the American lecture platform. He made his début here in 1924, and did so well that he thereafter made an annual lecture tour, speaking on the subject of Italian literature. He gave courses at Harvard, too, and did Italian translations of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Professor Gaetano Salvemini, who now is lecturer in the history of Italian civilization at Harvard, knew de Bosis back in Italy. He described him to us the other day as "a beautiful boy with black eyes—slim, tall, elegant, a perfect example of manly beauty." Apparently de Bosis was nothing much as a political philosopher, since, when he was won over from his allegiance to Fascism, he became a royalist; he was at his best as an anti-Fascist rather than as a constructive thinker.

De Bosis acted promptly upon his anti-Fascist conviction when it came. He resigned a job he held as secretary of the Italy-America Society, an outfit he by then suspected (apparently correctly) of circulating propaganda over here. Returning to Italy, he organized an underground movement he called the Alleanza Nazionale, or national alliance. At first the alliance was merely between de Bosis and a mimeograph machine on which he printed anti-administration pamphlets. This was early in 1930. Soon, however, he took in a couple of Italian journalists, Mario Vinciguerra and Renzo Rendi. In late November of that year, while he was out of the country, Vinciguerra and Rendi were arrested. The mimeograph machine was found beneath de Bosis's mother's bed, and she was arrested, too. She was released after being forced to write an apology to Mussolini. The two men got fifteen years each. De Bosis, who was passing through England on his way home, had to be prevented by his friends from going on to Italy and giving himself up to the police. Then he got the idea of the leaflet-dropping airplane trip. This was rather visionary, since he had no money and didn't know how to pilot a plane. He went to Paris, got a job as a hotel concierge, and, from some source which



"Well, anyhow, it'll be a relief not to have to worry about the damned thing any more."

his friends even now aren't sure about, raised enough money to buy a plane and pay for the necessary instruction. In July, 1931, after only five hours of solo flying, he took off from Cannes with his load of pamphlets, but was forced down in Corsica. He survived, but the plane was damaged beyond repair. Between July and October he raised the money for a second plane and prepared more pamphlets. At three-fifteen on the afternoon of October 3rd, he took off for Rome from an airfield near Marseilles. Professor Salvemini says the accepted story of his disappearance is simply that he ran out of gasoline on the return trip. If the Fascists had succeeded in shooting him down, they'd have announced the fact; as it was, the Fascist press simply said the plane had landed in Jugoslavia, which it certainly did not.

Three years before his death, de Bosis had won a prize with a dramatic poem called "Icarus," about the legendary man who was killed when he flew too near the sun on wings of wax. It's as if, Professor Salvemini feels, de Bosis had some premonition of his own end.

Military Document

As part of a government training course being given in Washington, a young major presented an hour-long lecture on abstruse military matters, speaking fluently and pausing only occasionally to glance at a small slip of paper he had placed on the reading stand before him. He departed without taking the paper, and one man in the audience went up and lifted it. He wanted to see how it was possible to boil such a long talk down to such a tiny page of notes, but he found he was on the wrong track. The paper simply said, in large, well-spaced capitals, "SPEAK SLOWLY! DON'T TWIDDLE!"

Soot

As anyone who had access to a window sill on which to rub his forefinger can testify, the past summer was a phenomenally sooty one. The official figures are startling, even to those persons who tried to dine at a sidewalk café. For the past eleven years, the records compiled by Dr. David Morris, the meteorologist who presides over the observatory in Central Park, show an average content of 1.22 tons of extraneous matter per cubic mile of New York air. The average for last summer was just under two tons, which is an increase of more than sixty per cent. And, as Dr. Morris pointed out to us with scientific candor, that isn't the half of it. For one thing, the present system of measuring air-borne dirt doesn't give the whole story. A fixed quantity of air is drawn through a filter paper and the resulting smudge compared against a chart which shows the dirt concentrations per cubic mile for smudges of similar densities. All very well and good, says Dr. M., but it depends too much on the naked eye. He was all set to install a device which would measure the dirt exactly, by means of a photoelectric eye, when priorities intervened. Another thing, the Central Park observatory is uptown, where the prevailing winds, from across the Palisades, are relatively pure. Most of us have been breathing air with *more* than two tons of dirt per cubic mile.

Most people assume that the increase of dirt in the air is a result of the conversion from fuel oil to coal. Not at all. An expert on smoke control told us so—Mr. Arthur Stern, of the State Labor Department. Six years ago, he made a survey of the city's smoke-control problem, using WPA manpower. He wrote a 600-page report which never got published, what with this and that, but which, he says, applies to present conditions anyway. New York is, and always has been, predominantly a hard-coal town, and hard coal doesn't give off much smoke. Simply because we're closer to the anthracite beds of eastern Pennsylvania, we've never used much of the very smoky soft coal, and we've used even less oil, domestically or industrially. Anyway, the average maladjusted oil burner gives off more smoke than a furnace burning hard coal. Simply on the strength of conversion from oil to hard coal, we should have less smoke now than before the war, Mr. Stern said. The reason we have more should be obvious, he told us: more industrial activity hereabouts, requiring the burning of more fuel. The huge Williamsburg plant of the Edison Company, for instance, is supplying seventy per cent more power than it did a year ago, and is inevitably giving off a lot more smoke. It's as simple as that. At the Board of Health, where we dropped in for a third opinion, Deputy Commissioner Pincus said that his department recognized the existence of a bad smoke problem but didn't see any immediate way to solve it. They may later petition the WPB for the necessary priorities and make the big smoke-nuisance people install smoke-control devices. With modern equipment, it's possible to prevent factory chimneys from giving off any smoke at all.

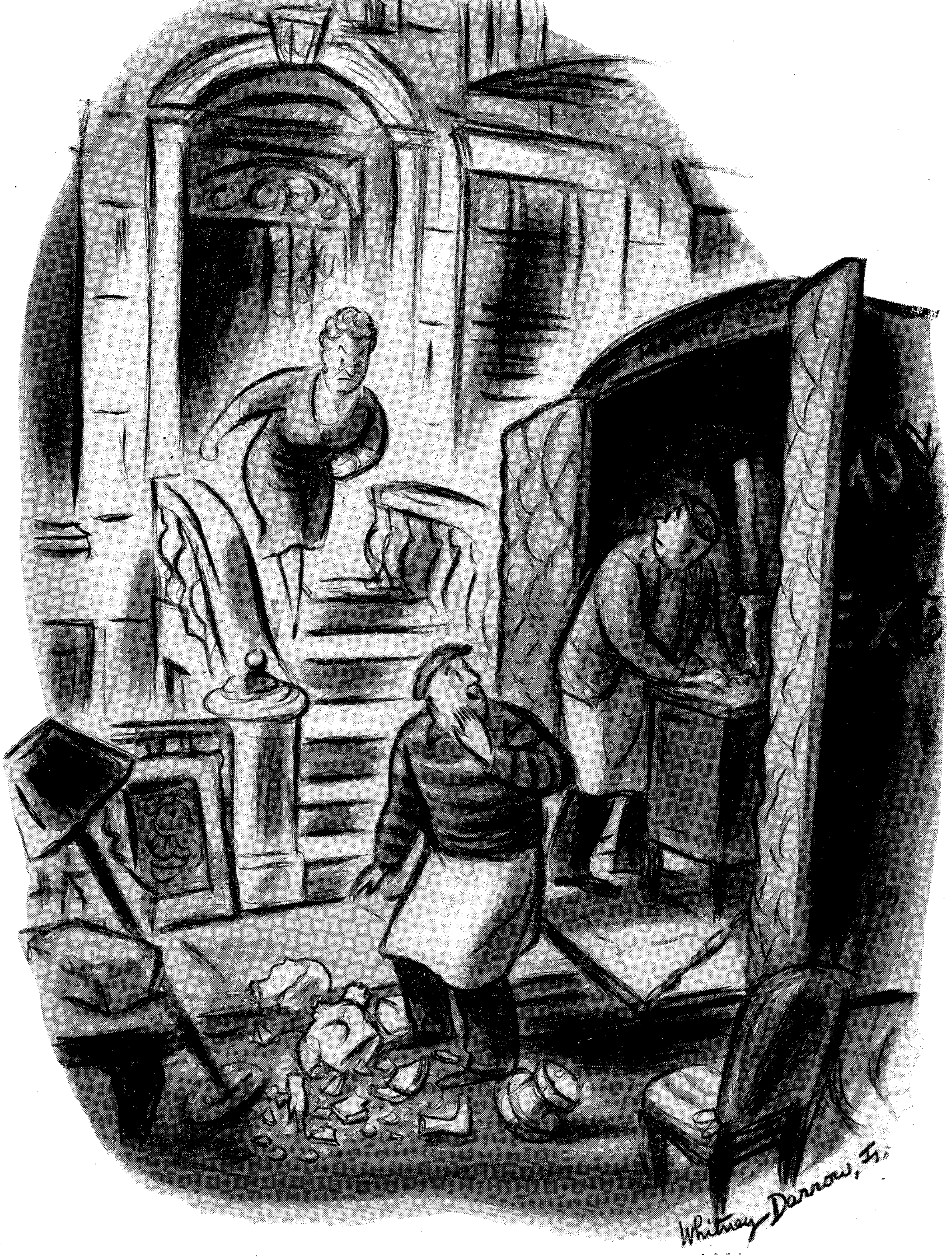
Failure

THIS one's about a playwright who decided to leave Hollywood and gave notice to that effect to his employer. The producer sent for him, to try to dissuade him from this radical step, but the playwright remained firm. "I want to write for the stage," he said. "But you can't make any money writing for the stage," the producer said. "Take your last play—how much money did *that* make?" "Seventy-five thousand dollars," the playwright said, with some pride. *"See?"* said the producer.

Bell Cow

THAT Major General Alfred Gruenther, Lieutenant General Clark's chief of staff, is, at the age of forty-four, the youngest man of his rank in the whole Army comes as no surprise to the local contract-bridge set. They remember that a dozen years ago, when he was just a first lieutenant, he displayed phenomenal qualities of leadership as the director of championship contract tournaments. A director is to a contract tournament what an umpire is to a baseball game, and, we gathered from some of the players we interviewed, not infrequently would, in pre-Gruenther days, get into the same kind of violent arguments an umpire does. P. Hal Sims told us, "Nobody who wasn't in bridge before Gruenther can understand what he did for it. Here he was, the greenest little blond lieutenant you ever shook hands with, and we were all biting, scratching exhibitionists, every one of us. The tournaments used to be brawls, with the director yelling, 'You're right! You're wrong,' and everybody turning then from biting and scratching each other to biting and scratching *him*. But Gruenther would get up quietly and say, 'I will read the rule,' and that would be the end of it. Nobody seemed to have much to argue about after he came into the picture."

Gruenther was stationed at West Point as an instructor in chemistry and electricity when he was discovered by the big-time bridge world. This was thirteen or fourteen years ago. A foursome from the old Knickerbocker Whist Club went up to play a West Point team. The match was run off with such quiet dignity that they invited the director to see what he could do about calming down the Knickerbocker. Lieutenant Gruenther (for it was he) was not completely unknown among bridge-players, having been a member of the team which finished fourth in the Eastern Championship match of 1928. Anyway, Gruenther directed a few matches at the Knickerbocker, so successfully that he was soon in demand to direct all the big tournaments held in the East. His fees averaged a hundred dollars a night, and apparently all the players thought he was worth it. "We picked Gruenther because he was one man we couldn't bluff," Sidney Lenz told us. "Not that Culbertson didn't *try* to," he added amiably. The Army didn't care what Lieutenant Gruenther did with his spare time, as long as he was on hand for his duties. When he was directing a tournament in New York, he'd work until around one-thirty in the morning. Then he would go to sleep on a mattress in the back seat of his car and his wife would drive him back to the Academy. During this period he managed to write a book, "Duplicate Contract Complete," which is still considered the standard work on the subject and copies of which sell now at a premium.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Don't say a word. Let her do the talking."

* * *

Sims remembers Gruenther as the kind of man who could enter or leave a room completely unnoticed. "Less personality than any man I ever met in my life," he told us. Sims started out calling him "Sergeant," and, when he realized his mistake, took to calling him "Captain" by way of reparation. Sims recalls, "I was reading his book one evening when it came to me that our Cap was going to be a great man in the United States Army. Maybe you wouldn't notice him coming into a room, but he was a bell cow just the same." One thing we can all be sure of, Sims says, is that the operations in Italy are going off on schedule. Gruenther was always a stickler about punctuality. Once he penalized Oswald Jacoby for being a couple of minutes late for a Vanderbilt Cup match. Another time he threw Julius Goldman clean out of the competition for a cup that Goldman had put up himself. Goldman was seven minutes late and Gruenther made them put in a substitute.

Half Way

A LADY boarded a suburban bus on a recent morning and, as she rummaged in her bag for a nickel, said to the driver, "My friend will be waiting at the next stop. You'll pick her up, won't you?" The driver coöperatively replied, "Well, lady, I'll certainly make some overtures to her."

WHATEVER GOES UP

WHEN it was announced a few days ago in *Variety* that a new musical comedy named "What's Up?," dealing with the misadventures of some aviators whose plane is grounded near a girls' school, was cooling on top of the oven, Broadway's reaction was not slow in coming. "That's for me," observed one astute old showman with whom I was lunching at Lindy's. "I'll take a piece of that." The moment the waiter had brought him the strudel, however, he seemed less certain. "I don't know," he hesitated, trying to ingest the strudel without removing his toothpick and cigar. "It's a kind of a sophisticated idea. The public don't want to think—they want to laugh. Look at Chekhov." We looked at Chekhov, who had just come in and was having a rolled-beef sandwich and a bottle of Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic in the corner. I got up and went over to his table.

"Hello, Chekhov," I said.

"Hello," he said.

"What happened to *you* last night?" I said.

"Brett and I waited for you at the Dingo," he said. Good old Chekhov. I could see him looking at the *Variety* in my pocket.

"Well, I guess you know," I said.

"Sure," he said. "Sure. I know."

"I suppose it had to happen," I said.

"Not that way it didn't," he said. "Not that way, old man. When I wrote 'Uncle Vanya' none of *my* aviators were grounded near a girls' school."

"You didn't have any aviators in 'Uncle Vanya,' " I said.

"You bet I didn't," he said. "That's the point." He ordered another celery tonic.

"Better ease off, Chekhov," I said. "That makes four."

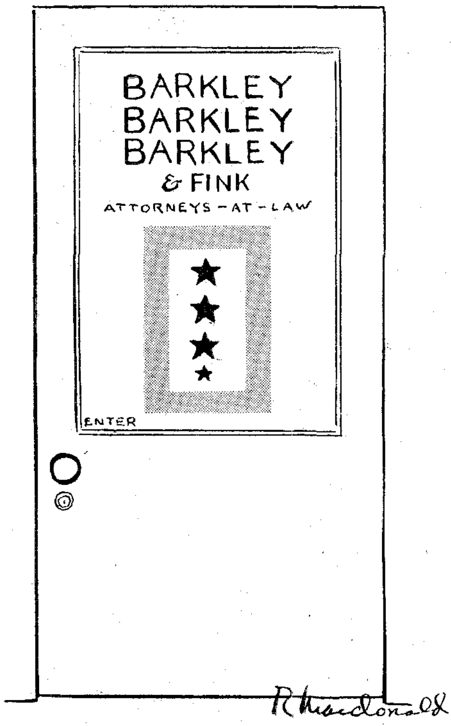
"I'm all right," he said cheerfully. That's one thing about Chekhov. No matter how many Dr. Browns he's had, he never shows it. "Mind if I file some cables?" He drew some cables from his pocket and started filing them. I went back to my table and told my friend what he had said.

"Certainly," he nodded. "It ain't believable, aviators mixed up in a girls' school. Listen," he said confidentially, impaling a sour tomato on his index finger, "do you want to know what an astute old showman like I would do with that plot? I'd make them a bunch of girl aviators which they fall down near a boys' school. Paste that in your hat and smoke it."

I HAVE been smoking it ever since last Tuesday and have arrived at the same conclusion. The basic idea of "What's Up?" is a dilly, but unless it is handled with extreme delicacy it may very well curdle. In the following libretto, I have taken the liberty of indicating one of the directions in which the story might go. There is still another, but I doubt whether the authors could be influenced to accept it at this point.

[*Scene 1: The cockpit of a fast monoplane high above the clouds. At rise, three fair aeronauts are discovered in white sateen uniforms with cute fur-trimmed collars and goggles: Phyllis Brontislaw, a gorgeous blonde; Valuta Imbrie, a gorgeous brunette; and "Punkins" Janeway, a gorgeous redhead. Valuta has just finished washing her luxuriant tresses and, while Phyllis busies herself steering their frail craft, spreads her crowning glory out to dry in the rays of the late-afternoon sun. "Punkins," curled up on a sofa, is gorging herself on Tango Kisses and devouring the latest Donn Byrne novel.*]

VALUTA: Well, here we are in the trackless empyrean, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.



PHYLLIS: Men, men, men—can't you think of anything else?

PHYLLIS (*solo*):
"Men, Men, Men"

Oh, maidens fair, beware,
And likewise have a care,
Lest passion's kiss betrays
And lose you in a maze.

Men, men, men,
They're quite outside our ken,
Their ways are very devious,
It's lovey-us and leavey-us,
Men, men, men.

PUNKINS: Why so pensive, Val?

VALUTA: That's for me to know and you to find out.

PHYLLIS: Stuff and double stuff! All the world is aware that your aunt, Mrs. Morris Fenchurch of Bailey's Beach and Piping Rock, made me take you along on my transcontinental dash to nip your budding romance with Señor Ramón Mulcahy, the Argentinian polo flash that has been turning feminine heads this season!

VALUTA (*hotly*): I'll have you know I'm in love with Ramón and propose to marry him!

PHYLLIS: We shall see what we shall see.

PUNKINS: Oh, stop scrapping, you two! Say, Phyl, what time are we due in Bethesda, Maryland?

PHYLLIS: Unless my eyes are playing me false, I believe I descry her environs now. *Oh!*

PUNKINS: What's the matter?

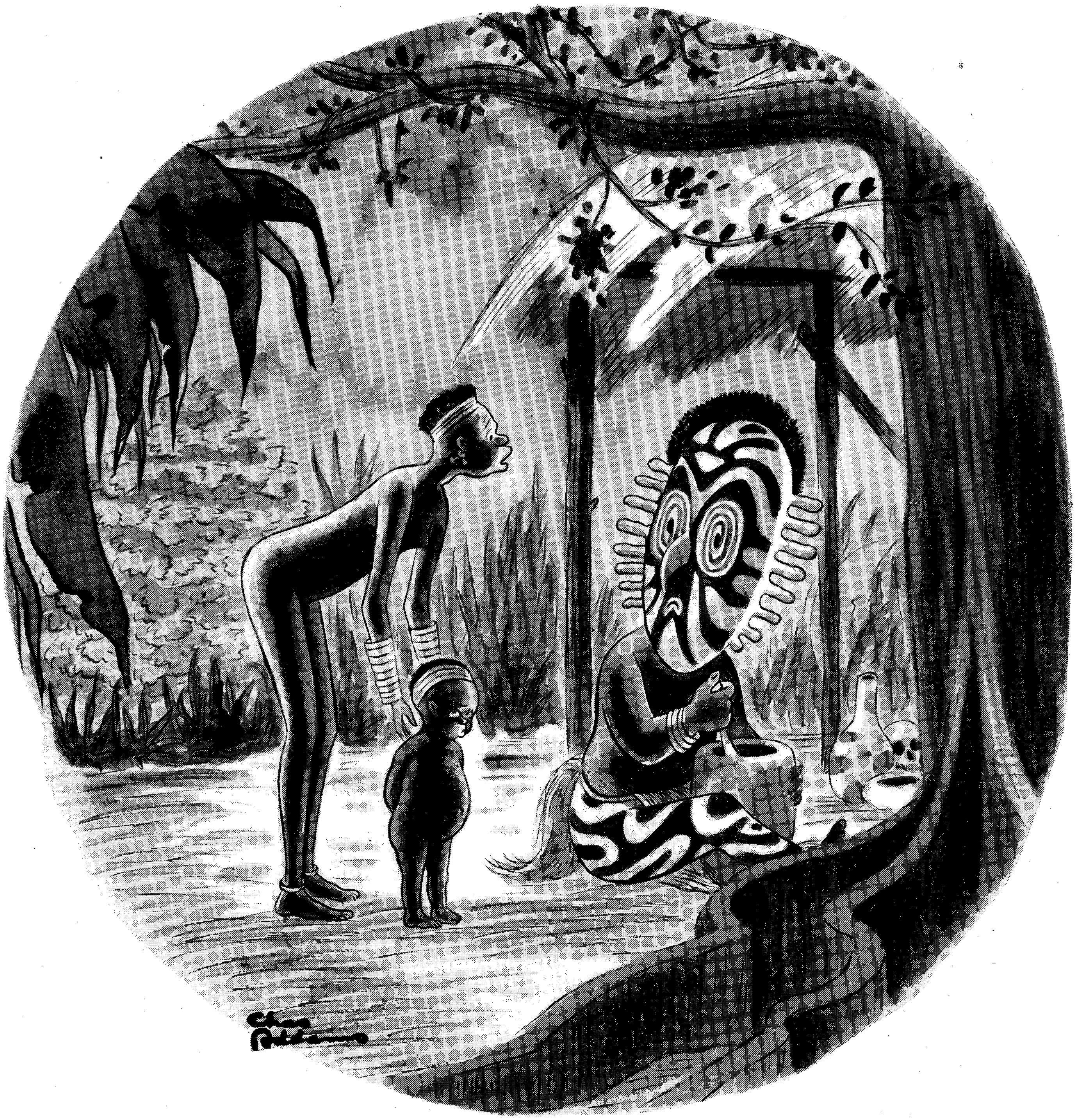
PHYLLIS: The engine's missing!

PUNKINS (*innocently*): Then how did we ever get this far?

PHYLLIS (*impatiently*): Something has gone wrong with the mechanism, silly. (*Thoughtfully*) Doubtless one of those little wheels inside is stuck.

VALUTA: Then it behooves us to "bail off" apace, lest we dash out our brains in the ensuing holocaust. Parachutes at the ready! (*Galvanized into action, the three pull their ripcords and float gently to earth. Midway they are joined by the ladies of the ensemble, forming a stunning aerial ballet which should leave the critics breathless in their seats. Note: This may be a bit difficult to stage, as the plane is resting on two sawhorses and the parachutes are bound to create hell's own tangle, but it can all be cut out on the road.*)

[*Scene 2: A dormitory room at Peachpit Military Academy. At rise, Perry Yeast, president of the senior class, is stretched disconsolately on a window seat, staring at the ceiling. His adoring henchman, "Skinny" Beaumarchais,*



"I'm worried about him, Doctor. He won't eat anybody."

• •

whose bulk belies his sobriquet, surveys him with a look of anxiety on his rubicund physiognomy.]

PERRY: Well, here we are on the eve of the annual Senior Hop and every girl at Miss Breitigam's sequestered with botulism resulting from sub-standard tinned meats. What to do?

SKINNY (*struck by an inspiration*): I've got it, Chief! Why not charter a speedboat and run down to Montevideo, fabled for its feminine pulchritude?

SKINNY (*comic rumba*)

We'll throw a party with the señoritas lively,
There'll be rum and gourds and castanets, so drive me
To that cluster of palmettos and cabañas,
Where the mangoes are so fine, and the bananas. Etc.

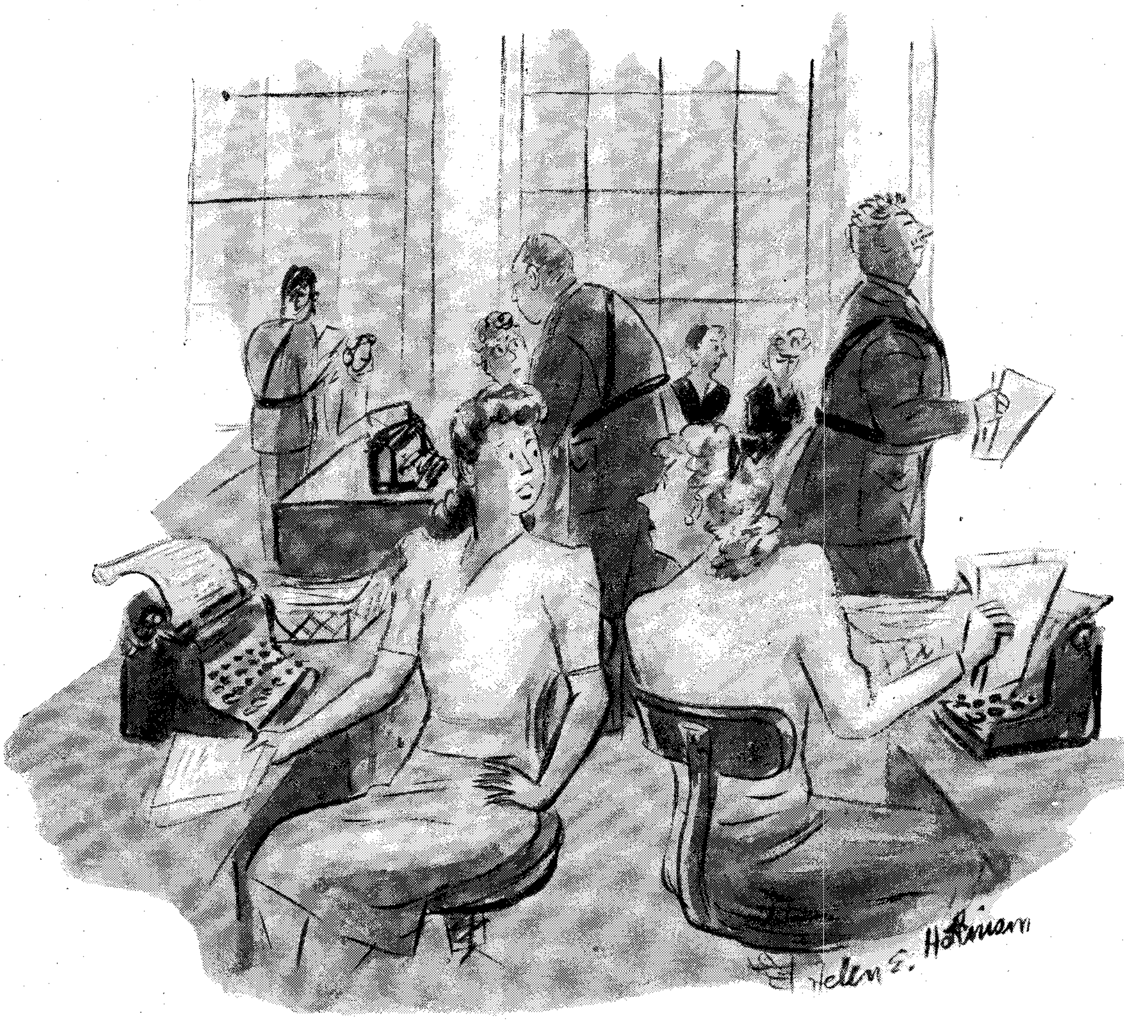
PERRY: That's all very well, but the dance is scheduled to begin in half an hour, and if crusty Dean Vogelsang discovers we have no girls he will call it off, thereby making us a laughing stock.

SKINNY: It looks like we're sunk, unless some girls drop out of the sky. (*A knock at the door; enter Phyllis, Valuta, and Punkins, scantily clad.*)

PHYLLIS: Quick—hide us!

PERRY (*curiously*): What's the matter?

PHYLLIS: Crochety, near-sighted Dean Vogelsang's suspicions are



"*Oh, once in a great while you see a cute colonel.*"

• •

aroused! There he is on the staircase now!

Perry: What's your name?

Phyllis: Phyllis Brontislaw.

Perry: That's the most beautiful name I've ever heard.

Perry and Phyllis (*duet*)

A man and a maid were strolling
In some grass that was covered with dew,
When he took her hand and boldly pledged,
"I'll e'er remember you.
Come place your ruby lips on mine,
And love is all too fleeting,
We're here where journeys always end,
I.e., in lovers' meeting."

[*Skinny hastily pushes the girls into a closet; enter Dean Vogelsang.*]

Dean (*sternly*): Did I see three chickens run in here a minute ago?

Perry: No, and you're a near-sighted old fossil.

Dean (*adjusting his ear trumpet*): What's that? What's that?

Perry: I said you sing as sweet as a throstle.

Dean (*placated*): Well, that's different. Now mind you, Yeast, you have ten minutes to find partners for the Senior Hop or it's off.

Perry (*deliberately*): I think . . . I may have . . . a surprise for you, Dean Vogelsang.

[*Scene 3: The school auditorium, that evening. Gay lanterns have transformed it into a veritable fairyland, and a three-piece combination consisting of Zinkeiser (piano), Hildebrand (drums), and Calvosa (alto sax) is dispensing torrid rhythm. As laughing couples swirl by in the background, Skinny enters to the punchbowl at right, attended by his faithful henchman, "Happy" Telekian, whose mournful visage gainsays his nickname.*]

Happy: Well, everybody is having loads of fun tonight, thanks to Perry's resourcefulness, but what are you putting in the punchbowl, Skinny?

Skinny: Don't you catch on, stupid? It's our only chance. If Dean Vogelsang gets tipsy, he may not decide to flunk Perry in his forthcoming histology quiz, thus enabling us to beat Meatcliff and win the track crown at the conference.

Happy (*tensely*): We've only minutes to spare! (*The starter's pistol is heard offscene and the Meatcliff relay team flashes by on a treadmill at rear, a lap ahead of Peachpit. The crowd groans. Enter Punkins on Dean Vogelsang's arm.*)

Punkins (*flirtatiously*): Why, Vogie, you're a wonderful dancer—a regular Fred Astaire!

Dean (*suspiciously*): What did you say about a chair?

Punkins: I said you were afraid to take a dare.

Dean: Well, that's different. (*He drains a cup of punch, stifles a hiccough.*) Shay, girlie—hic—lesh you and I dansh.

Punkins (*craftily*): Will you let Perry run against Meatcliff? (*The crowd trembles on his decision.*)

Dean: Yesh. (*He collapses in a drunken coma. As Perry doffs his "tux" and darts after the Meatcliff aggregation, the crowd goes wild with joy.*)

Phyllis: He's gaining!

Valuta: Now he's at the turn! Now he's coming down the stretch! (*With a herculean effort, Perry breasts the tape and the rooters execute a frenzied snake dance to "Peachpit, Mother of Men."*)

Valuta (*nestling shyly in Perry's arms*): Well, thank goodness I got shut of that greaser Ramón in time to marry a clean-limbed American boy.

Skinny (*to Mrs. Vetlugin, the house mother, who is extremely stout*): Well, I guess that's telling 'em, eh, fat lady? [*As Skinny and Happy pair off with Punkins and Valuta, the ensemble goes into a whirlwind finish, George Abbott goes into a passion, and the producers go into bankruptcy.*]

CURTAIN

—S. J. Perelman

•

What famous whiskey do you think of when you see a gardenia?—*Adv. in the News.*

Corn.

MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ALL, FAREWELL

Private First Class Dolfino Caradona had trained with the Army within the continental limits of the United States for thirty months. Before he enlisted he had worked in the laundry of a Staten Island orphanage. He was a neat young soldier with a thin, Umbrian face and a quiet manner. He had lied about his age and enlisted when he was seventeen. He went to confession on Saturday and took communion on Sunday, and he was willing to tell anyone who asked that he was a virgin and that he intended to marry a virgin. He had been so young and so inexperienced at the time of his enlistment that he seemed to have come of age on the parade grounds. The Army for him was a world, a life in itself, with its own memories and associations. When he talked about the past he talked about maneuvers, about the day he made general's orderly, or about Fort Benning, where he had once been stationed. When he found himself, on a day in April, marching up Rifle Range Road, and heard the familiar command "Ready on the right, ready on the left, flag's waving, flag's down, targets *hup*," he knew that it was spring again as surely as a civilian sees spring in the baseball news or the feel of a straw hat.

One evening he walked into the post exchange of the South Carolina camp where his regiment was stationed and saw a new girl behind the cigarette counter.

"Chesterfields," Dolfino said.

"One or two?" she asked. Cigarettes were two packages for a quarter.

"One," he said.

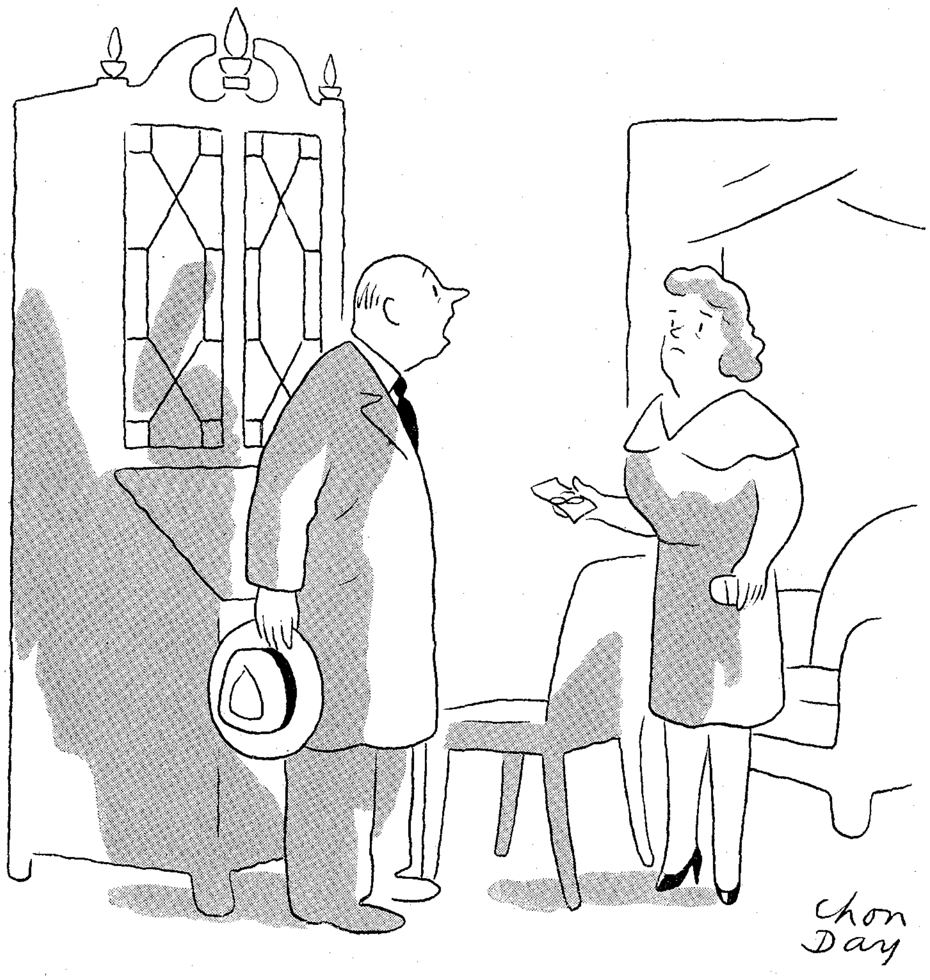
The girl handed him the cigarettes and his change. Dolfino walked to the bar, bought a bottle of near beer, and then sat at a table on the other side of the room where he could watch her. He thought that he had never seen a girl with such a graceful and beautiful body, such light hair, such soft skin, and such a fine face illuminated with so much spirit and humor. Some of Dolfino's friends sat down with him and speculated coarsely on the new girl's possibilities. This did not trouble Dolfino at all. He went into the latrine, straightened his tie, and returned to the table. He wanted to look his best. He remained in the PX until it closed and walked back to barracks absorbed in the chastened and exhilarating sensations of a man in love.

He returned to the PX the next night and every night after that when he was not restricted or detailed. He discovered from someone else that the girl's first name was Katherine. He began bucking for corporal. He developed an unusual fastidiousness about his person and went at his work enthusiastically, persuading himself somehow that he was doing it for Katherine. He noticed with tenderness and delight that she moved lazily, that she had a habit of brushing her hair back from her forehead, and that she counted on her fingers when she made change.

The other men of the regiment approached Katherine in a more practical way, but while she was pleasant to them all, she never accepted a date. The fact that the cigarette counter was busy in the evening kept anyone from having a very long conversation with her. The distance she kept between herself and the soldiers produced a great many rumors. She was the widow of a lieutenant who had been killed in Tunis or the sister of an ensign who had been drowned in the Solomons. She was rich or she was poor. She had worked for a Nashville call house or she supported her invalid mother.

Though Dolfino's life centred on the few hours he spent watching her, he never went further than to ask for a package of cigarettes. When his friends offered to help him overcome what they thought of as his shyness, Dolfino said he wanted to take his time. The men pointed Dolfino out to Katherine and kidded her about his devotion, but she seemed too busy to make any comment. The PX was a curious place for such a high-minded affair. The atmosphere was vigorous and rowdy. On any night there was a violent smell of spilled beer. The juke box played some ageing song so often that the melody would serve as a key to the memory of those nights for as long as the soldiers there lived. Dolfino sat in this smoke-filled room with his friends, watching Katherine.

The Army absorbs its eccentrics easily, and Dolfino's unnatural devotion quickly became a part of company life. It troubled only one man, a private named Howorth. Howorth was forty years old and he had a son in the



"But, darling, there were the pay-as-you-go taxes, the deduction for War Bonds, Social Security, group insurance—and I had a small beer."

Marines. He was a foot soldier of his own choice. He claimed to have trained several welterweights and to have worked his way around the world on freighters. He had a superficial knowledge of several languages. He was much older than most of the men and his attitude toward them was parental. He had enlisted the day his divorce decree became final, and his approach to women was practical and bitter. He felt that it was his responsibility to educate Dolfino. "If you want her you got to go after her," he said. "You'll never get anywhere staring at her. Women are all alike."

"I'm going to take my time," Dolfino said earnestly.

"She's not chicken."

"Nobody knows anything about her."

"I know something about her," Howorth said.

"What?"

"You know that three-day pass I took to Greenville?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I saw her there then," Howorth said. "She was there with that tech sergeant up at regimental. The one with the black hair."

"He's married," Dolfino said calmly.

"So what? He's married. Does that mean he's half-dead?"

"You're lying," Dolfino said.

"I'm not lying. I went down to Greenville and I saw them in the Poinsett Hotel there."

"You're lying."

"No I'm not," Howorth said. Then Dolfino's anxiety forced him to smile. "All right, all right, I'm lying," he said, "but I tell you, Dolfino, you'll never get anywhere sitting there staring at her."

"I'm going to take my time," Dolfino repeated.

LATE one afternoon Dolfino's regiment was alerted. That evening the men stood a shakedown inspection and Dolfino was able to get to the PX for only a few minutes. "You better go up and say goodbye to her," his friends told him. He was beginning to realize that there might be very little time left, but he felt that there would at least be one more night. When the men returned to barracks from the PX they were told that they were marching to the railhead sometime the next day to entrain for a port of embarkation.

Reveille was at five the following morning. The mess hall was closed and so the food was cooked on field stoves. The men ate their breakfast in the sand lot behind headquarters barracks. While they were eating, the first sergeant announced that the chaplain would distribute free Bibles in the orderly room at ten o'clock. The announcement met with no response. It was so dark that one or two men lit matches to examine the food in their meat tins. Those who had finished eating were lined up by the hot-water buckets, waiting for a chance to scrub their utensils. The mess kits, as they were being washed, rang bluntly, like cow bells.

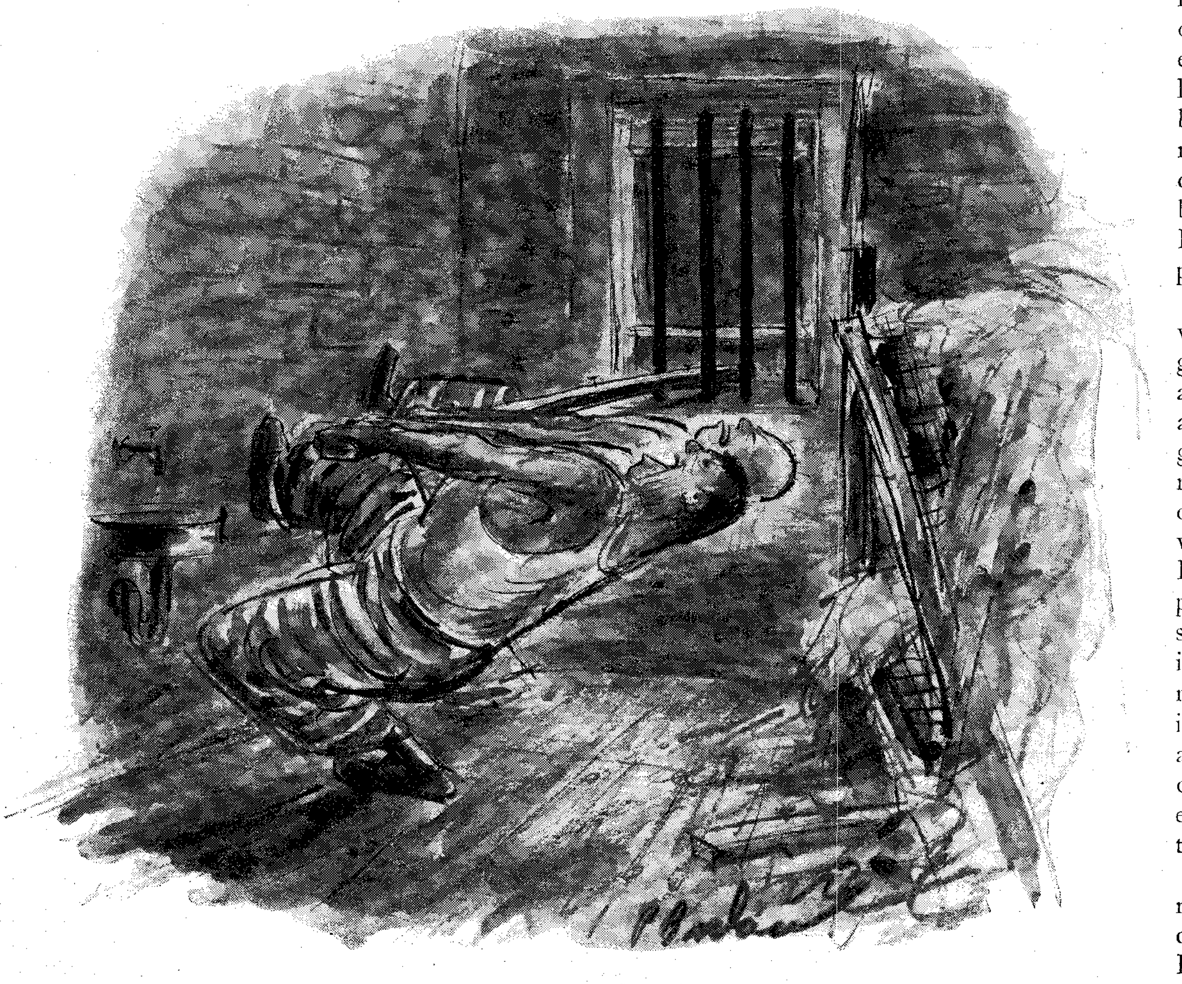
"There was no bread for breakfast," one private said. "That means they're making sandwiches. If they make sandwiches that means we won't be on the train no more than eight hours and that means we ain't going north."

"When I was on the train-loading detail," someone else said, getting in on the speculation, "I heard the colonel tell Major Greene that we're going to Connecticut."

"The numerologist says we're going to Fairbanks, Alaska," said a private named Mercer. He was an amateur numerologist himself and he spent a lot of his pay on numerologists and fortune-tellers. He believed that Hitler would be assassinated by a woman and that a man's honesty can be determined by the number of letters in his name. He lent money on this principle.

"You'll know where we're going when you get there," Howorth said as he banged his mess kit against the side of the garbage pail. "I'm not running down numerology. It's proved some very interesting things. But I don't believe it can predict a destination. I've seen some very interesting experiments in numerology and spiritualism. There's no doubt about it; there's a great deal in life that can't be explained. There's mystery in the midst of life."

After washing his mess kit, Howorth went down the company street. He came on Dolfino, standing by the bulletin



"Now, easy does it."

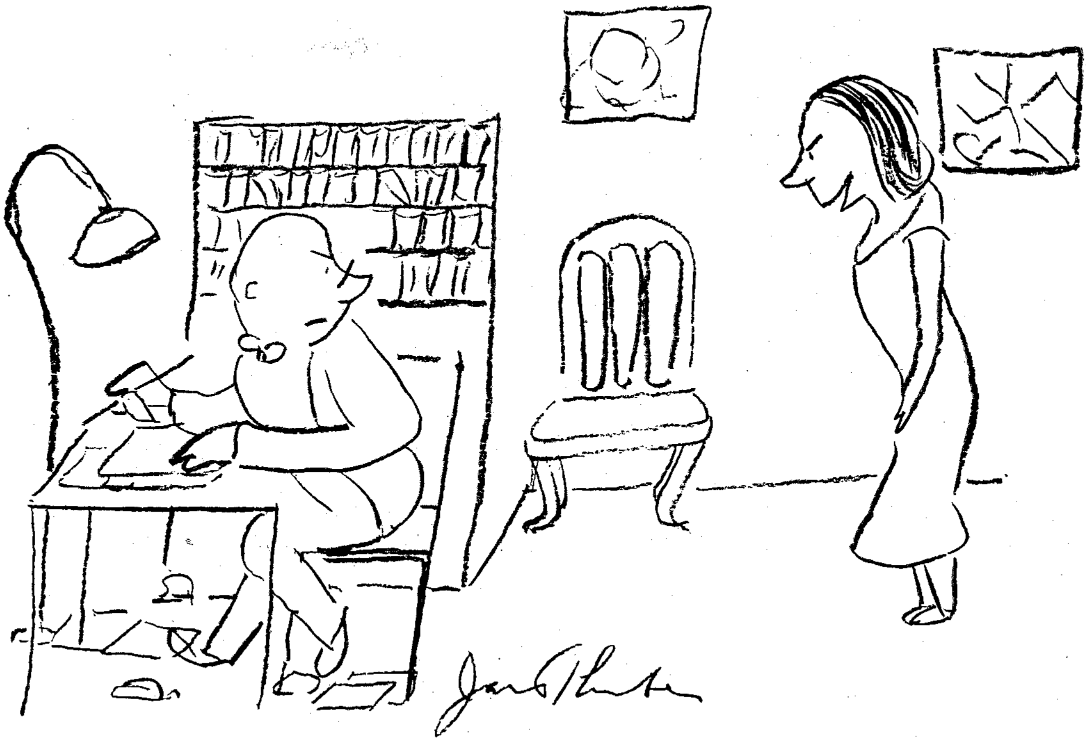
board. He looked unhappy. Howorth threw an arm over his shoulders. "*Buon giorno, paysan,*" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? Getting homesick? Maybe we'll go to Italy. I'd like to drink some of that *grappa* again."

"I won't be able to say goodbye to Katherine," Dolfino said.

"Why not?"

"The PX is off limits." He pointed to a notice on the bulletin board.

"Don't you worry, Dolf. I'll fix it up," Howorth said. "If I know the Army, we won't take off until tonight. I'll see that you get to spend some time with Katherine. You just leave it up to me." He walked Dolfino toward the barracks.



"Do you ever have fears that you may cease to be before your pen has gleaned your teeming brain?"

• •

ANOTHER shakedown inspection was held that morning. A dust storm blew up early in the day, driving sand and dust into the equipment as it was displayed behind the barracks. During the delays that accompanied the inspection, Howorth made his plans. In the orderly room he found that they were not scheduled to march to the railhead until five o'clock. The chaplain's assistant told him that the chapel was open and empty. He went back to the barracks and explained his scheme to Dolfino. At four o'clock they would go to the PX and Dolfino would ask Katherine to go to the chapel with him and spend half an hour there in the writing room off the vestibule. Howorth would stand watch in front of the chapel. Dolfino agreed, and Howorth was pleased that the prospect of spending a half hour alone with Katherine didn't seem to worry him. Howorth's opinion of women left no doubt in his mind that Katherine would agree to the scheme.

After the shakedown inspection was completed, the barracks were given a final cleaning and the men were then turned out of doors in the dust storm to wait through the delays of a troop movement. At four o'clock Howorth signalled to Dolfino and they started off together. The wind was filled with sand and dust up as high as the roofs by then. Soldiers were taking shelter in the lee of the buildings. When Dolfino and Howorth took off, no one missed them. They went down between the barracks of the next company. The dust made talking impossible. They could hear the big-voiced juke box playing "Goodbye, Little Darling, Goodbye." All the doors and windows of the PX were shut against the storm. They ran up the steps into the vestibule of one entrance and closed the outside door. "You go in and get her," Howorth told Dolfino. "I'll go over to the chapel and see if everything's all right there. Then I'll come back here and wait for you." He tugged at the outside door. It flew open and a blast of dust and sand filled the vestibule. Dolfino closed the door after him.

Howorth walked along the street to the chapel. The door was unlocked and the building was empty. He hurried back to the PX. Down the street he could still see the men waiting in the lee of the buildings. He looked in the vestibule. Dolfino and Katherine were not there. Then he went into the main room. There were no more than twenty soldiers there, dead-beats and limited-service men from another regiment, drinking their watery beer. He saw Katherine. She was standing by her counter, looking at a comic book. At a table near her counter sat Dolfino. A fine dust had sifted in at the window sills and lay over everything. The juke box had stopped playing, the building was unusually still, and the noise of the storm sounded far away.

Howorth walked up to Dolfino and said, "What did she say?"

"What?"

"What did she say?"

"I haven't asked her yet," Dolfino said.

Howorth sat down on a bench. For a moment he was too disgusted and impatient to speak. "Well, go up and ask her," he said. "We got a boat to catch."

Dolfino got up and walked over to the counter. Katherine looked up from her comic book, smiled, and brushed back the hair that fell along the side of her face.

"Chesterfields," Dolfino said.

"How many?"

"One."

She began to cry, and turned her back on him.

"Katherine, Katherine!" Dolfino exclaimed.

She turned, still crying, and said accusingly, "You write to me, d'ya hear? You write to me, Dolfino."

"I'll write to you, Katherine," he said. "I'll write every day."

"You write to me, d'ya hear?" she repeated. Then she seized his hands and held them in hers and went on crying.

Howorth looked at his wristwatch, got up, and went to the side door. The men had gone from the lee of the buildings. He went back into the PX, called Dolfino, and then ran down the street. Dolfino caught up with him before he reached the company. "She knew my name!" he shouted. "She wants me to write to her!" They shouldered their packs and slung their rifles and fell into rank in a formation behind the barracks. The first sergeant and a lieutenant were checking the roster. "Here, sir," said the few rookies. "Hup, sir," said the one-year men. "Heeow," called the regulars. Ten minutes later they started their march to the railhead.

AS soon as the men were given route step they began to speculate on their destination. Mercer still insisted on Fairbanks, Alaska. A rumor that the captain could speak French—an entirely unfounded rumor—had been circulated, and because of this, some of the men thought they were headed for France. Dolfino was too taken up by his recent experience to join in the speculation. He saw himself on the day that he returned to Katherine. He was slightly wounded. It was a fine, light day in spring and she was standing in a garden he had never seen.

There was a long delay at the railhead. Sandwiches were issued. The men huddled together for some protection from the storm. Dust and sand settled on their packs and shoulders, coated their oiled weapons, and got into their food. The sunset was concealed by the dust. Then the wind died down and it began to get dark. Dolfino realized suddenly that he would not see Katherine for a long time, that he might never see her again. He left the group he had been standing in and walked over to where Caleb Potter, one of the Southerners, was sitting. Caleb had brought along his guitar. "Play something, Caleb," Dolfino asked.

Willingly Caleb swung his guitar into position and, after tuning it, struck a few deep, loud chords. Then he began to play. Against the music he pitched his reedy voice discordantly and sang:

My friends and neighbors all, farewell,
Your kindness I adore,
But now the solemn truth I tell,
I shall come home no more . . .

Dolfino put his arm on Caleb's shoulder and they sang together:

My friends and neighbors all, farewell,
Your kindness I adore . . .

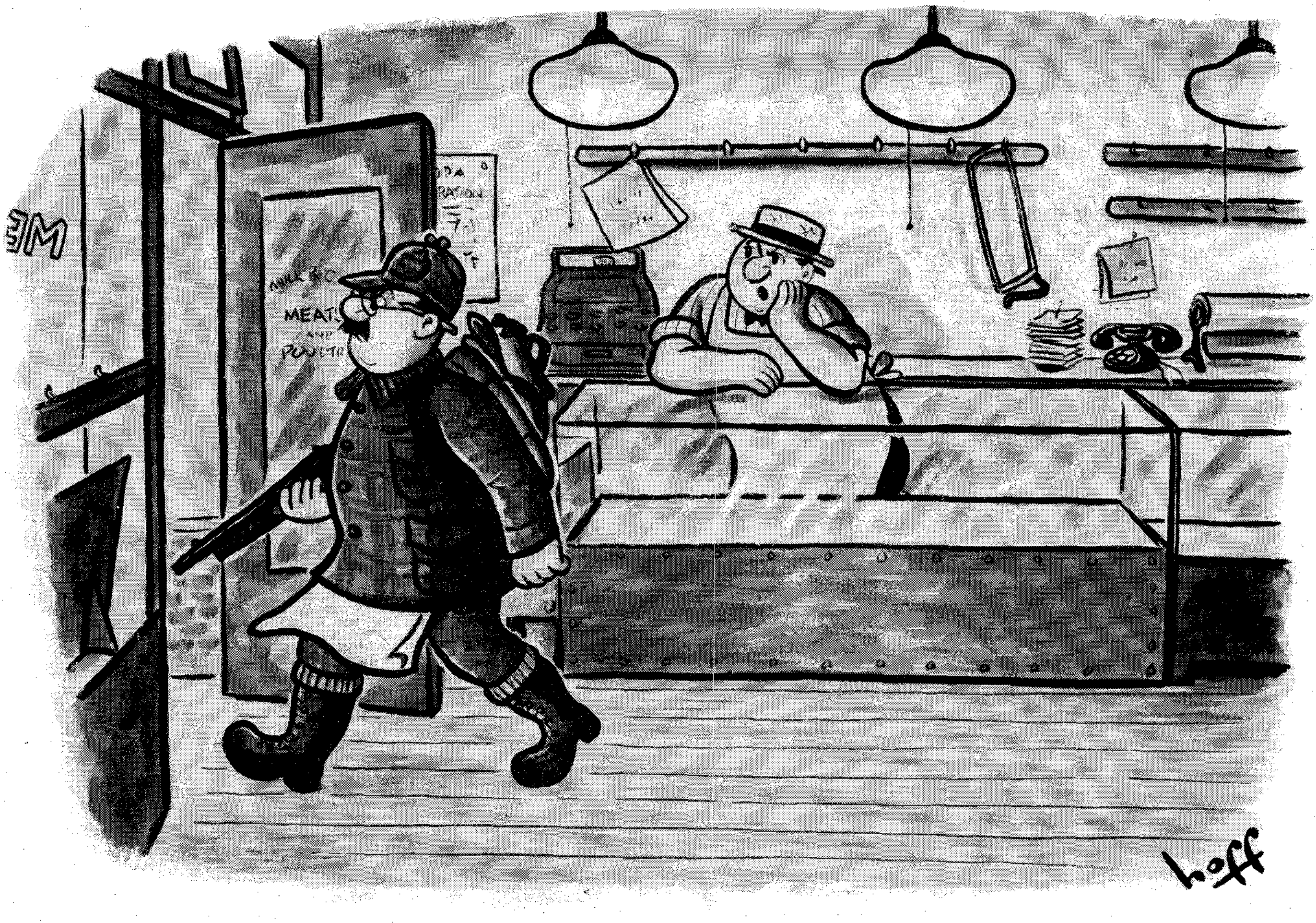
The music drew other men to the pair. Afraid of the vast, salt ocean they would have to cross and already homesick for the country they were leaving, they stood close to one another. Still others joined them and they began to sing the song-book songs, the good and the bad—corrupted spirituals, songs about rivers and early death and railroads, songs that had been sung to a harmonium on a cold night in a farmhouse kitchen, Boy Scout and marshmallow-roast songs.

The train came in just before dark and the regiment boarded it. Dolfino began a letter to Katherine as soon as he was seated.

The lights in the train were turned off at eleven and Dolfino followed a few incorrigible crapshooters up to the smoking compartment, carrying his pencil and letter paper.

Sometime, while he was still in the smoking room, the train made an unaccountable stop. Dolfino went to the window. They were near a town, he could tell, because of the light in the sky. Then in the distance he saw a man walking with a lantern and called to him, "Hey Mister! Mister, what state is this in?"

Evidently the man didn't hear him, because he walked away without answering. —JOHN CHEEVER



"Well, good luck, Herman!"

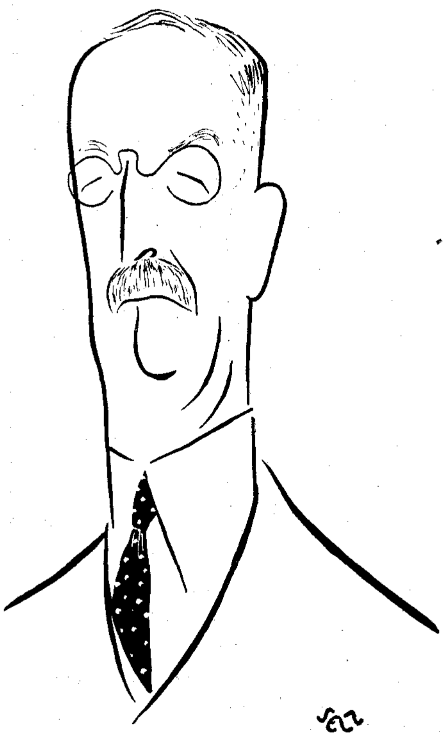
PROFILES

GEOGRAPHY UNSHACKLED—II

Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society and editor of the *National Geographic Magazine*, which the Society publishes, is a kindly, mild-mannered, purposeful, poker-faced, peripatetic man of sixty-seven, endowed with the sprightly air of an inquiring grasshopper, with a clear, pink complexion, and with the mixture of business sagacity, intellectual curiosity, regard for tradition, and tolerance of temperate innovation that is sometimes found in the president of a fairly wealthy college. Grosvenor lives on a farm in Maryland from which, five days a week and eight or nine months of the year, he drives ten miles to his Washington office. He has, besides, a winter cottage in Coconut Grove, Florida, and he spends a month or two of each summer on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia, in a large Victorian house which his wife inherited from her father, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. There, before the war, Grosvenor, often accompanied by his son Melville, did a lot of sailing in a fifty-seven-foot yawl—named the Elsie, after his wife—which his father-in-law gave him many years ago. He is a founder of the Cruising Club of America, which organized the Bermuda yacht races, and is an enthusiast about sailing picnics, as well as about golf and bridge. The *Geographic* is never far from his mind, however, and he is just as likely to generate an idea for it while on vacation in Florida or Nova Scotia as in his office. "Get piece on lend-lease," he will jot down in a memorandum to one of his associates, all of whom call him Chief, and three or four months later the *Geographic* will come out with a timely article on lend-lease, illustrated by photographs showing British children eating American vegetables and eggs and bearing such captions as "Who Wouldn't Share His Vegetables to Keep These Little Allies Healthy and Smiling!" and "'Uncle Sam Is a Good Egg,' British School Children Agree."

As befits a man in his position, the president of the National Geographic Society has travelled a good deal to other places besides Florida and Nova Scotia. On his journeys, he is generally interviewed by reporters here and there, and he has taken advantage of this circumstance to disseminate propaganda in behalf of birds, his favorite subject and one which he frequently introduces into his magazine, in text and in photographs, both black-and-white and color. In the spring of 1935, when Grosvenor, who has five daughters, went to Arizona to see one of them graduate from school, his visit was described by the Tucson *Daily Citizen* in a typical account:

> Gilbert H. Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society and for thirty-five years editor of the Society's magazine, was concentrating on a house finch with the aid of high-powered binoculars, while sitting on the porch of a local inn this morning. Turning to a page on which there was a number of colored bird pictures, he remarked, "Color is a bit too vivid in the illustration but it is necessary in order to contrast the local finch with its eastern relation. You see, I am very interested in birds," he explained.



Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor

Grosvenor's affection for birds has been encouraged by one of his close friends, Dr. Alexander Wetmore, a trustee of the National Geographic Society, who is also the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the world's leading ornithological authorities. In 1937, just before Grosvenor and his wife left by Clipper for the Far East, Wetmore tipped him off to the fact that Wake Island, which was on their itinerary, was one of the rare habitats of the fairy tern, a small, snow-white bird which has the extraordinary habit of not building a nest but simply laying its eggs, precariously, on the branch of a tree. Grosvenor duly observed this phenomenon when he got to Wake and took several photographs of a nestless egg which he discovered there. Arriving in China, he was interviewed by the Peiping *Chronicle*, and said, "An interesting species of bird was found by the Clipper passengers on Wake Island. The bird lays its eggs on branches of trees about two fingers' width and hatches the egg there. There is no nest at all." Grosvenor, who rarely forgets either birds or the National Geographic Society, whose membership he has helped increase from a thousand to a million, two hundred thousand in the forty-four years of his association with it, found journalists in China sympathetically disposed toward these interlocking interests, and he managed to plant in another Chinese paper, the *China Press*, an item which read in part:

> "This is our first visit to China," Mr. Grosvenor said, "although we travelled through Manchuria in 1928. Our society has more than two thousand members in this country.... Among them is your Mr. E. S. Wilkinson, who has made such excellent studies of bird life. Birds are my particular interest."

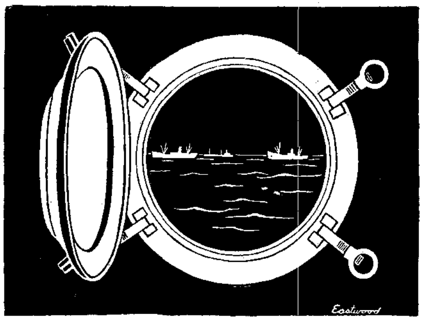
The Grosvenors were the first married couple to fly across the Pacific as paying passengers. Four years later, Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways, after reflecting on the matter, sent them a congratulatory letter, along with a certificate which said:

> Know Ye By All These Presents That: Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor and Elsie Grosvenor on the 8th day of May 1937 sailed on the wings of a Clipper of the Pan American Airways System across the Pacific Ocean from Alameda, California, to Hong Kong, China....
>
> And, therefore, for this good and sufficient reason let it be known that Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor and Elsie Grosvenor have been accepted into the Domain of Phoebus Apollo as the first revenue married couple to have flown from and to the places designated above.

Grosvenor has had this certificate framed, and he keeps it in one of his two offices at the *National Geographic*, together with several honorary degrees, a framed letter from Admiral Richard E. Byrd, signed photographs of Theodore Roosevelt, Lincoln Ellsworth, and General Pershing; an autographed picture showing Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, shaking hands with Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, on the occasion of a 1913 National Geographic Society banquet; a roll-top desk which used to belong to Alexander Graham Bell; a bundle marked "Books autographed by Gen. Artemas Ward 1795, belongs to G.H.G.," and a few tins of Ovaltine. Around four or five in the afternoon, just before he leaves for the day, the editor of the *Geographic*, who does not touch alcohol or tobacco or accept advertisements for them in his periodical, pours some powdered Ovaltine onto a shoehorn, deposits it in a Lily cup filled with water, stirs it with a penholder, and drinks it down with a pleased expression.

Dr. Grosvenor, since his return from the Far East in 1937, has evolved a theory that the fairy tern glues its eggs to the branch. Dr. Wetmore disagrees with this. The two men have remained friends, however, and in 1939 they collaborated in editing "The Book of Birds," a two-volume collection of ornithological articles, most of which had appeared in the *Geographic*. The title pages of these books, which were published by the Society, contain the legend "Edited by Gilbert Grosvenor, LL.D., Litt.D., D.Sc., and Alexander Wetmore, Ph.D., D.Sc." Grosvenor's name is in slightly larger type than Wetmore's. Grosvenor, who does not claim to have done more work on the books than Wetmore, attributes this disparity to the fact that he was away when the books went to press. He believes that staff members who had been left in charge of the project simply put his name in bigger letters because he is ten years older than Dr. Wetmore. "It was a tribute to my age," he says. "I really wanted it smaller than Wetmore's." Grosvenor is regarded with considerable veneration in his office, and, according to those who know the Society well, the title pages were simply a reflection of the *National Geographic* state of mind, in which the Chief's name just naturally seems larger than anyone else's. All in all, the Society has done its best to make the name of Gilbert Grosvenor a household word, or two household words. His name appears three hundred and seventy-one times in the Society's "Cumulative Index to the National Geographic Magazine, 1899 to 1940 Inclusive," which credits the *Geographic*, during this period, with having run two hundred and sixty-nine pieces of text—including addresses at annual dinners, captions on maps, and so on—by Gilbert Grosvenor, two hundred photographs by Gilbert Grosvenor, and twenty-eight photographs *of* Gilbert Grosvenor.

This war, like the last one, has made the editor of the *Geographic* go easy on birds in his magazine, recent issues of which have featured articles on United States food production, the Alaskan highway, the Coast Guard, Army dogs, convoys, aircraft carriers, women in uniform, and military and naval insignia, but he knows that wars are fleeting affairs compared to birds and he does not propose to wait for the end of the conflict before again doing justice, editorially, to his favorite topic. "The Chief has been begging us to run a series of color photographs on the wrens of Australia for the past three years," a *Geographic* editor recently told an acquaintance. "Everyone conspires to keep him from using these goddam birds. We keep putting him off, but he'll sneak them in any month now." Birds are perhaps never completely off Grosvenor's mind; only the other day, referring to Elisha Hanson, a *Geographic* trustee and the Society's lawyer, he said, "He's a warm personal friend, and furthermore he's intensely interested in pigeons." Hanson is a shrewd and capable attorney, whose other clients include the American Newspaper Publishers Association and



THE BOOK-REVIEW GADGET

A method has been perfected for predicting the readability of books.—*Letter by Rudolph Flesh in the Times.*

The critic need not use his mind
 To tell you if this book will bore you;
Science and gadgets now will find
 What given works do to or for you.

Science has found a way to count
 The long words, short ones, smooth ones, rough ones,
And, adding up the whole amount,
 Tell which books are the sweet or tough ones.

A critic need not use his head,
 A reader need not hunt his glasses;
Meters show which books will be read,
 Which dropped in boredom by the masses.

How nice never to have to think,
 To judge a book good, bad, or medium!
What paper saved, what tons of ink,
 What critic's art, what reader's tedium!

Hail Science, which has helped so much
 The body's ease, the spirit's pleasure,
Foretelling taste by robot touch,
 Predicting preferences by measure!

Naught now but to consult a table,
 Find masterpieces by a chart,
Especially if one's not able
 To trust one's taste, one's mind, one's heart.

And knowing now well in advance
 Which books will be no fun this fall,
I shall eliminate *all* chance,
 I shall read no new books at all.

—Irwin Edman

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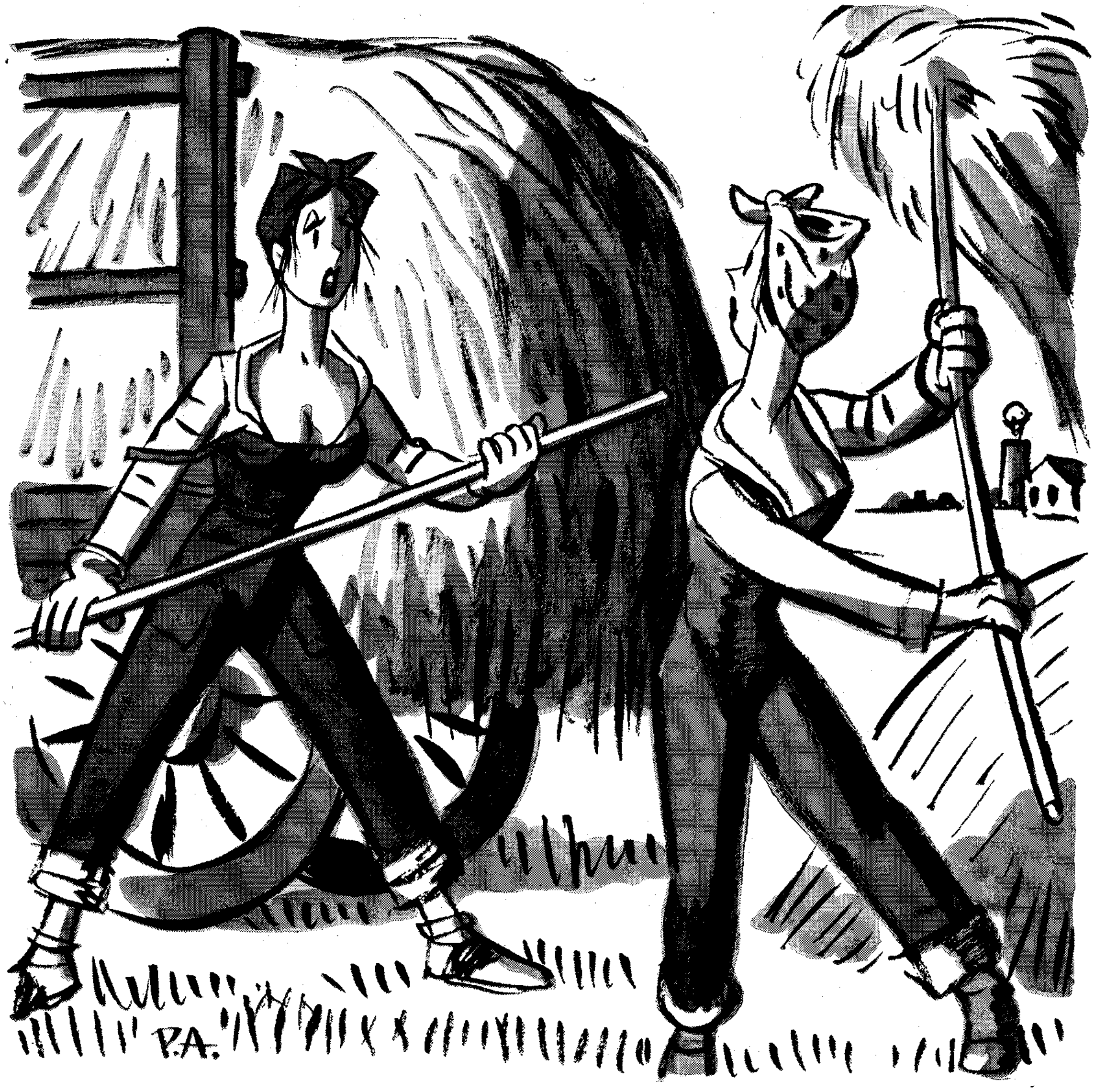


“With all this work to be done, I don’t see how the farmer’s daughter ever got to meet anybody.”

• •

the American Chemical Society, but a good many people around Washington think Grosvenor was glad to get him as a trustee in 1936 more because ten years before he had written a *Geographic* article entitled “Man’s Feathered Friends of Longest Standing: Peoples of Every Clime and Age Have Lavished Care and Affection Upon Lovely Pigeons.”

For all his preoccupation with birds, Dr. Grosvenor tries to keep a clear head about them, and, in published descriptions of bird pictures, to avoid phrases which might be considered too fulsome or, as he puts it, “sob stuff.” “These are very interesting legends,” he wrote a few years ago in an interoffice memorandum about the proofs of the captions for a series of photographs of birds which migrate between North and South America. “ ‘Perennial emissaries of friendship,’ Plate I, was a good phrase but strikes me as perhaps unlikely to occur in conversation. ‘Mother’ and ‘her’ should be used sparingly when referring to birds. See Plate V. G.H.G.” Grosvenor is a polite and almost diffident man, with the outwardly gentle manner of a ninth-generation New Englander who knows precisely which Colonial governors and Salem witches were his forebears, but his interoffice communications, generally penned in a rather wavy longhand, can be outspoken and at times even sharp. In 1940, for example, he dispatched the following chit to Franklin L. Fisher, chief of the *Geographic’s* illustration division:

> I wonder if you realize the steady march of your department to the increasing use of half page illustrations, notwithstanding repeated protests by J.O.L. and myself.
>
> The climax is reached in this . . . article for which 22 half page pictures are scheduled, and only 8 full pages. A black and white page costs $750 approximately, a half page $375. Picture on page 406 costs $375 to print. It is not worth five cents in this size; 30 years ago this plate would be permissible but used today it stamps the Nat Geog Mag as *out of date*. Several other plates . . . are as bad or worse; they should not have been used in any size.
>
> Then again the use of half page plates as on pages 424, 429 etc. is increasing though setting plates thus kills the text alongside. I have been obliged, much to my regret, to allow this wretched assortment to go to press, as to change now would disrupt the printing schedule.

The “J.O.L.” in the note is the *Geographic’s* associate editor and right-hand man, Dr. John Oliver La Gorce. Mr. Fisher, who has been with the magazine only twenty-eight years as against La Gorce’s thirty-eight and Grosvenor’s forty-four, felt himself placed in the mortifying position of a censured junior partner when he received this communication. A year or so later, however, he had rallied to a point where, in discussing a projected article on “Fruitful Shores of the Finger Lakes,” he suggested to Grosvenor that it include the picture of a memorial to Eugene Zimmerman, an old *Judge* cartoonist who signed himself “Zim” and who, like Fisher, used to live in Horseheads, New York, a town in the Finger Lakes region. Grosvenor, whose travels had never taken him to Horseheads, responded to this suggestion without much enthusiasm. He wrote:

> In an area so packed with great achievers and great events and great factories etc etc, for the Nat Geog Mag to devote a half page to this artist, when so many more important matters must be omitted, seems to me contrary to my long standing policy and I must regretfully omit this local hero, Eugene Zimmerman, I say this with no disrepect to him. Lack of Space and a Proper Sense of Proportion must

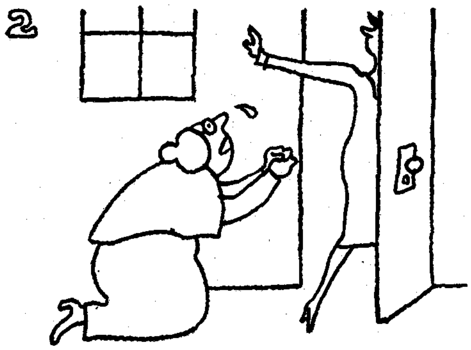
> govern. This article is planned to interest and please all our members. Andrew D. White, First President and seer of Cornell University, L. H. Bailey, America's foremost botanical writer, also of Ithaca, are examples of residents of this region far more important than E. Zimmerman. Then there was our good friend Richtmyer. Really we'd make ourselves ridiculous to force him on our readers.

Mr. Fisher, who regards Zimmerman as the father of the comic strip, felt worse than ever after this, but a few months later his spirits were raised by the following interoffice message:

> This working dog series, text and paintings, is one of the finest things the Geographic has ever published. I congratulate you on guiding this magnificent story to a most successful completion. I know how much time and thought you gave to it.
>
> I want too to congratulate you on bringing through to the gratifying result the Hayes-Herget contribution in the October number. You directed this work from the beginning. The result is a masterpiece, and a great tribute to your ability in selecting contributors and human interest subjects for paintings. Also it is a tribute to your staying powers and tenacity, your Chevy Chase activities help all this along, so get as much on the golf course as you can.* G. H. G.
>
> *footnote: 18 holes limit for one day recommended

"The Chief is no man to bear a grudge," Fisher has since remarked. "His only real interest is the *National Geographic.* I think he sort of sets the tone for the whole organization."

GROSVENOR began setting the tone for the Society and its magazine in 1899, when he became assistant editor of the *National Geographic.* He got his job as the result of an excellent undergraduate record at Amherst, romance, and the fact that he was an identical twin. Gilbert and his twin brother, the late Edwin Prescott Grosvenor, were born in 1875, in Constantinople, where their father, Edwin A. Grosvenor, was professor of history at Robert College, an American-endowed institution. When the boys were three, their mother, who wanted to get them away from the Russo-Turkish War, took them to live at their maternal grandfather's house in Millbury, Massachusetts. They returned to Constantinople when they were seven. In 1890, when they were fifteen, their father came back to the United States to teach at Amherst, and the two boys, after a couple of years at Worcester Academy, entered Amherst in 1893. There they constituted the college tennis-doubles team, won many scholastic prizes, belonged to Phi Beta Kappa, dressed alike, and confused most of their classmates. In the summer of 1897, shortly after their graduation, the late E. S. Martin, one of the founders of the pre-Luce *Life,* wrote, in a department called "This Busy World," which he then conducted in *Harper's Weekly:*

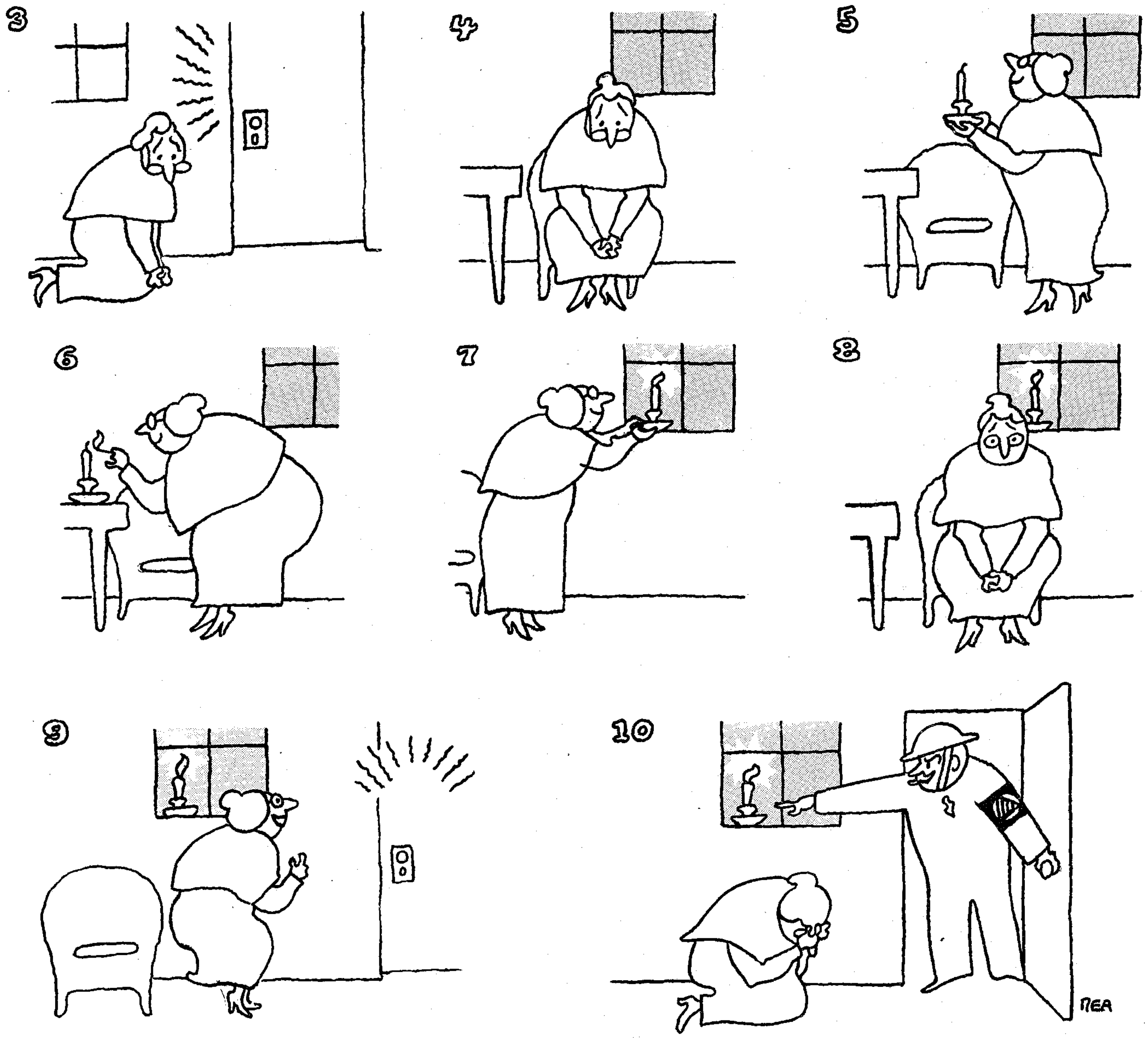


> Interest at the Commencement at Amherst seems to have been divided between President Gates and the Grosvenor twins ... both of whom were graduated this year and both with distinction. Both of them were included in the eight Seniors who had Commencement parts.... At the alumni dinner the graduates had fun with the twins, and did their best to have them put on exhibition. It is a good plan to have as much seemly fun at Commencement as possible.

Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, a lady with several marriageable daughters, read this passage with interest. Her husband was a friend of Professor Grosvenor, and she invited the twins to a houseparty at the Bell summer place in Nova Scotia. Her daughter Elsie, who was not confused by the twins, took a special fancy to Gilbert. A year or so later, she came to the conclusion that Englewood, New Jersey, where Gilbert was by then teaching languages, algebra, and chemistry at a boys' school, was too far from Washington, D.C., where the Bells lived, and she besought her father's advice on this problem. Bell was then president of the National Geographic Society, which his father-in-law, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, the first man to organize a telephone company, had founded in 1888 as a sort of clearing house where government scientists, exploring this country in search of natural resources, might compare notes. Their meetings took place at the Cosmos Club, and the Society started its magazine as a means of keeping a permanent record of their discussions. Bell wrote Professor Grosvenor that he was looking for a capable young man to brighten up his magazine and asked, with tactful impartiality, whether either of the twins would be interested in such an assignment. Brother Edwin chivalrously shook his head, and Gilbert, animated by a sudden enthusiasm for geography, took the job. He married Elsie Bell the next year, and he has since commented, with some satisfaction, on the fact that his and Edwin's tastes were not invariably identical. "We were very much alike except we never fell in love with the same girl, which was very fortunate," he has said.

Edwin Grosvenor, who died in 1930, became a lawyer. He was a partner in Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, and divided his time between New York and Washington, where he occasionally posed as the editor of the *Geographic.* Unlike Gilbert, he loved to smoke, and he sometimes caused a certain amount of confusion by strolling through the *Geographic* offices puffing a large cigar and greeting editors in a proprietary way. One morning the late George Judd, head of Judd & Detweiler, the printing firm which the *Geographic* has patronized since 1888 and which it now provides annually with a million dollars' worth of business, thought he recognized his client on a Washington street. "Can I take you downtown, Mr. Grosvenor?" he asked, stopping his car. "Why, yes," said Edwin. "Now about these color plates of 'Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard,' " Judd began. His passenger answered him rather offhandedly, and Judd, after dropping him at his office, called up La Gorce in some anxiety. "What's the matter with the Chief?" he said. "He didn't seem to want to discuss the birds. Is he mad at me?"

AS president of the National Geographic Society, Alexander Graham Bell put the *National Geographic Magazine* on a membership rather than a subscription basis. His son-in-law has continued this practice, and although it is possible, by paying fifty cents a year extra, to subscribe to the magazine with-

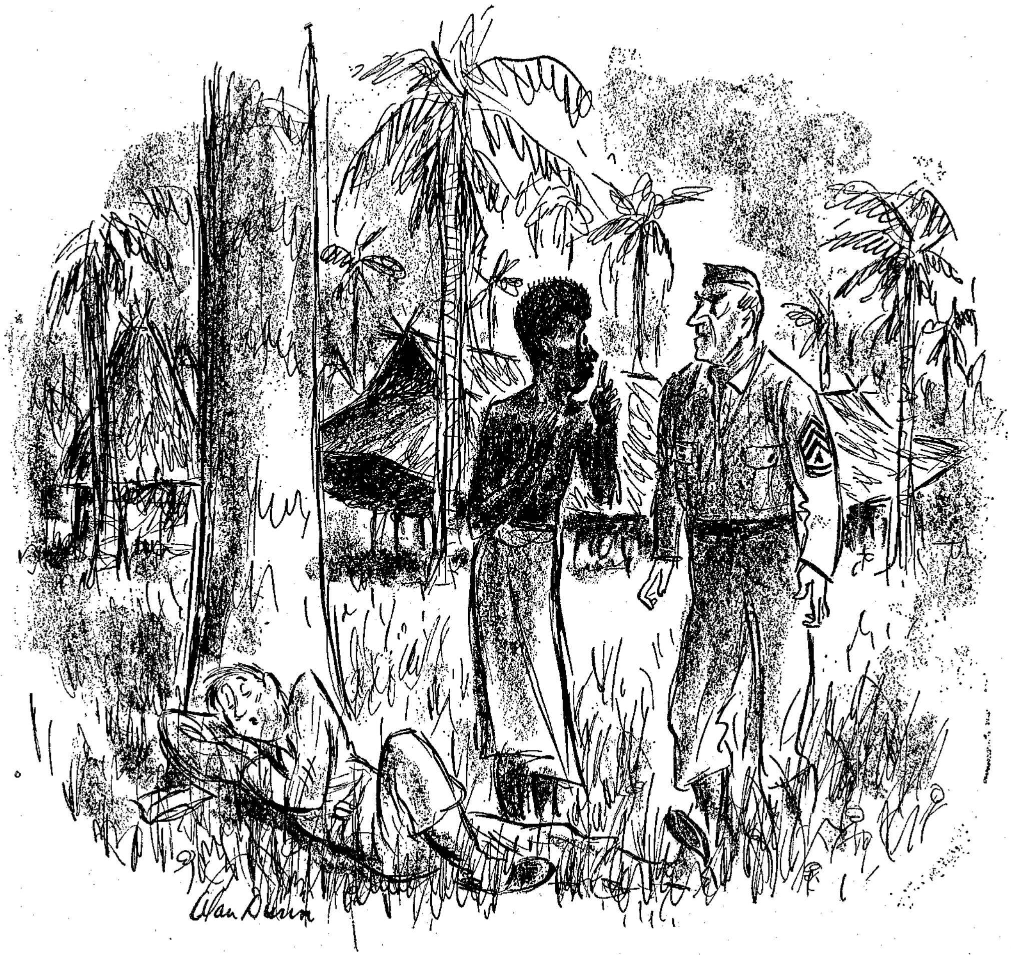


out joining the Society, most of the million, two hundred thousand people who receive the *Geographic* prefer to be members and have been nominated for the Society by other members. A few have not been. "In the case of a police magistrate, of course, no nomination is required," Dr. Grosvenor has said, by way of giving an example. He does not care to say whether anyone has ever actually been blackballed by the Society, but he still feels that membership is more than just another word for a subscription. "Most people think our membership principle is phony," he recently observed, without rancor, "but it is perfectly sound. The members really own the Society and, in addition to receiving the magazine, and the maps which we publish separately, share in the responsibility for the scientific expeditions which we sponsor." Grosvenor's attitude was made clear in a foreword he contributed to "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a book, published in 1922 by the Society, in which Dr. Robert F. Griggs described the study of a volcanic eruption in Alaska which he made on a Society expedition. The foreword says:

> This remarkable exploration of Mt. Katmai by Professor Griggs and his associates, which continued for five years, was financed by the 750,000 members of the National Geographic Society, each of whom, millionaire and college professor, captain of industry and clerk, had an equal share in its support. Every member of the organization may thus derive considerable satisfaction that he or she has assisted to bring about such important additions to our knowledge of the young and active planet upon which we live.

The books the Society publishes, which can be bought only at headquarters, are generally illustrated in color and are about birds, dogs, fish, horses, insects, wildflowers, and the like. Their contents are usually taken bodily from the magazine, so the prices are very low. Reports on the results of the Society's expeditions, published in these books and in the magazine, help make Society members feel like members rather than subscribers, and Washington, D. C., members are put even more firmly in this state of mind by being invited to subscribe, at a nominal fee, to a series of weekly illustrated lectures, sponsored by the Society at Constitution Hall, from November to April. The hall seats four thousand, and the lectures, which in the past year have included first-hand reports on Java, the Philippines, Australia, Singapore, and Alaska, are invariably oversubscribed. In addition to performing such services for its members, the Society, during the school year, publishes a weekly bulletin which is sent on request to schoolteachers for twenty-five cents a year, and it also sends daily news bulletins to some five hundred and fifty newspapers, press associations, and radio commentators. These school and news bulletins deal with current geographical matters, usually related to the war these days. A typical one discusses the terrain of northern Italy and gives the proper pronunciation of some difficult geographical names that have recently cropped up in the war news. According to Leonard C. Roy, the *Geographic* editor in charge of the bulletins, a news story sent to the press is sometimes used by as many as two hundred papers. Moreover, dozens of telephone requests for information from newspaper and radio people are answered every day.

The *National Geographic* people are proud of the fact that their members, of whom more than eighty per cent sign up year after year, represent many strata of society. In 1941 the Society analyzed its magazine's circulation in a booklet which, under the heading "How National Geographic Family Heads Earn Their Incomes," listed five hundred and twenty-nine categories of paid-up members, among them farmers (36,816), bankers (15,084), barbers (1,557), bartenders (39), clergymen (27,843), college presidents (456), senators (159), congressmen (123), dentists and dental surgeons (11,715), elevator operators (237), executives (13,710), clerks (32,589), college matrons (261), housewives (39,543), lighthouse keepers (126), masseurs (156), physicians and surgeons (53,514), poets (15), philanthropists (9), tropical-fish raisers (3), undertakers (3,000), politicians (228), road builders (207), roll-turners (33), and royalty (114). By means of the rather cozy editorial tone which pervades the *Geographic*, Grosvenor has managed to communicate to many of his readers a feeling that they are indeed members of a gigantic family. This notion has brought him many affectionate letters, but it has also let him in for a few severe family rebukes.

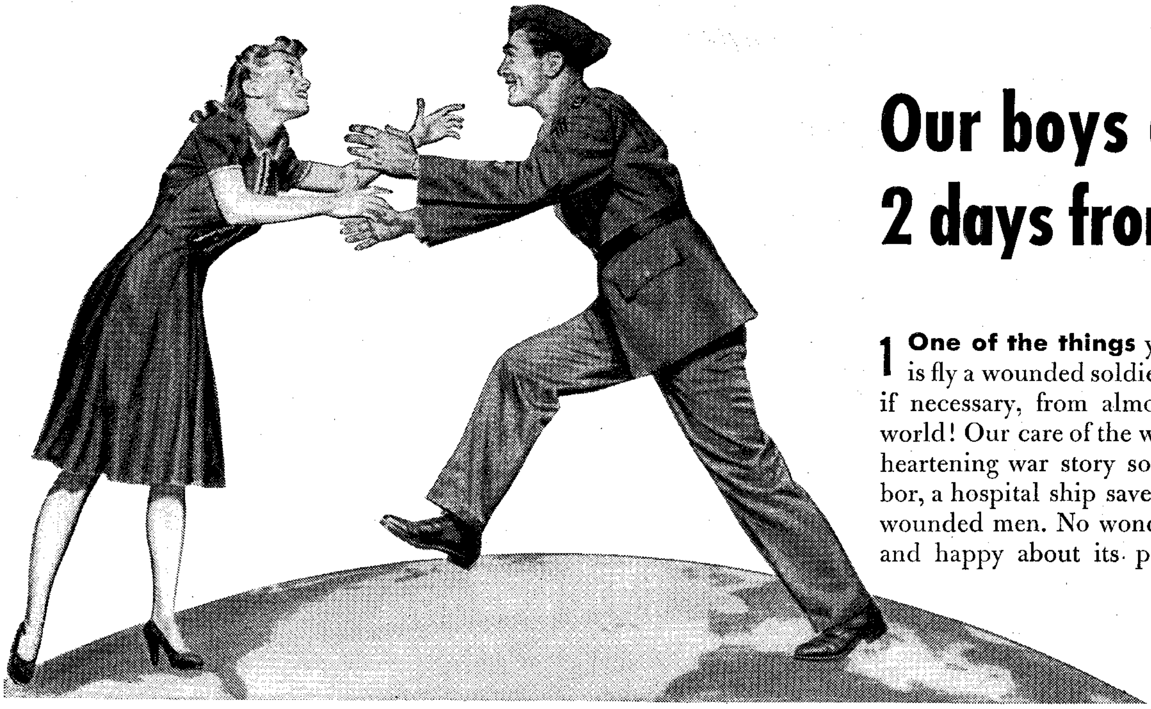


"One belief is that every person is inhabited by a spirit, or ko, which goes travelling while the human body is asleep. If a man should be awakened suddenly—so the belief is—the ko might not have time to get back into its body and would get even by going around causing trouble. So the people believe a man should be allowed to sleep until he wakes up of his own accord."—U. S. Army Pocket Guide to New Caledonia.

"I had the pleasure of having the *National Geographic Magazine* in my home a good many years," one of these ran. "All that met the eye was interesting and upbuilding. Therefore it was with surprise I read in the Feb. '43 issue the phrase, 'An occasional round American oath.' I never read such an expression in the *Geographic* before. I am very sorry to admit that some of our men do take God's name in vain, but it surely ought not be called an American trait."

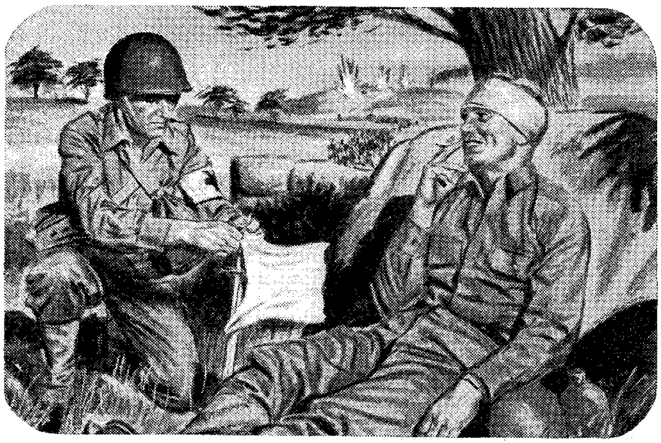
In Grosvenor's early days with the Society, it was even more literally a family affair. In 1903 Grosvenor's in-laws presented the Society with a building which housed it for many years and now contains its library; they also put up the money for a decoration, known as the Hubbard Gold Medal, which the Society has awarded, "in recognition of outstanding achievements in the field of geography," to Peary, Amundsen, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Stefansson, Byrd, Lindbergh, Mrs. Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, and Roy Chapman Andrews, among others. In the early nineteen-hundreds, Grosvenor used to invoke his wife's aid in reading manuscripts and proofs, and he published several articles by his father about Russia, Siberia, Constantinople, and other places. His relationship with his father-in-law, who died in 1922, was very close, and Bell was delighted with the way the *Geographic's* circulation grew under Grosvenor's direction. "I remember well," Bell said, on the occasion of the 1906 presentation of the Hubbard Medal, to Peary, "when the mantle of your first president, Mr. Hubbard, fell on my shoulders and we looked at this little seed that he helped plant. Could we ever suppose it could grow into the great national organization that we have today? That little seed! And yet I can still remember when we congratulated ourselves upon a thousand members, but today we number eighteen thousand members. This little seed has grown into a tree and covers the whole world. Wherever Americans are, there we find members of the National Geographic Society."

Grosvenor greatly admired his father-in-law, and when Bell, in whose life the telephone was simply one of a number of interests, sent the *Geographic* pieces on eugenics, longevity, the future of the airplane, "Our Heterogeneous System of Weights and Measures," and certain inventions of his—a man-lifting kite and a tetrahedral radio tower—the editor of the *Geographic* did not reject them. He even became a party to a little

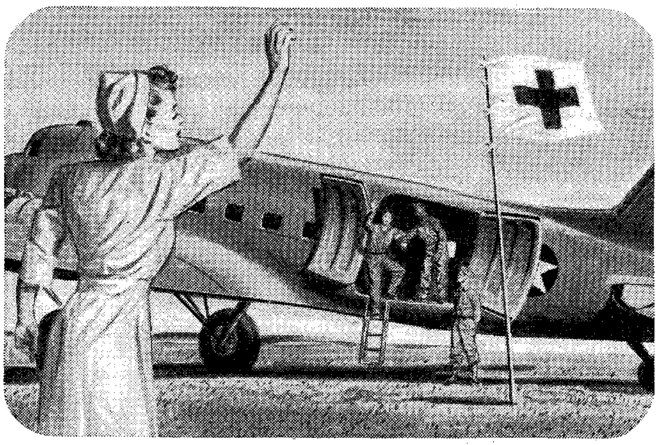


Our boys are only 2 days from home!

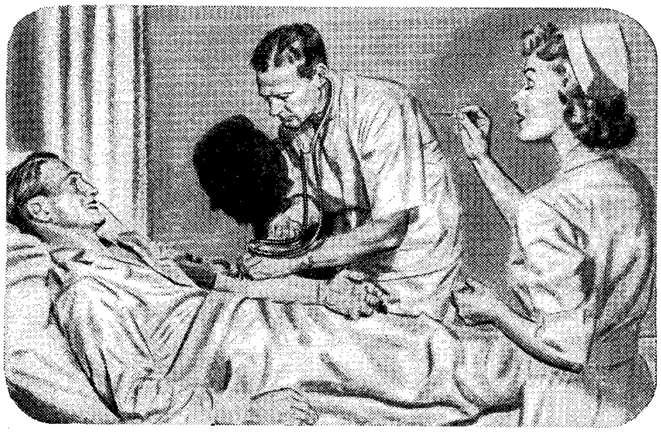
1 **One of the things** your War Bonds do is fly a wounded soldier home in two days, if necessary, from almost any part of the world! Our care of the wounded is the most heartening war story so far. At Pearl Harbor, a hospital ship saved all but 7 of 4039 wounded men. No wonder Taylor is proud and happy about its part in this record!



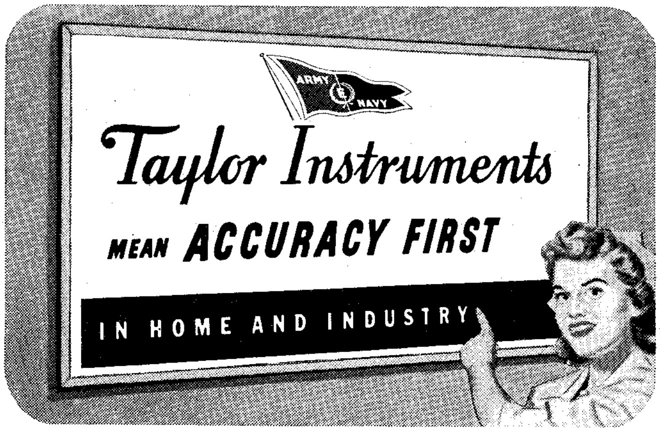
2 **Medical care starts** as soon as a soldier is wounded. Every soldier carries his own first aid kit, sulfadiazene tablets, and sulfa powder to dust on wounds. But before he has a chance to use them, a hospital corpsman has probably reached him, administering a pain-killing drug and leaving a message and a signal for the litter bearers.



3 **The soldier is then carried** to a battalion aid station, a miniature hospital on wheels, where he receives treatment that keeps him comfortable until he is moved to a collection station still farther back. Next he goes to a field hospital, and from there he may be flown by ambulance plane to a base hospital or to a general hospital at home!



4 **Right up to the front lines,** Taylor medical instruments are in constant use. Taylor fever thermometers for almost every illness or injury. Taylor blood pressure instruments for use in operations. Taylor barometers for basal metabolism tests. So if your store is out of Taylor Instruments, we suggest you buy an extra War Bond instead!



5 **Our Army-Navy "E"** was awarded for production of instruments for almost every branch of the armed forces. In addition we supply industry with the Taylor controls needed to make gasoline, synthetic rubber, and other vital materials. Ask your Taylor Field Engineer. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
Oct. 10th to Nov. 7th
S. HUROK presents
RUSSIAN BALLET
BY THE
BALLET THEATRE
EVES. INC. SUN. 85c to $4.40. MATS. OCT. 16, 23, 24, 30, NOV. 6, 7—85c to $2.75

"MISS DUNHAM IS ONE OF OUR FINEST ENTERTAINERS."—*Her. Trib., Denby*
S. HUROK presents
KATHERINE DUNHAM
and her company in
TROPICAL REVUE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. 8th Ave. Eves. 1:10-3:30. Mats. Sat., Sun., 1:10-2:75

"A Triumph" —BARNES, *Herald Trib.*
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

PAUL SMALL & FRED FINKLEHOFFE *present*
FRANK FAY • ETHEL WATERS • BERT WHEELER
in a Variety Show
LAUGH TIME
THE BRICKLAYERS
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • Eves. inc. Sun.
Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40 • Sun. 2:15 & 5:30

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"—Life Magazine
ROBERT REUD & PAUL CZINNER *present*
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLL'S
By Martin Vale with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 6-5969 Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Robert KEITH • Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE, W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ERIC BLORE
SENOR WENCES   CHRISTINE AYRES   SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE   Tommy WONDER   Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway & 50th Street
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35 (No perf. Mon.)

Josephine HULL   Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—*Time Magazine*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

joke of Bell's; the inventor, venturing rather far afield, contributed three articles to the *Geographic*—"Extinct Reptiles Found in Nodules," "Notes on the Remarkable Habits of Certain Turtles and Lizards," and "Purple Veil: A Romance of the Sea," which was about fish—under the nom de plume H. A. Largelamb, an anagram of A. Graham Bell. Grosvenor's brother-in-law, David Fairchild, an outstanding botanist, who married another daughter of Mr. Largelamb's, was also an early contributor to Grosvenor's magazine. So was the late William Howard Taft, a second cousin of Grosvenor's, who produced *Geographic* articles under such diverse titles as "Arbitration Treaties," "Great Britain's Bread Upon the Waters: Canada and Her Other Daughters," "Health and Morale of America's Citizen Army," and "Progressive World Struggle of the Jews for Civil Equality," and such diverse subjects as Bermuda, the League of Nations, the Lincoln Memorial, the Philippines, and "Washington (D.C.): Its Beginning, Its Growth, and Its Future." Grosvenor has always paid a good deal of editorial attention to the capital; a couple of years ago, when the Society appeared before the Committee on the District of Columbia of the Senate in order to ask that its exemption from taxation as an educational institution, which the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia wanted to annul, be continued, it was able to point out that its magazine had published seventeen illustrated articles on the District of Columbia and that these articles had had a total distribution of more than sixteen million copies. The Society also pointed out that its weekly school bulletin on current geographical matters went to over thirty thousand public-school teachers in the United States. Its request was granted.

Taft, who later became successively President of the United States and a trustee of the Society, was a considerable help to his young cousin in the early days of the *National Geographic*. He presented the Hubbard Medal to Shackleton in 1910, and he often turned up, and sometimes spoke, at the annual dinners which the Society gave in Washington. One of the things Grosvenor feels most strongly about, as an editor, is that paragraphs should be short, and his gratitude for Taft's influential and continuing support did not blind him to the fact that his kinsman, as a writer, was given to sensational violations of this principle. "Break this up into short paragraphs," he once instructed an as-

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
in
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"SEASON'S SASSIEST MUSICAL!" —Esquire
THAT ROBUST INSTITUTION
STAR AND GARTER
with
PROF. LAMBERTI and CAST of 100
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

IRVING CAESAR presents
WILLIE HOWARD
in a new musical
MY DEAR PUBLIC
"For my money Willie Howard is the funniest comic in town." —*Ed Sullivan, News*
Evs. inc. Sun. Mats. Sat. Sun. 46 St. Thea. W. of B'way

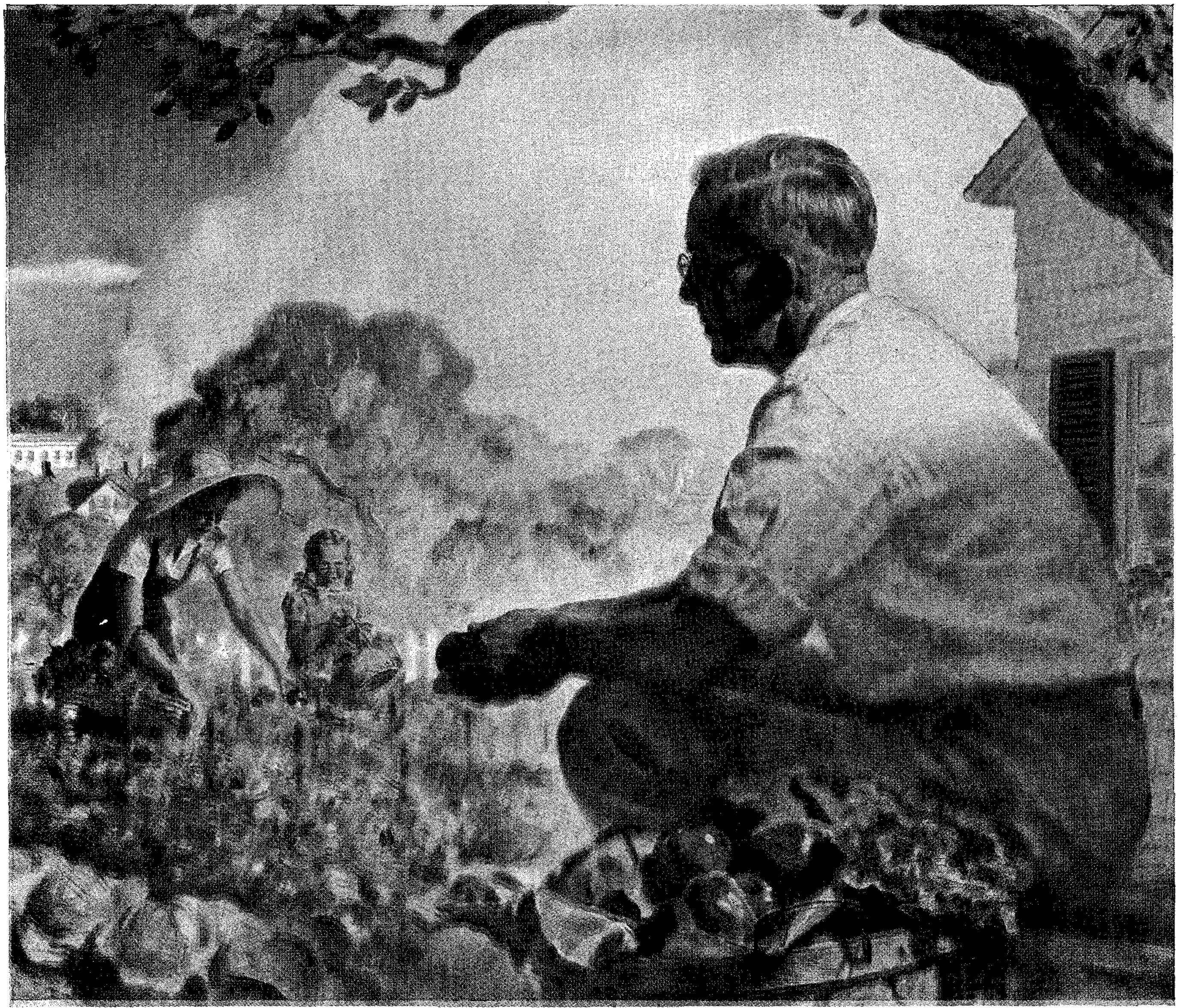
"BARGAIN OF THE TOWN."—*Mantle, News*
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax   Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled
Seats Selling 4 Weeks in Advance

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY."—Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
RALPH BELLAMY   SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BREEZY MUSICAL HIT." —*Walter Winchell*
Early to Bed
BROADHURST THEATRE W. 44 ST.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Evenings 8:30

"THE BEST MUSICAL OF THE SEASON" —Barnes, Herald-Tribune
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Claudette COLBERT • Paulette GODDARD • Veronica LAKE
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
A Mark Sandrich Production • A Paramount Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"The earth and I are friends now"

Last year I never thought of the earth except as something to walk on. But in the spring I turned up sod and planted seed. Summer—grubbing for weeds and watching things grow — I got friendly with the land.

Well, it's autumn now. The crop wasn't big — but fair enough. . . . And something *good* has happened to our family! We've weeded and watered and hoped *together*. And said our table blessing over our own harvest.

It seems to me that my family has come back to some important things. Come back to one another — and to our good soil. Come back to being neighbors with the family whose garden row begins where ours leaves off.

We're all closer now. Closer to the men whose prayers — so much more than ours — are tied to earth and sun and the early frost. We know now what's in a farmer's mind when his fields are sick with blight. We know how he feels when his eyes look up for rain.

Yes, now we *know* something about this earth. Respect it. And respect the people who tend it. And we know that the fruits of the earth which we used to take for granted — bread and milk and green things—are hard-earned and hard-won.

This is our land. As it was so many years back — when the harvest of the land alone sustained our people.

Our land . . . our harvest.

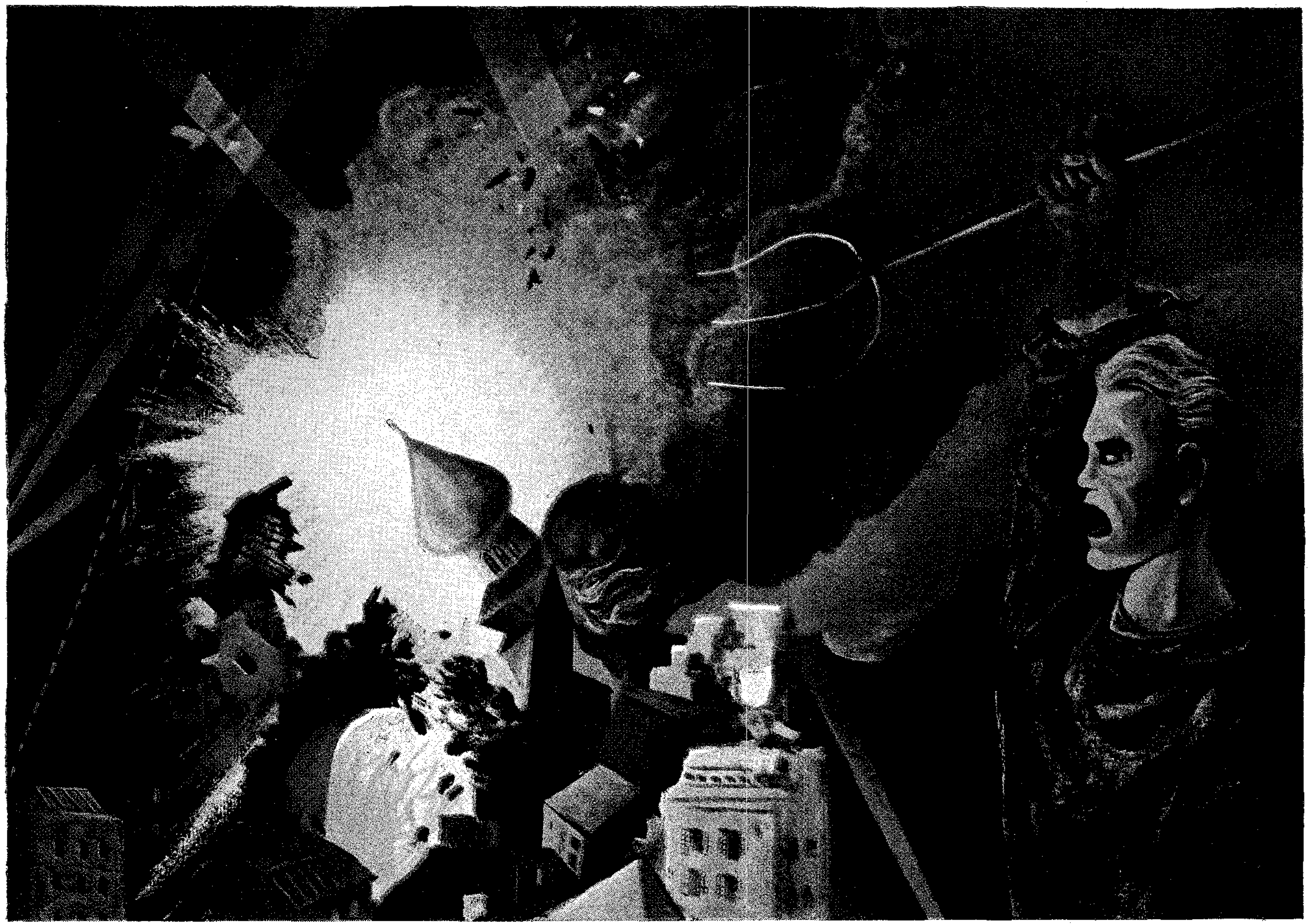
• • •

In appreciation of the big job being done by our partners, the professional farmers of America . . . and by the new millions of amateur farmers, this message is presented.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



The Shostakovitch Seventh Symphony, painted by William Gropper for the Capehart Collection

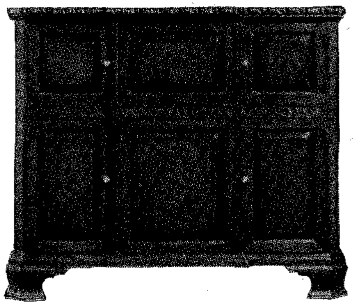
Defiance

An interpretation of Dmitri Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony, as painted for the Capehart Collection by William Gropper. The Seventh, written by Russia's contemporary titan in the realm of symphonic music, was composed during the epoch-making Siege of Leningrad.

Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

•

The Capehart (Chippendale) with the time-proved record changer that turns the records over, and FM radio reception. Control stations may be placed throughout your home and the grounds.



Leningrad hurls defiance at the invader. Heroic flame drives out the savage, and the city's peril has passed over. . . . Suddenly a note is sung, recalling the defiance. And a great chorale of mankind, singing "Triumph! Triumph!"

Music exults and exalts. It shoulders men skyward. Be it the forging symphony or the sublime chorale—on its surging power the spirit rises.

The Capehart owner knows these things. For the world's great music comes to him—in radiant splendor—through his Capehart Phonograph-Radio.

The maker of these fine instruments, the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, is now developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for our armed forces. So that Capeharts are, at the present time, not being built.

But your Capehart dealer will be happy to continue looking after all your musical requirements. Although recordings of the Seventh Symphony are not yet available, you may care to hear the Victor recordings of the Shostakovitch First Symphony (No. M-192) and the Shostakovitch Fifth (No. M-619), both by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra; or the Columbia recordings of the First (M-472) and the Fifth (M-520), both by Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra.

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

CAPEHART - PANAMUSE

Products of

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

sociate who had brought him a piece of Taft copy. Grosvenor's subordinate called the Chief's attention to the fact that an editor had already broken up the manuscript into one-sentence paragraphs but that the ex-President's sentences were rather long. "Well, break up the sentences," said Grosvenor. "The Bible does it. That's why people read the Bible. And that's why they read the *National Geographic*."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the second of three articles on Dr. Grosvenor.*)

•

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

[*The London Times' man reports two baseball contests, one of them a no-hit game, for his newspaper*]

BASEBALL AT WEMBLEY

THROWING AND CATCHING

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

More than 21,000 people watched the two baseball games played at Wembley Stadium on Saturday in aid of the British Red Cross.

In the professional game the United States Air Force beat the United States Ground Forces by one run, scored in the second innings, to none. In the amateur game that preceded it the United States Army (Central Base Section) beat a Canadian Forces team by six runs to three. The loudest applause of the afternoon greeted the massed pipe bands of the Canadian Army who, with a variety of plaids swirling in the breeze, were a really magnificent sight. They were accompanied by a small white dog of uncertain origin who was completely at home with them.

But the baseball in the second game was the best that has been seen in this country for some years. The crowd took it much more kindly than they had taken to the American football played in London in May, partly because although many of the finer points were naturally lost to them they could follow the game more easily, and partly because the action of the game flowed more smoothly. The pitching was too good for the batting, but what mostly impressed visitors was the astonishing accuracy of the throwing and catching. With one possible exception every catch in both games was held—and held, moreover, with nonchalant ease. One other point was the almost nervous anxiety of players and substitutes to keep on throwing the ball. They had been at it in practice since soon after breakfast, but when in the game itself a batter was out the fielders drew in and the ball was flung from one to another with lightning rapidity before being tossed to the pitcher.

The pitching of Sergeant Brech for the Air Force was the feature of the game, though one feels that the Ground Forces, who wore dark blue uniforms, may have been somewhat dazzled by their opponents, who, when they were gathered together, looked like a bed of geraniums in full bloom.

LISTEN: OCTOBER 2, 1943

It seems the Hatfields and the McCoys, famed Kentucky feuders since 1863, have not only quit feuding, but their women folk have held sewing bees together to stitch a Victory Quilt.

Milton Bacon, a CBS student of American folklore, has been tracking down the legends of remote locales and bringing them to the radio audience each Saturday morning in a program appropriately called *God's Country*. For one of these broadcasts, Mr. Bacon described the Kentucky mountain folk's "Singin' Gatherin'," where clansmen get together with cornstalk fiddles, coonhide banjos, dulcimers and mouth harps. He turned up the story of the Victory Quilt, the war-effort of the Hatfields and the McCoys. It's going to be auctioned off to a buyer of War Bonds.

★

Record:

The 1942 expenditures by the 100 leading advertisers in America have just been compiled. They represent less than 1 cent on the dollar of retail sales.

For the 9th consecutive year the use of network radio as a medium shows a gain. That is a tribute to the power of the U.S. radio audience to absorb goods and services when they are available, and to absorb *ideas* (industrial and patriotic) whether the goods and services are available or restricted.

For the 9th consecutive year, more of the 100 leading advertisers used CBS network radio than used any other network.

Of the 100 leading advertisers, 73 used network radio, and of the seventy-three, 47 used CBS network radio. The second network was used by 33.

Reason:

There is a simple and realistic reason for this leadership. The reason is that CBS *delivers productive audience.*

★

From 8:07:20 a.m. Sept. 21 to 2:02:15 a.m. Sept. 22, Kate Smith spoke 65 times on the CBS Network. She sold War Bonds. As we go to press, with 27 stations awaiting final report, she has sold $32,432,055. Add that to your concept of "productive audience" responding to a great American projecting an American idea.

★

If a CBS news commentator calls Nikolaev Nee-ko-lah'-yef, with the accent on the *lah*, he is right. Professor W. Cabell Greet says so. He is Associate Professor of English Language and Literature at Columbia University, he is editor of the magazine American Speech, and he is Speech Consultant of the Columbia Broadcasting System. At the university he teaches Chaucerian English and modern phonetics. At the network, he auditions all new announcers and news broadcasters, supervises the pronunciation and diction of all announcers and newsbroadcasters, and keeps a critical ear tuned in on CBS programs for boners. He has written a book *War Words*, recently published by the Columbia University Press, giving the recommended pronunciation of several thousand place names, from the Finnish A(a)land (you call it Oh'-lahn) to Zverevo, which comes out Zvay'-re-vo. Accidents will happen, as the breeze whistles over human vocal cords, but if a name sounds odd over CBS, at least you know that somebody has given it loving care.

★

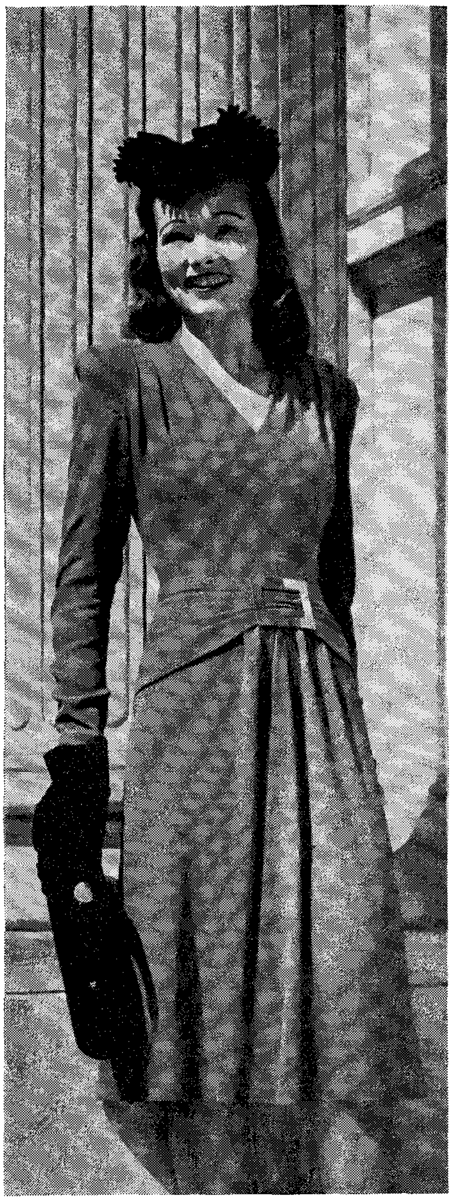
One CBS program has been consistently broadcast, same hour, same evening, same network, since July 29, 1935. This one program, starting off with 5,019,300 listeners over 12 years old, has steadily built that audience to a total of some 37,200,000 listeners over 12. This one program delivers to its sponsor more continuous family listening hours than any other program on the air. Except for its brief summer vacation periods it runs for a solid hour every Monday evening. Cecil B. DeMille directs it. It is *Lux Radio Theatre.*

★

Arch Oboler, author of a creepy CBS mystery, got a letter from a woman in Iowa asking him to visit her home. She said she knew he would be interested in writing a program about the way her late mother comes back to haunt her farmhouse each evening at dusk. Oboler can't or won't go.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



Mrs.
Pleasants Pennington
presents

a simple dressy rayon crepe, perfect as a background for your favorite accessories. You'll like the draped front fulness of the skirt, the self midriff drape and the large golden buckle. Black, moss green, blue or brown. 9 to 17.
12.95

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Please include postage

Chez Rosette
Ten East Fifty-sixth Street

THE THEATRE

WITH BEIN IN THE BALKANS

"LAND OF FAME," by Albert and Mary Bein, has all the faults that distinguished Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down," and quite a few new ones. The moon at the Belasco, you might say, is not only down but out. Like its predecessor, "Land of Fame" deals with the unconquerable spirit of the common people in an invaded nation, it touches on the moral disintegration of the conquerors in an atmosphere of gathering hatred, and, unfortunately for those who still dream that noble themes make noble plays, it is also a noisy and vacant little melodrama. The Beins have laid their scene in Greece, half in a guerrilla retreat on a hilltop overlooking Marathon, half in German headquarters in the village below. Their plot, in capsule, has to do with a guerrilla leader, formerly an officer in the Greek Army, who gives himself up to the Nazis in an attempt to save the village of Talom from the fate of Lidice. While he is in captivity, one of the enemy, a tormented and remorseful intellectual, breaks down and tells him how the German supply lines can be cut, and somehow he manages to get this information to his men in their hideaway. They act upon it, and the play ends with all the Germans either dead or held as hostages and the villagers safely in retreat to the hills. I have no objection to any of this as a synopsis for a B movie (love, sacrifice, and comedy are also provided), but as a serious tribute to the Greeks it seems a little elementary and impertinent.

A good deal of the time, in fact, "Land of Fame" is almost like a parody of "The Moon Is Down." The honest peasants invented by the Beins are even more hairy and lovable than those supplied by Mr. Steinbeck and they gain an additional cockeyed earthiness by addressing one another in descriptive terms—such as Wagon Maker, Schoolteacher, Shepherd Boy, and, in the case of a picturesque bundle of rags alleged to be a hundred and seven years old, perhaps rather inadequately as Old Woman. The military stratagems are just as dreamy as Mr. Steinbeck's idea of attaching high explosives and candy bars to toy parachutes; in this case the Germans seem to have come to Greece equipped with neither airplanes nor artillery to dislodge the guerrillas from the mountains. The dialogue again has that sweet, chemical flavor, something like Cuban gin, which poetic minds in the theatre have apparently decided is suitable for writing of brave deeds in a dark time. "Tanks cannot scale mountains, nor yet the human soul" is probably a reasonable sample. Finally, the behavior of the Germans, hemmed in by people who clearly don't like them much, is even more absurd than it was when the Steinbeck invaders began to realize they were getting on their victims' nerves. The Beins' most spectacular creation, I guess, is the renegade Nazi, an archeologist unhappily drafted into the Gestapo, and his fate is a peculiar and embarrassing one. For nine of the ten scenes, he desperately tries to attract a little attention by insulting Hitler and the Reich, but none of his fellow-officers seems to give a damn until he starts quoting Byron. Then they shoot him down like a dog. Even as a form of literary criticism, it seems drastic. The natives, on the other hand, generally remain calm. When the German colonel nervously threatens to exterminate the whole adult population of Talom, the heroine, an earnest girl, just looks at him sharply. "Why, that would be a terrible injustice," she says, and, not liking her attitude, they hustle her away to the officers' brothel.

The actors concerned in the operations at the Belasco are not very good and I see no especial point in bothering you with their names. Frederick Fox's two sets have the stylized, faintly nonsensical air that I usually associate with advanced tamperings with Shakespeare, and Joseph Wood has composed some moderately bloodcurdling music for the organ.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

His experiences have been varied. One time while driving a tank along a highway in Kansas he fell asleep and drove off the road, but was awakened in time to avoid crashing into the telephone pole. Another time he fell asleep while standing up in a tank turret.—*University of Wisconsin Specializer.*

Varied, perhaps, but there's a certain monotony that runs through them.

AN EXPLANATION
we owe to the American Woman

NO OTHER FIRM in the world possesses such a variety of great perfumes as ours. These are at once our wealth and the source of our pride.

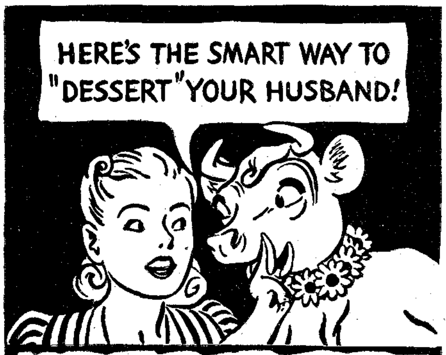
Inasmuch as two of our world-famous perfumes, *Chypre* and *Le Vertige*, will shortly not be available, we feel we owe an explanation to the American woman who treasures these particular fragrances.

A minimum of thirty ingredients from world-wide sources is required to make a great Coty blend. Many of these sources have been closed by enemy occupation. What is more, we have been entirely cut off from France ever since her complete invasion in November 1942.

Therefore, despite our foresight and planning, the available stocks of some of our perfumes are limited. Great blends, the only ones which deserve the name of perfume—such as the Coty classics—can be produced only from the highest grade ingredients.

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR THE PRODUCTION OF SUCH PERFUMES.

Coty


HERE'S THE SMART WAY TO "DESSERT" YOUR HUSBAND!

© Borden Co.

● Serve him creamy, tangy Military Brand Camembert for dessert tonight. It's the perfect ending to a meal. Order it at hotels and restaurants, too!

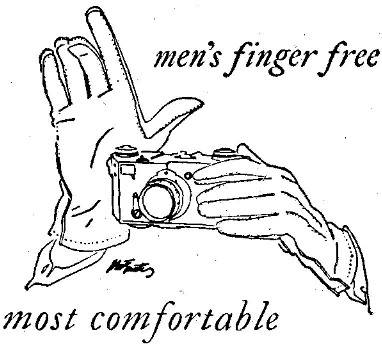
Borden's

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

For years America's 4-to-1 favorite over imported Camembert.

BORDEN'S MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT CHEESE

FINE GLOVES



most comfortable gloves in the world...

★ *designed by merry hull*

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

★ *U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604*

OF ALL THINGS

As the Reichswehr backs out of the Soviet Union, the Pripet Marshes and White Russia come back into the headlines again. Before long we may be hearing from our long-lost friend the River Bug.

•

Washington gossip-peddlers have been having a pretty strenuous week of it. Some of them are reported to be quite exhausted from their work of moving big generals here and there.

•

New York's hotels are fairly bursting with guests and the proprietors don't quite know why. One theory is that the public has an over-supply of money and an under-supply of ration stamps.

•

The quality of German war production is said to have declined somewhat since the early days of the conflict. On the other hand, the fabrication of Berlin bulletins has reached an all-time high.

•

Anthony Eden has scored a literary hit with his account of Rudolf Hess's fantastic peace plan. It is recommended to anybody who likes stories about dumb animals.

•

Berlin announces that Mussolini and his new Fascist government have been established somewhere in southern Germany. If that is true, Benito can drop in at Berchtesgaden whenever he likes for a bite of rug with Adolf.

•

A United States Chamber of Commerce survey shows that sixty-four per cent of the people are saving to buy houses, cars, and gadgets after the war. One also hears of many families who are planning to invest in a big, juicy beefsteak.

•

The Nazis act as if they are most reluctant to leave Italy. Undoubtedly they realize that this winter will be much pleasanter there than at home.

•

From Argentina come rumors of agitation for a break with the Axis. The Buenos Aires government, however, seems to be clinging firmly to its bad-neighbor policy.—Howard Brubaker

RYE AND SCOTCH HI-BALLS
HAND PAINTED CHINA MUG

Plummer Ltd. is nationally known as one of the oldest and one of the finest China and Glass shops in the country. We carry the largest stock of fine china and crystal in New York and our customers come from every state in the Union.

1. RYE and SCOTCH HI-BALLS—exquisitely hand-cut spray of rye on one and scotch thistle on the other. State choice. Heavy base. Capacity 14 oz. Doz. $8.50.
2. Royal Crown Derby English China mug. Hand painted hunting scene in glowing colors. Appropriate verse on reverse side. Height 5 inches. Each $10.00.

PLUMMER Ltd.

7 E. 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave., New York

Enjoy A RUM COCKTAIL

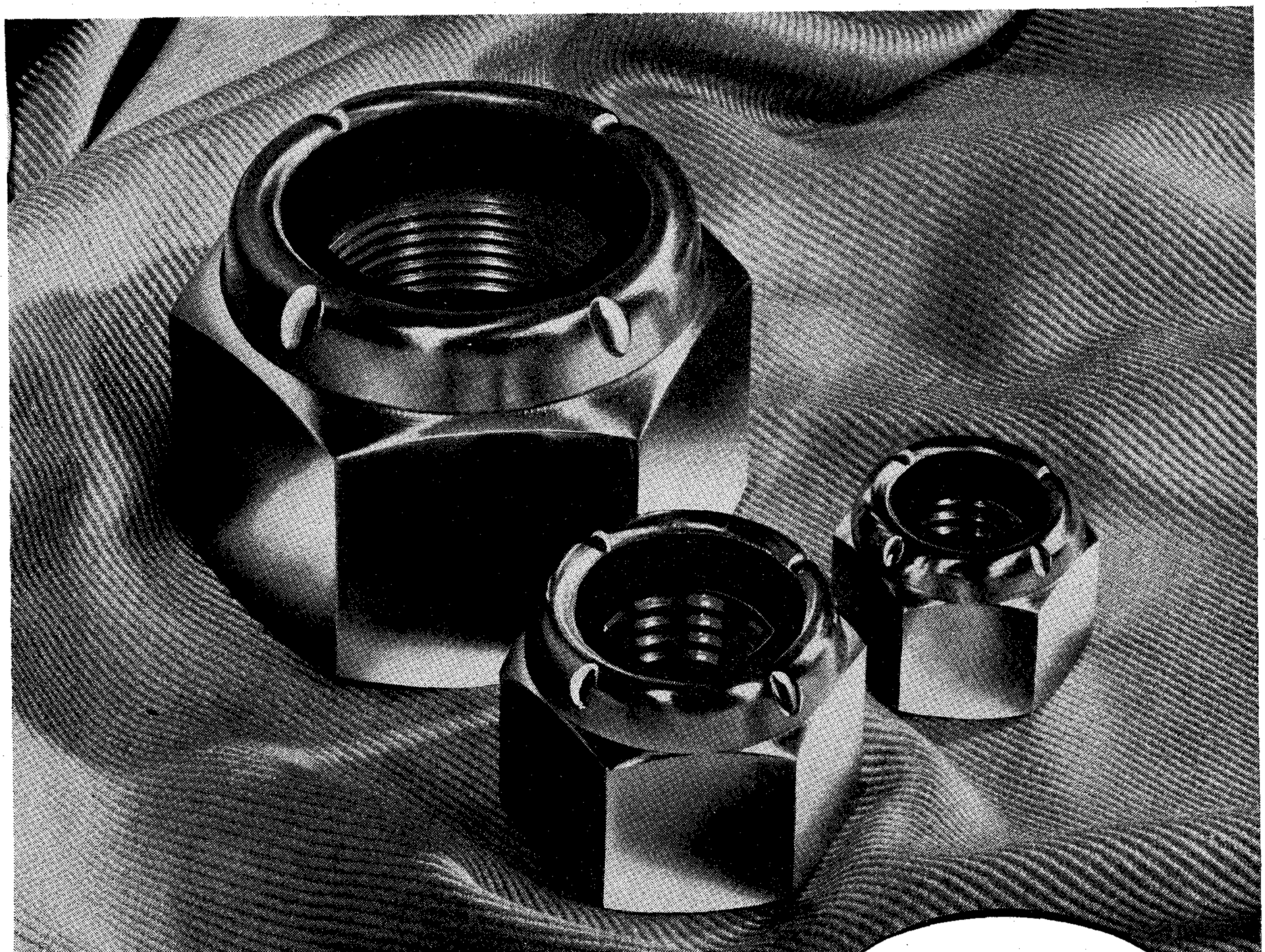
Made with MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

● In one part lime or lemon juice dissolve one-half teaspoon of sugar for each cocktail. Next add two parts Myers's Rum and a dash of Angostura bitters. Shake well with plenty of ice and serve with a Maraschino cherry. You'll enjoy the mellowness and the fragrant bouquet of this famous Jamaica Rum. Remember, for that wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

Write for free recipe book to
R.U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U.S.A.
Dept. N10, 57 Laight St.
New York 13, N. Y.



WHAT MUST A NUT DO?

● There's only one thing in the world a nut must do.

That is to hold things together—and never let go.

Most nuts shiver loose under vibration.

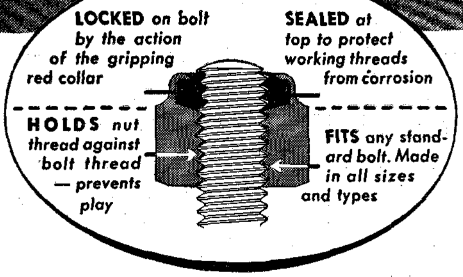
But not this nut.

The reason is the red elastic collar. This collar molds itself snugly to the bolt. It holds the nut and bolt threads tight together. The nut can't jiggle and turn.

So the nut locks fast and stays put—anywhere on the bolt. It can be taken off, and put back on, time and again without losing its locking ability.

This is why there are more Elastic Stop Nuts on war material than all other lock nuts combined.

And of the billions in use, we don't know of one that hasn't done its job better than any other similar fastening.

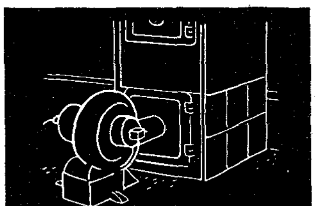

LOCKED on bolt by the action of the gripping red collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

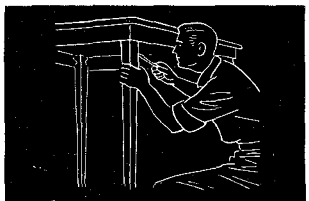
Lock fast to make things last

BACK THE ATTACK.... BUY WAR BONDS

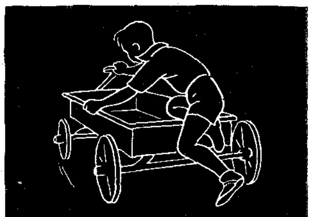
ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



More heat for your money—fewer service calls—when Elastic Stop Nuts hold burner parts snug.



Furniture won't loosen, squeak and wobble when Elastic Stop Nuts replace old-fashioned nut fastenings.



Youngsters' toys take a beating. They'll last longer and take less "fixing" when Elastic Stop Nuts are used.

CAMOUFLAGE

IN the morning he went with her to the aircraft factory where she worked. They walked slowly down the street across from the sprawling, camouflaged buildings and when they were opposite the administration building they stopped in the partial seclusion of a doorway and said goodbye.

"What's the big idea," he said, to tease her, "letting *me* say goodbye to *you?* It should be the other way round. I'm the one who's going away."

"I think you want to go," she told him softly. "I mean, I guess you soldiers are all alike, excited about seeing new places and all." She was not a large girl and she had an air of frailty which the tenseness of her expression made more noticeable.

"If you mean I want to leave you, Joan, you're crazy."

"No?"

"No."

Her hand was already in his; he tightened the pressure of his fingers and smiled at her, a quick, dazzling smile. With her free hand she reached over and touched his khaki sleeve. His uniform didn't fit him well but it didn't give the impression of fitting badly. He was so straight and tall that almost anything would have been becoming.

"Curly," she said. "About that girl. Please tell me."

"What girl?" he asked, but his artlessness did not quite come off, and, recognizing its failure, he added, "Oh, *her*."

"Eileen," she said. "I've been thinking about what you said last night. You said, 'Eileen and I, we were sort of engaged.' But at first you never told me. At first you didn't say a word. You acted like there wasn't anyone."

The soldier shook his head at her, half closing his eyes as he portrayed his amused desperation.

"You kill me, Joannie. You sure make a mountain out of a molehill. The reason I said it, there was that girl in the bar that looked like a girl I used to know. A girl named Eileen."

"That you were engaged to?" She stared at him inquiringly.

"It was kind of an understanding," he said. "You know. You said you'd been going with a fellow named Alex."

"*Alec.* I wasn't going with him when I met you. I stopped going with him a month ago."

"I stopped going with him a month ago," he mimicked, trying to make her smile. "Well, I haven't seen Eileen for almost a year."

"You haven't been home for almost a year," she said, and freed the hand that he was holding and thrust it into a pocket of her jacket. "You must have had a lot of time to be with her. Before you left Pennsylvania, that is. I guess you know her better than you do me."

"Say," he said, and laughed. "I couldn't know her better." He reached for her hand and she gave it to him.

"I suppose," she said, "it was different with her. I mean, you must think, my knowing you such a short time and all—"

"Listen," he told her. "Listen, I was nuts about you for that." This remark brought her no nearer to him and he added firmly, "It isn't as though we weren't in love."

"Well, I just wondered. I kind of worried. I wondered what you thought."

"I thought you were swell."

She smiled. "We'll write to each other," she said. "And then, when you come back—"

"Sure." He dropped her hand and put both his hands on her shoulders and drew her closer to him.

"People'll see," she objected, but she leaned toward him. He kissed her, and even after she had drawn away from him he kept his hands on her shoulders, smiling at her and saying, "You're the sweetest kid."

"You know," she said, and laughed lightly, "you never told me your name, your real first name. I've been calling you Curly all the time and you didn't tell me."

"It's Charles. You like the name of Charles?"

She looked thoughtful. "Charles. It's probably one of my favorite names. I guess it *is* my favorite. Now, anyway."

"Joan's my favorite, too," he said, not to be outdone. "My favorite girl's name."

"More than *Eileen?*"

"Get *you*." He frowned. At this moment a bus came to a stop at the corner and some of the people who got off it walked by the soldier and the girl. A few of them glanced inquisitively at the pair. The soldier took his hands from the girl's shoulders and she straightened.

"It must be late," she said. "I guess it's terribly late. I have to go."

"Well—"

"Goodbye."

The soldier stared restlessly at the people who were passing; the girl noticed his impatience and stepped closer to him.

"Curly—"

He was looking past her. She watched him, her face set. At the corner stood a young woman she knew, a pretty young woman wearing a bright green dress and bright green high-heeled shoes and no stockings. She was standing near the curb, waiting for someone, evidently, and the way the breeze rippled her skirt gave her an appearance of animation, like a dancer about to spring into action.

"That's Bernice Hopkins," the girl told the soldier. When he did not answer, she continued hurriedly, as though urged to the necessity of an explanation. "She works in the same office I do. She's married and her husband's in the Air Corps."

Still the soldier did not answer. After what seemed to the girl a long time he brought his attention back to her. She smiled. "Well," she said, "see you."

"So long," he said.

THE girl moved away and started across the street toward the administration building. When she reached the gate she turned and waved to the soldier, and he waved too.

She went on through the gateway, walking more quickly now, staring ahead of her with her eyes wide open as though she were forcing them to take an interest in her destination. The courtyard between the gate and the building was heavily shaded with gray-green imitation trees, each one an umbrella of feather-sprayed chicken wire topping an exactly perpendicular trunk. The lower part of the building toward which she walked had been painted to resemble a thicket of vines. Here and there among the greenery the camouflage artist had sketched in an oversized spider web and some comic squirrels. The building had been heightened and the addition was constructed to look like a farmhouse set on a hill above the thicket.

The girl fixed her eyes upon these things, trying to think about them and not about her own emptiness and desolation. She was almost running now and it was impossible for her to keep the scene ahead of her from blurring. Through her tears it had an odd and unfamiliar look and she slowed down in front of a camouflaged doorway and stared at it dazedly before she entered. It was in her mind that war changed the face of everything; you could hardly tell the difference between the sham and the real. You could hardly tell where one left off and the other began.

—DECLA DUNNING

As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

...none of the bitterness

Schlitz

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

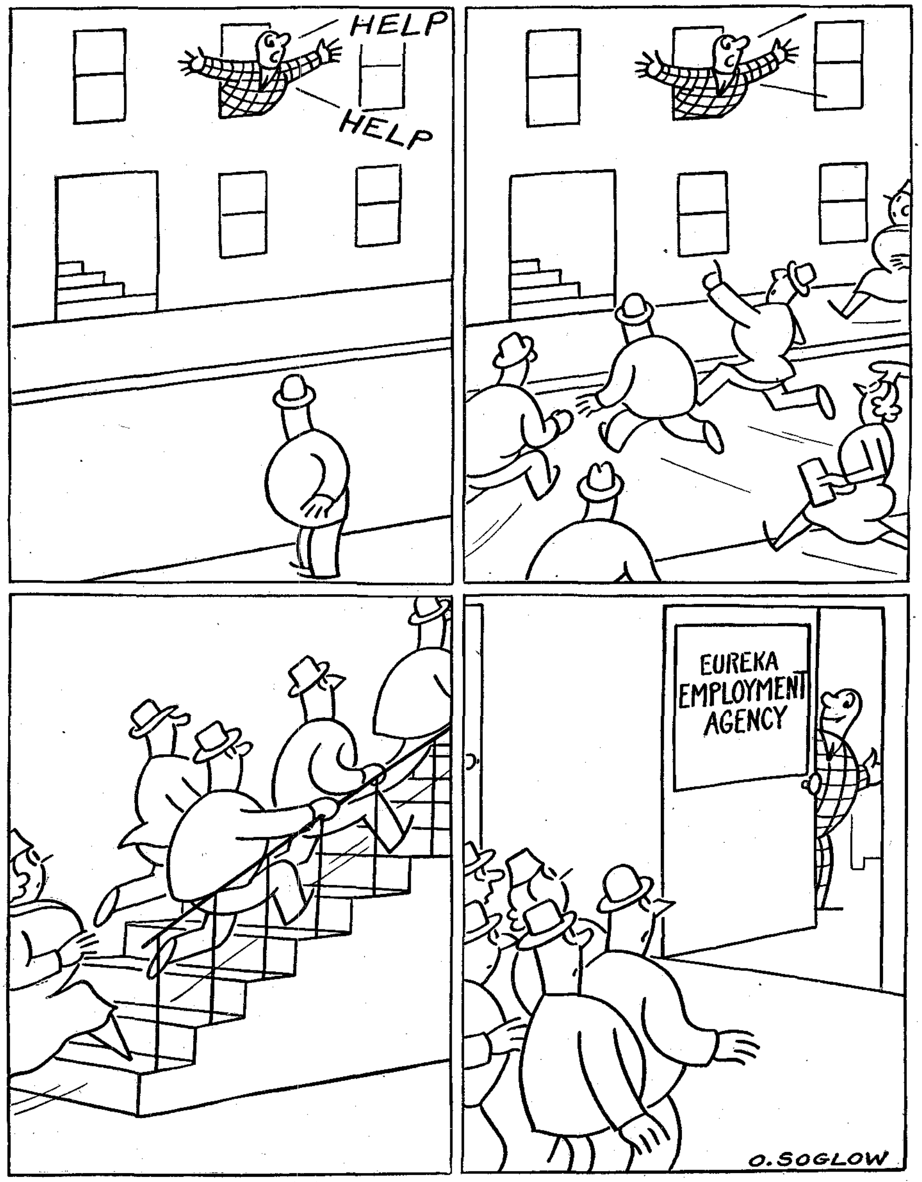
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TAKING OF FICARRA

THE town of Ficarra, in Sicily, rests on top of a mountain, some eight miles from the north coast and about halfway between Palermo and Messina. It is a small and ancient town, so small that it doesn't appear in the atlases, but it was militarily important because of its position. The American Army, moving toward Messina, had to take Ficarra before it could move on along the coast road. However, before doing anything conclusive about Ficarra, such as sending in foot troops, it was necessary to know what was in the town. Air reconnaissance had reported nothing at all, but a division patrol that had explored the neighborhood had reported seeing what looked like a couple of Germans hanging around the outskirts. The definitive mission of exploration was assigned to a regimental intelligence detachment to which I belonged. This detachment consisted of two squads and a lieutenant to lead them, a total of seventeen men, including myself, each of whom carried either a rifle or a tommy gun. The purpose of the mission was simply to discover what was in the town; we were not to pick any fights.

We set out from regimental headquarters in four jeeps at 1400 hours, which is a civilian two o'clock in the afternoon. I rode in the forward jeep, together with the lieutenant and his driver. The lieutenant was a young, blond Texan named Riley. He was a salesman before the war, but he intended, after it was over, to return to the University of Texas, which he had left before graduating, and take up painting. He was only a second lieutenant, although the kind of job he had called for a first lieutenant, but that didn't bother him much. He had been recommended for the D. S. C. because of bravery displayed on the push up to Palermo, and even that didn't bother him. All Riley wanted to do was finish the war and go back to the University of Texas. His driver was a corporal named Johns, a Mormon from California who wore a fringe of beard around his face and drove as if he were a midget-auto racer on a dirt track. Johns had been recommended for the Silver Star, also because of bravery in the Palermo push, but that was of less interest to him than the news he had recently received that a ranch he had had his eye on for three years had at last been offered for sale.

The road to Ficarra led up into the mountains that began about half a mile from headquarters. It was a dirt road and it climbed in hairpin turns all the way. A battle on the preceding day had been fought about halfway up the road. The grass all along the sides was burned in little patches where shells had landed. Once we passed a German tank that had been knocked out. It had been set on fire and was all black now, the cross on it barely visible, and lying beside it in a ditch was a corpse covered by a blanket. Farther on we passed an abandoned Italian truck that had been knocked over on its back. The road was terribly quiet. It was littered here and there with documents and equipment dropped by the Germans in their rush to escape. There were no soldiers anywhere and no sign of activity. There was only the hot, midday stillness and the Mediterranean stretching out behind us, flat and glassy.



After we had gone about six miles up the road, Riley motioned Johns to pull over to one side, against a cliff. As the other jeeps came up, he motioned them to do the same. Then Riley called for everyone except the drivers to start up the road on foot. The men piled out of the jeeps and followed him, slinging their guns over their shoulders. I followed too. When Riley got up the road a little way, he turned off into a grove of lemon trees. There he unslung his rifle and sat down under one of the trees, took a map out of his pocket, and began to study it. The rest of the men came up and either leaned against the trees or sat down around Riley. None of them said anything. They had gone through other missions like this one before and were waiting now without worry, certain of their ability to bring it off. They thought only up to the minute at a time like this. They waited quietly, nerves buried under their professionalism, the thin, always

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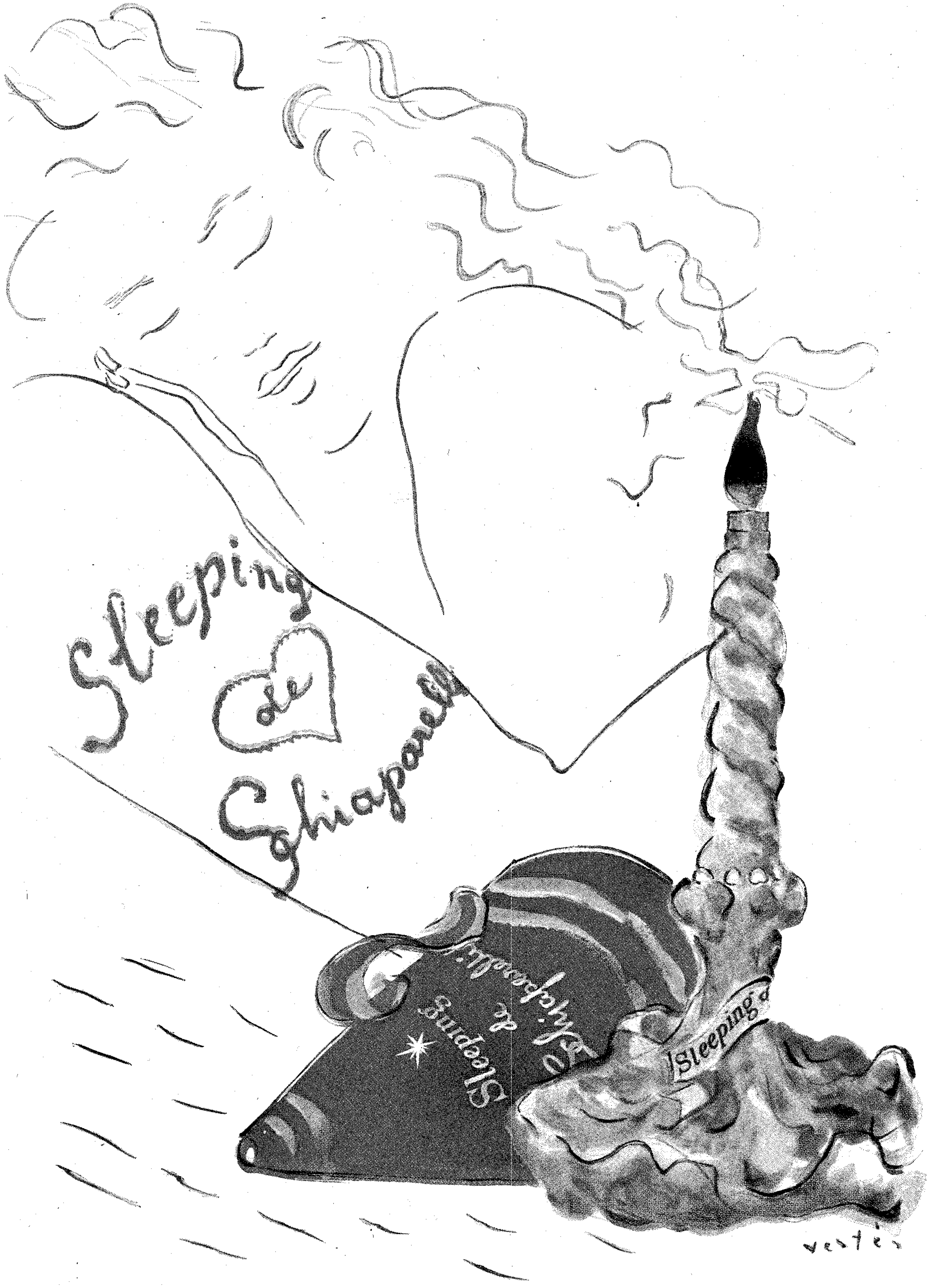
Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Sleeping d
vertès

present edge of their impatience now hardly noticeable. They looked at Riley or back at the sea; one of them started to pick a lemon off a tree, then stopped. The Germans have a habit of booby-trapping fruit trees.

After a while Riley put the map back in his pocket, took off his helmet, and scratched his head. He had thin, white hair that lay flat on his head. "There's no sense in going straight up the road," he said. "We'll split into two squad columns and move up the mountain, then flank the town from below." He paused and looked out over the mountains. "Probably there's nothing there," he said. No one questioned him. He sighed and stood up. "Billerbeck," he said.

"Yes, sir," a sergeant said. Billerbeck was a good-looking farm boy from Illinois.

"You take your squad along the road and I'll lead the other one farther down," Riley said.

"Yes, *sir*," Billerbeck said.

Riley put on his helmet and slung his rifle over his shoulder again. "Let's go," he said.

RILEY led the squad I was in, which was headed by a Sergeant Sheehan, to a path that wound its way up the mountain more or less parallel to the road and about thirty yards below. We took this path while Billerbeck and his men walked along the road above us. Riley was in the lead, followed by Sergeant Sheehan, a tall, thin Irishman from New Haven who used to sell magazine subscriptions. I came behind Sheehan. Each man walked twenty feet or so behind the one ahead of him. Nothing had been said about land mines, but each of us made an almost unnoticeable effort to walk in the footsteps of the men before us. The most popular anti-personnel mine the Germans use is called the S mine. This makes a little pop when you step on it and shoots a container five feet into the air, where it explodes with terrific force and scatters several hundred steel balls. We walked along slowly, listening all the time.

In twenty minutes we were almost at the top of our mountain and we cut back to the road again. There Riley dropped to his knees and wriggled the rest of the way up, motioning back to the rest of us to stop where we were. Then he took out his field glasses and peered over the crest. The rest of us sat down. Riley motioned to Sheehan and me to join him, and we crept up to where he was. He handed the glasses

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to Sheehan and said, "Take a look." We could see the edge of the town from where we lay. It was up the road about half a mile, huddled on the top of the mountain. The road dipped into a hollow ahead of us and then rose to the town. All we could see without the glasses were a few buildings and the road curving into town. There was no sign of life. Sheehan peered a moment, then said, "You mean those two people in the shadow?" Riley nodded, took the glasses from Sheehan, and gave them to me. He said, "Right under that red barn closest to us." I looked and saw two men standing next to the barn. They seemed to be talking. I couldn't tell whether or not they wore uniforms. "I think they're civilians," Riley said. I looked again through the glasses and saw the two men, who clearly were wearing white shirts, come out of the shadow and start to walk down the road toward us. I returned the glasses to Riley and he watched the two men until they disappeared into the hollow. Then he wriggled back to where he could stand up without being seen from above. "Caruso," he called. One of the men down the slope said, "Here I am." Riley waved for him to come up. "A job for you," he said.

"Yes, sir," Caruso said. He was a small and very dark Italian with a big nose, who used to work for Bloomingdale's.

"There are two civilians coming down the road," Riley said. "I want you to ask them what plays in the town."

"Sure," Caruso said.

"They should be here in a minute," Riley said. He went back up the slope and looked over the crest. "They're coming now," he said. He turned around and waved for the other men to come up to the ridge. They moved up carefully and Riley dispersed them with hand signals until they were spread out along the edge of the road and had it covered with their guns. Then he concealed himself.

I looked over the crest and saw the two men coming along the road. They were civilians, all right, and Italians. They were talking and gesturing with their hands. When they were thirty yards from us, Caruso stepped out into the road. The men stopped short. They looked around, and two of our men stepped out on the road behind them. The Italians seemed very frightened. They were short, middle-aged men, and their hands continued to flutter after they had stopped talking. Caruso said something in Italian. The men

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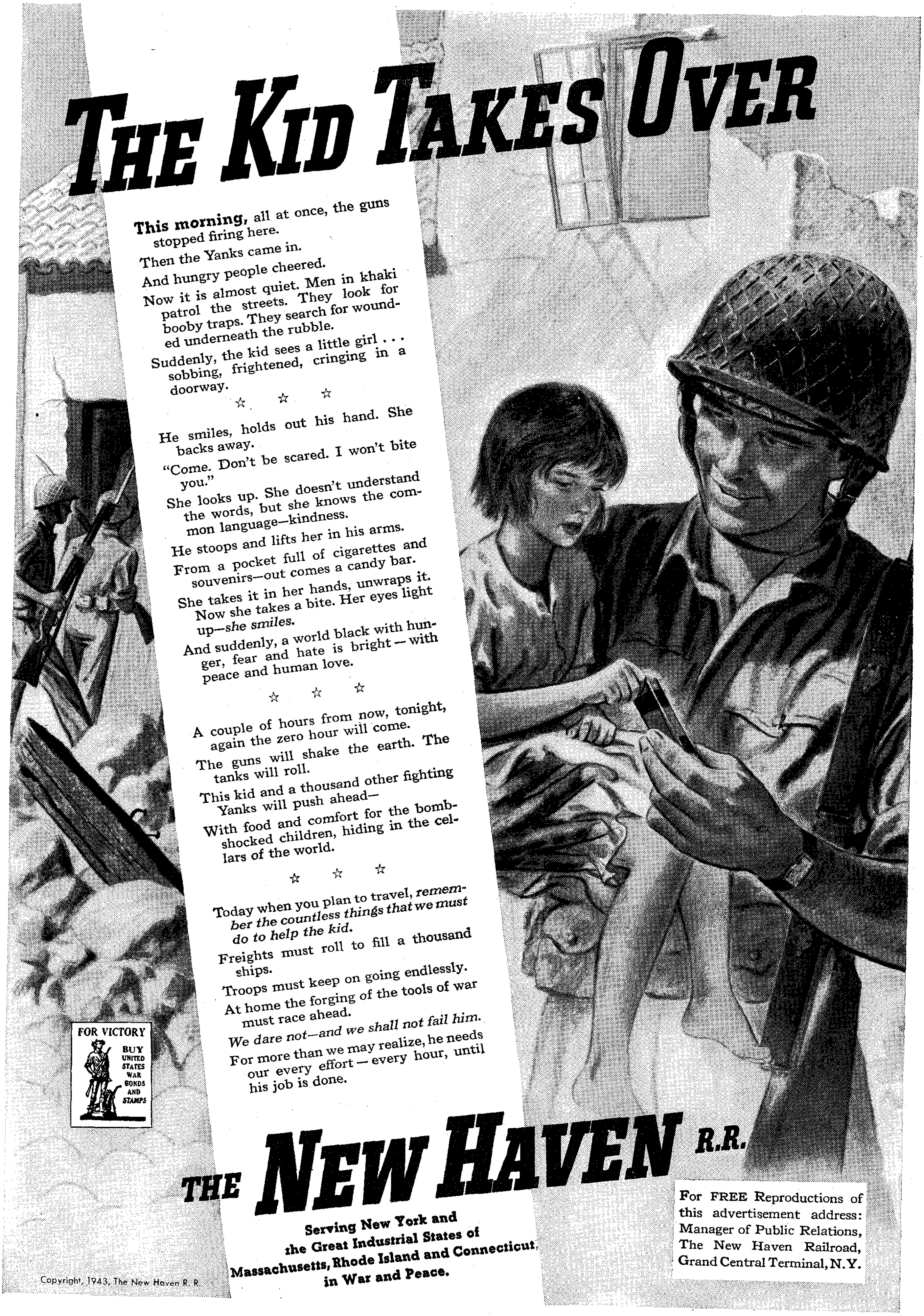

This morning, all at once, the guns stopped firing here.

Then the Yanks came in.

And hungry people cheered.

Now it is almost quiet. Men in khaki patrol the streets. They look for booby traps. They search for wounded underneath the rubble.

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He smiles, holds out his hand. She backs away.

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The guns will shake the earth. The tanks will roll.

This kid and a thousand other fighting Yanks will push ahead—

With food and comfort for the bomb-shocked children, hiding in the cellars of the world.

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Freights must roll to fill a thousand ships.

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We dare not—and we shall not fail him.

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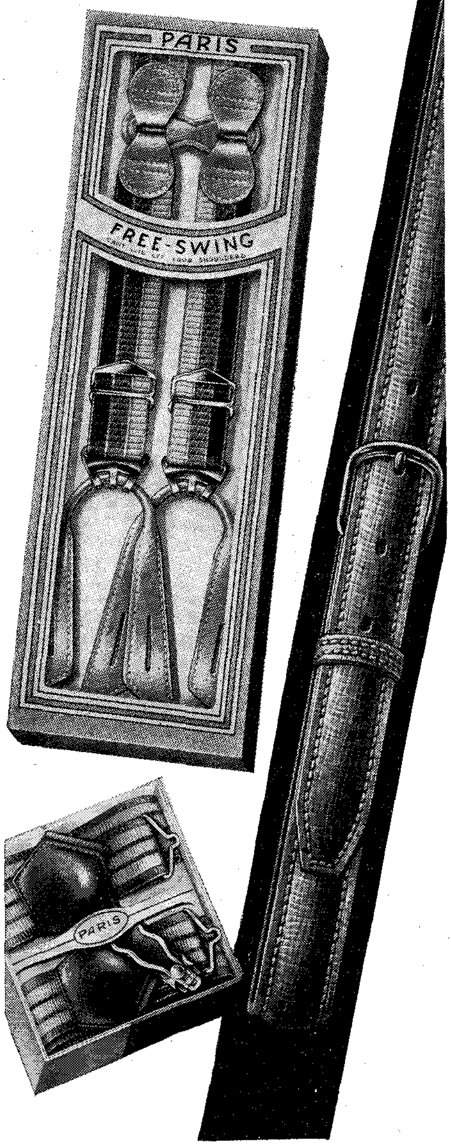

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looked around them again and the taller of them said, "*Americano?*" Caruso nodded. "Ha!" the Italian said, and then he and his companion smiled broadly, moved up to shake hands with Caruso, and began to talk very rapidly. Caruso answered with equal rapidity and soon they were having a great conversation, the taller Italian talking in long stretches, Caruso interrupting every now and then with what sounded like questions. Caruso finally turned back to Riley. "He says the people are waiting for us in the village," Caruso said. "They have wine ready for us."

"The hell with the wine," Riley said. "Are there any Germans?"

"He says there are some Germans waiting to give themselves up at the edge of town," said Caruso.

Riley walked out on the road and looked at the two Italians. "You think they're telling the truth?" he asked Caruso.

"I think so," Caruso said.

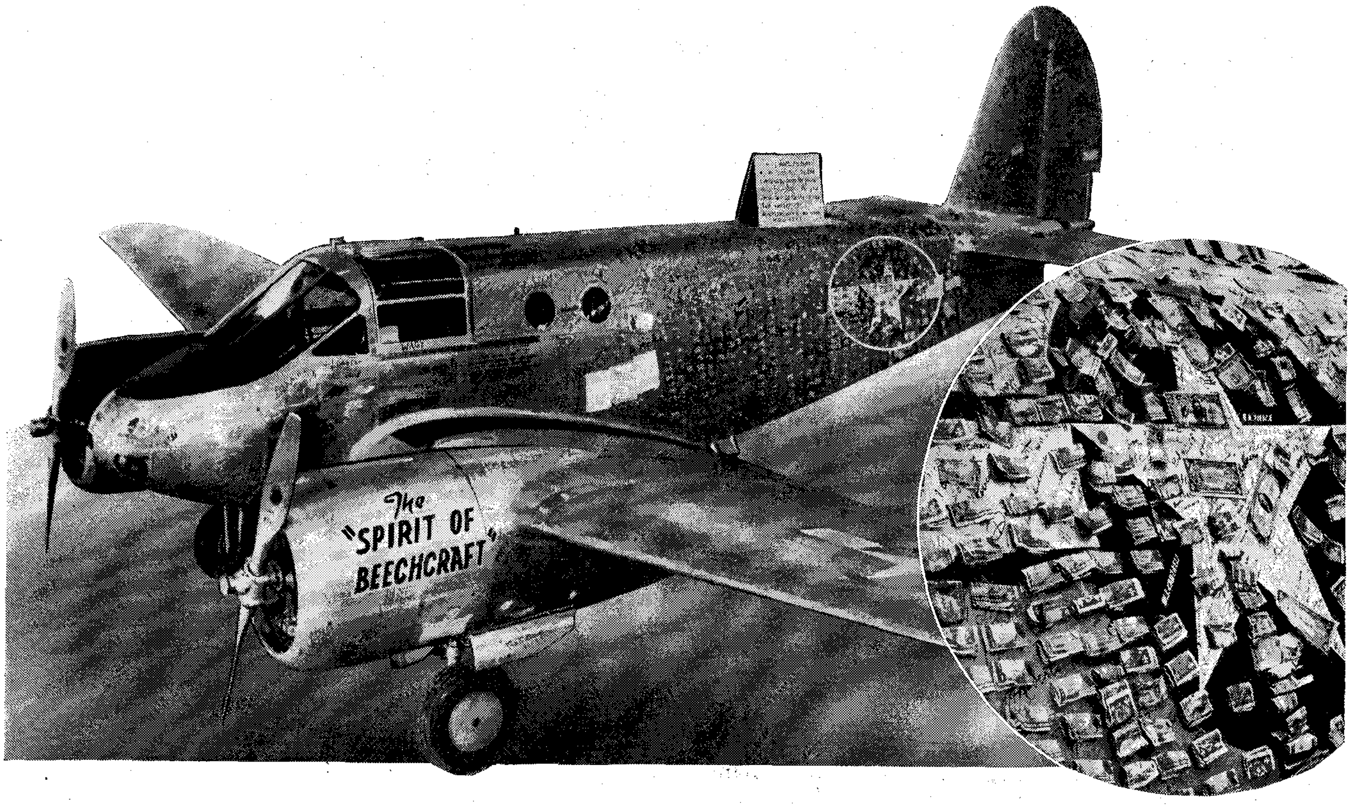
"How many Germans are there?" Riley asked.

"He doesn't know how many," Caruso said. "He says there are more Germans in the town, but some of them are in a building at the edge of town and want to give themselves up. He says most of them pulled out this morning. They were told we would cut their throats if we caught them." Riley didn't say anything. The taller Italian spoke again to Caruso. "He says he'll show us where the Germans are hiding," Caruso said. Riley didn't say anything. He took out his glasses again and swept the town with them. Then he said, "All right." He put away his glasses and turned to the Italians. "God help you if this isn't on the level," he said. He turned to Caruso and said, "You go with them along the road to town. We'll cover you from the sides." "You bet," Caruso said. He spoke to the Italians, motioning toward the town, and they nodded. "They go first," Riley said. "Sure," Caruso said. He started up the road, the rifle now off his shoulder and in his hands, the two Italians walking in front of him. "Take it easy!" Riley called after him.

WE got off the road again, reassembled in formation some yards below it, and started ahead. We stayed closer to the road than before. Caruso was moving slowly, but on the mountainside we had to cover twice as much ground to travel the same distance, and it was hard going. When we got within two hundred yards of the town, Riley called to Caruso to stop. He called to Billerbeck, too, and told him to take his squad, cross the road, and enter the town from the upper side. Billerbeck and his squad crossed over and Riley led our squad up onto the road, where we strung out on both sides about twenty paces apart. We waited there until Billerbeck and his men disappeared around the edge of town; they went along carefully, taking advantage of the concealment offered by a large clump of trees. Then Riley told Caruso to move forward.

We walked even more slowly now. It was very quiet and hot, and our woollen shirts were black with sweat. The silence was oppressive; it had a heavy, malignant quality. We dipped into the hollow of the road and the town disappeared from sight. When we came up the hill on the other side, the red barn was immediately ahead. The two Italians stopped. They said something to Caruso and pointed into the town. "They say it's the third house," Caruso said. The road went around a bend into town and we could not see past the barn. The Italians spoke again to Caruso, who said to Riley, "They tell me the Germans are just waiting for us to come." "I'll bet they are," Riley said. He motioned back for us to separate a little more, then said, "Let's go," and we moved up the road again.

The bend in the road was not sharp, and the third house came into view gradually. Riley led the way, with Sheehan on the opposite side of the road a little behind him. I was behind Sheehan. Opposite me was a young private named Taylor. Caruso had dropped back to the end of our line with the Italians, who were beginning to look frightened again. Suddenly Riley stopped. He dropped to one knee and brought up his rifle. I couldn't see why for a moment. Then I saw a machine gun parked by the third house, pointing down the road at us. That was the first thing I saw, and then I saw a man coming out of the cellar of the house. He was wearing a German uniform and he held his hands high in the air. I got down on one knee and so did Sheehan and Taylor, and we all covered the German. Riley put



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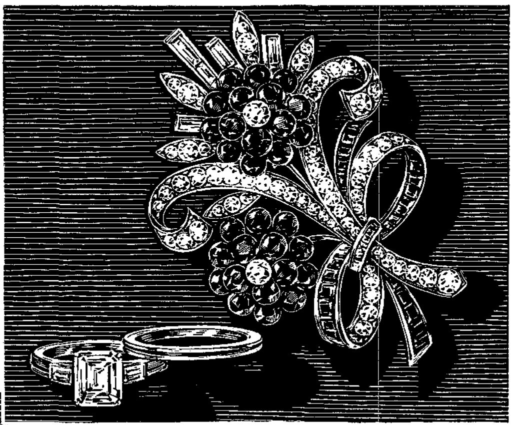

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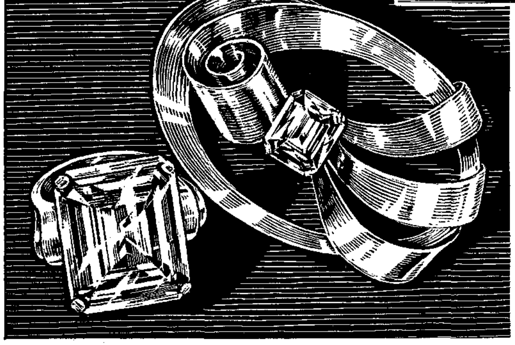

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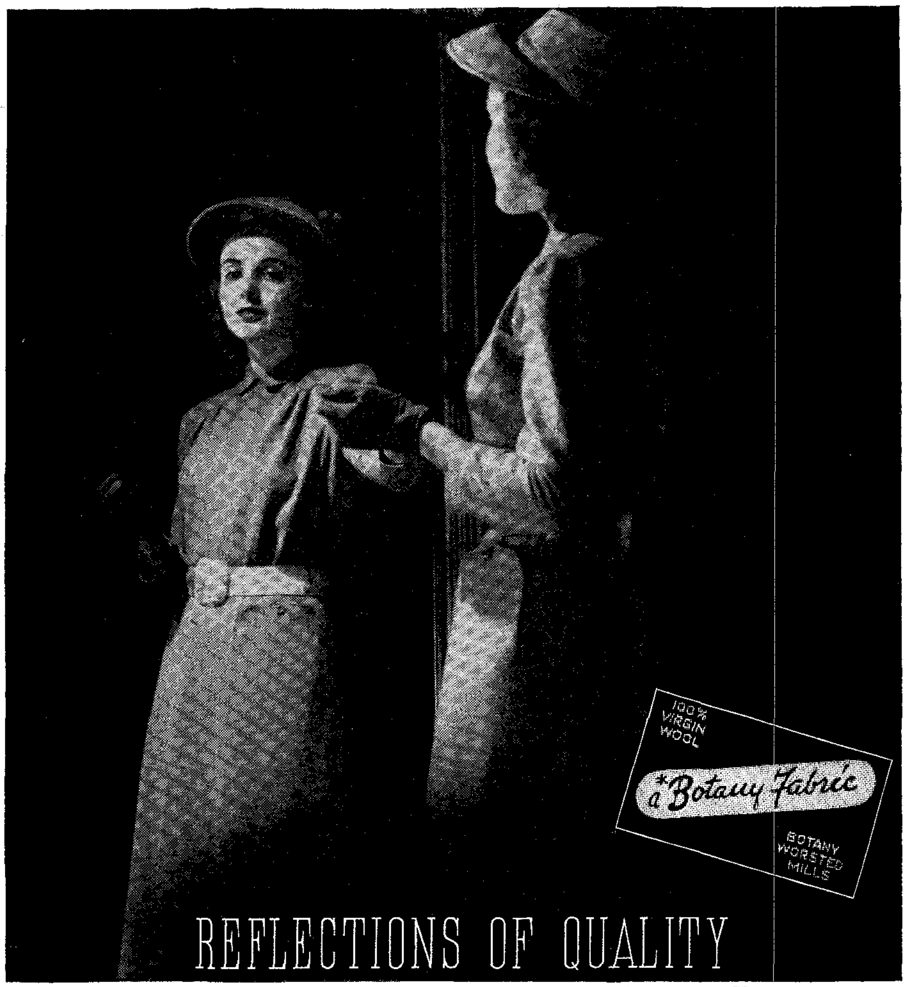

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down his gun and shouted, "Come on! Come on!," his voice harsh and commanding. The German walked out onto the road. Three other Germans followed him, all with their hands up. They stood uncertainly in the road and Riley shouted, "Come over here!" He motioned to them and they came down the road. Riley said, "Take them, Sheehan," his eyes still on the house and the road beyond. The Germans came up to us and Sheehan moved to meet them. Taylor slipped across the road to take Sheehan's place and I stood up to cover the prisoners. They were three privates and a sergeant. The privates were maybe thirty-seven or thirty-eight, and the sergeant looked about twenty-five. They were all trying very hard to smile, but none of them could quite make it. Sheehan and I walked backward as they came on, until we were around the bend again, and then we stopped. "Send them back," Riley called to Sheehan. "Send a man back with them to the jeeps." Sheehan called down to one of our men to take the prisoners. The Germans had been looking from one of us to the other, waiting to see what we would do with them. When a soldier came up to take them back, he raised his tommy gun to cover them, and one of the Germans said, "*Nicht, nicht.*"

"We're not going to shoot you," Sheehan said.

"*Nicht,*" the German said. He was one of the older men and very much afraid. He spoke in a low, pleading voice, holding out his hands to us.

"For god's sake," Sheehan said. "*Nicht.*"

The German understood and tried to smile, but nothing came out. Sheehan motioned them down the road and they shuffled off, followed by the soldier with the tommy gun.

SHEEHAN and I rounded the bend again. Riley was still on one knee, watching the house. He stood up when we took our places. "O.K.?" he asked Sheehan. "O.K.," Sheehan said. Riley looked back to see that the rest of the men were there and then led the way slowly forward, staying close to one side of the road. He didn't stop when we came to the third house. The machine gun was there and so were two rifles, but we didn't touch them. After the third house there was a gap of perhaps fifty yards and then the town really began, with a church that had a stone tower and four broad steps leading up to its doors. The road turned at the church, plunging suddenly into the town and becoming a narrow, cobblestoned street flanked by stone houses crowded one against the other. The air was cool and almost dank, the sun shut out by the narrowness of the street. At first sight everything looked dirty, but then you realized that it was just old. The houses hung over the street in two long, weatherbeaten rows. "How can they live in a place like this?" Taylor whispered. We were walking very slowly now, hugging the sides of the buildings, each man watching the doors and windows and roofs across the street. But there was nothing to see; there were no people around. The only sound was of our heels on the pavement. The town was dead; there was no breath of life in it at all. There was not even a Fascist slogan on a wall. There was only the ancient, narrow, dead town, and we made our way through it gingerly, guns held loosely and at the ready.

The street began to go downhill. It ran into a little square with a fountain in the centre. Halfway down was an alley leading off the street. We waited there for a moment while Riley and Sheehan peered down it. No one was in it, but nevertheless we ran past it bent low. At the bottom of the street, Riley stepped off the curb to go past the fountain. The silence was blasted by two shots that sounded louder than anything in the world ever had before. A man was on one knee behind the fountain, with a gun at his shoulder. I dove for a doorway. There were two more shots, close together, and then I was in the doorway, pressing back as far as I could go. I got down on one knee, resting my gun against the side of the doorway, and looked down the street. All I could see at first was a thin spiral of dust settling in the middle of the square. Then I spotted Riley in a doorway across the street and Taylor flat on his belly against the side of a building. The echo of the shots was still very loud in my ears. There was a long silence, and then Riley called softly, "Is anyone hurt?" There was no answer and he repeated the question, his voice soft but urgent.

"I'm all right," Sheehan's voice said.

"He missed me," Taylor said. "I don't know how, but he missed me."

I said I was all right, and the men echoed this answer down the line.

"Where'd he go?" Sheehan asked.

"I don't know," Riley said. "I was too busy ducking."

"I think he went down the street," Taylor said.

No one said anything for a while. Then Riley stepped out of his doorway

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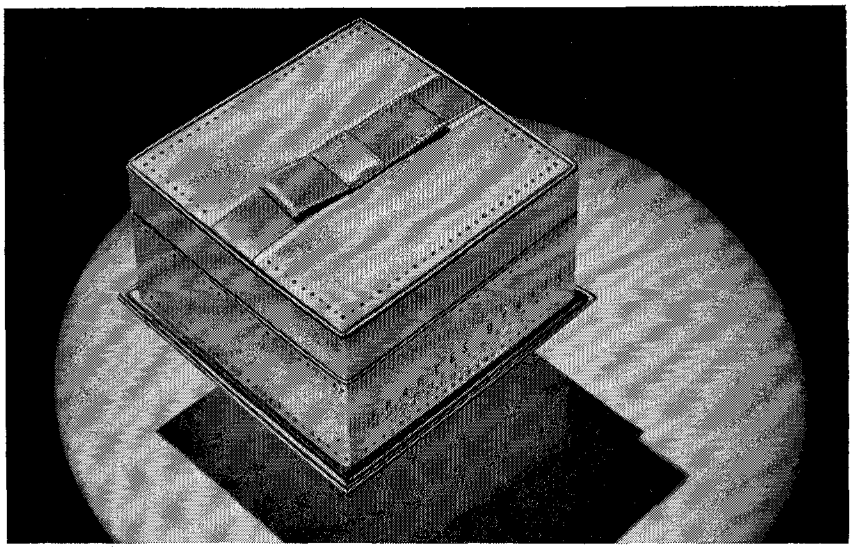

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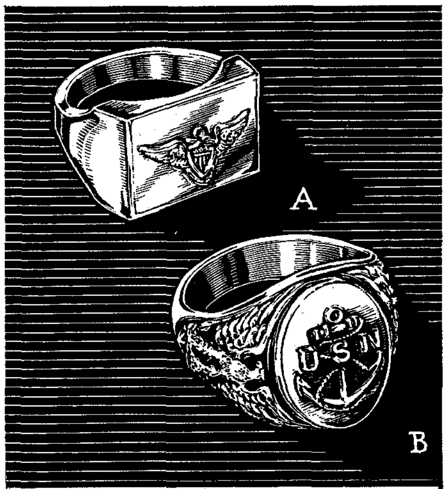

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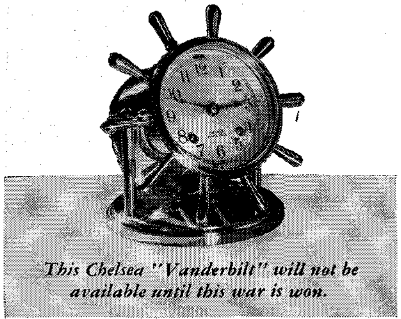
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and started down the street again. Sheehan stepped out of a doorway ahead of me, and I stepped out of mine. I looked back and saw that the rest of the men were coming. Riley led the way around one side of the square, giving the fountain plenty of room and sticking close to the doorways. Sheehan went around the square on the other side the same way. We had just got around to the far side and were starting down the street that led out of it when another shot was fired. I hit the ground and rolled against the side of a building. There was a blur of movement at the end of the street and I fired twice at it, resting my elbows on the stones of the sidewalk. Riley was also on the ground nearby and I could see his shoulder kick back as he fired. Then he put his gun down. "Son of a bitch," he said. He got to his feet. "I saw him that time," he said. I stood up and saw Taylor come out of a doorway across the street.

"Did you hit him?" Riley asked me.

I said I didn't think so.

"I didn't get a chance," Sheehan said.

"He ran like hell," Riley said. "I got a quick bead on the bastard and he was gone."

We stood there and then we heard the quick burst of a tommy gun to our left. "That's Billerbeck," Sheehan said.

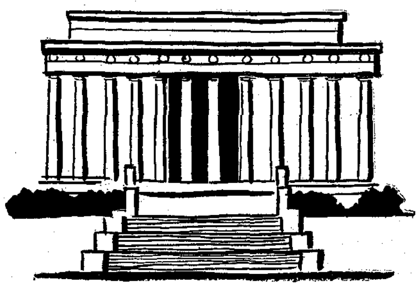
"You *hope* it's Billerbeck," Riley said.

We listened, but there was no other sound. Riley bent over and rubbed his knee. "Those stones are hard," he said. He moved forward and we followed him. It was all quiet again, but my ears were still ringing from the shots. The air was different, though; it had the burnt smell of shooting. It was a faint smell but very noticeable, and it made the town seem suddenly familiar, linking it with all the other towns in Sicily which had had that smell. We followed Riley down the street, walking easier now, knowing finally what we had got ourselves in for. I looked across the street at Taylor and he smiled. "Isn't this like the movies?" he said. "Isn't this just like the movies?"

We came to an intersection and Riley stopped before crossing it. He peered around the corner and then pulled his head back in a hurry. He peered around again, took a good look up the cross street, and then stepped out into the intersection. "It's Billerbeck," he said. In a few seconds Billerbeck came walking down to join Riley. His men were strung out along their street the way we were on ours. "Was that you firing?" Riley asked. Billerbeck nodded. "They were running up the street and we only had time to turn the tommy gun on them," he said. "Don't think we hit anything." Riley asked Billerbeck if his squad had been fired on and Billerbeck said no. He said that they had skirted the edge of town and were cutting down to meet us when they saw five Germans running up the street. They were gone before Billerbeck could do more than fire a few rounds at them. "I think they're still running," he said.

"Well, I wish they'd make up their mind," Riley said.

Riley told Billerbeck to have his men fall in behind us, and we all started down the street our squad had been on. The town was thinning out now. We could see the houses beginning to space out ahead of us and some trees at the far end of the street. The street curved and suddenly we were out in the sun again. There were houses only on our left; the other side was the mountainside, stretching down in a series of plowed terraces, the earth black and fertile. The road curved again and the houses thinned out still further. As we came around this curve, we saw two civilians running from a house that stood off by itself. They disappeared before we could do anything. We all stopped and looked at the closed door of the house. The house was a two-story affair, with a large wooden door and no windows. Riley dropped to one knee, aiming his rifle at the door. Sheehan aimed his tommy gun. No one talked. I moved quietly up to the door and stood at one side of it, with my back against the house. Taylor moved over to take my place and covered the door. As soon as all the men were in position, I reached over and slowly tried the knob. The door was locked. I pressed against it very slowly, but it wouldn't give. I looked back at Riley, who nodded, and then I banged the door very hard with my gun. Almost immediately a woman began to cry inside. I banged again and she cried louder, and then she began to yell and shriek. I couldn't understand a word she said. She was yelling at the top of her lungs and all I could tell was that she was speaking Italian. "*Tedeschi?*" I asked, giving the Italian name for the Germans.



"*No*," the woman screamed. "*No! No!*"

I looked over at Riley and he shrugged. He stood up and called for Caruso, who came running up. He motioned Caruso to the house and Caruso came over and stood at the other side of the door. The woman was still screaming and Caruso had to shout to make himself heard. Finally he yelled something in Italian that sounded very fierce and the woman shut up. For a moment there was no sound. Then the knob turned and the door slowly opened. A thin, middle-aged woman with stringy black hair stuck her head out. She looked first at me, then at Caruso. "*Americano?*" she asked. We nodded and Caruso said something in Italian. The woman looked at us again and then at the other soldiers in the street. She began to cry. She held her hands to her face and cried, and then she went over to Caruso and threw her arms around him and kissed him on both cheeks. She came over and kissed me and went down the road and kissed the other men, every one of them, even Lieutenant Riley. She was crying all the time. After she had finished kissing everyone, she came back to Caruso and kissed him again. I couldn't tell now whether she was laughing or crying. She went into the house and came out with a huge plate of grapes. She handed them around until Riley finally told Caruso to tell her that we had some work to do and would see her later. Caruso told her and the woman smiled and nodded happily. She went into the house, leaving the door open, and we moved on down the road.

THE road curved twice again. After the first curve it went downhill and there were no more houses. Riley stopped there and gazed down the road. It was very quiet. We were in the country again and there was a hot, summer stillness over everything, no longer oppressive but still good and hot. The countryside looked very peaceful. The mountains were hazy in the distance and olive trees lined the road. "They moved a lot of vehicles out of here," Riley said, studying the road. He took off his helmet. His hair was matted on his head in little flat ringlets. As we stood there, an Italian came around the next curve toward us. He was a very old man in patched overalls and he was carrying a jug. He looked at us without interest and was going past us into the town when Riley stopped him. "What's down there?" Riley asked. The old man looked at him blankly. "*Tedes-*

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chi?" Riley asked, pointing down the road. The old man nodded, still without interest. He had very bright little eyes set in a deeply lined face. He must have been eighty years old. "*Tedeschi*," the old man said. He waved both hands down the road. "O.K.," Riley said. He stepped aside and the old man walked on, paying no attention to us as he passed. "I guess they beat it out of here in a hurry," Sheehan said. Riley scratched his head, then put on his helmet. "We'd better go back," he said. He sounded regretful. "All we were supposed to do was find out what was in town," he said. "There's no sense going any further without more men." I asked him if he thought there were any more of the enemy in town and he shook his head. "They ran," he said.

We all turned around and walked slowly back to town, keeping the same formation but not being as careful as before. When we got back into the narrow street and the buildings closed in on us, Riley stopped and waved us into the proper intervals. "Let's not get careless," he said. We still hugged the sides of the buildings, but there was less tension. When we came to the centre of town, we heard voices. In the square there was a group of civilians standing around the fountain. There were men and women and children and even young girls. We hadn't seen a young girl in five weeks. As soon as we came up, they began to laugh and cheer. They made a path for us and then, as we walked along the street, the whole town came to life. Windows and doors opened and people came out from everywhere. They stood on the street and on the balconies and leaned out of windows, and they all cheered us. It was a regular parade. They even threw flowers at us. The kids ran alongside, looking at our uniforms and guns. The word had been passed around that Caruso was a countryman and he was immediately surrounded. Everyone was laughing, even the babies. One woman ran up with a bottle of wine, which she gave to Riley. Sheehan already had two, one under each arm. Taylor had his rifle slung over his shoulder and was walking along with his hands clasped over his head, like a boxer acknowledging a crowd.

WHEN we got back to the other edge of the town, by the church, Riley stopped and made sure we were all there. Then we started down the road to the jeeps, leaving the townspeople waving at us from the steps of the church. We passed the house with the machine gun in front but didn't stop. We didn't bother cutting around the mountain but went straight down the road. On the way we passed an old German bivouac area, with neatly dug foxholes and empty cases of ammunition lying around. There were also several empty S-mine boxes and we stopped to look at them. "The dirty bastards," Taylor said.

When we got to the jeeps we found the prisoners sitting on the bank of the road, surrounded by the drivers. Riley asked Johns if he had heard any shots and Johns said that he hadn't. The prisoners seemed happier now and were smoking American cigarettes. They looked seedy, anxious to please, and very human. They smiled at us when we came up. Sheehan said, "Smile, you sons of bitches." None of them did any talking, not even to each other. They just smiled at us with an apologetic air. "I'd like to shoot the four of them," one of our men said. I think that was what we all felt, but nobody did anything about it. There would have been no satisfaction in killing them now. There was no satisfaction in doing anything to them once you had them. There was only the impotent hatred, the inability even to say, "See where you are now." So all we did was look at them. Finally we put them into our four jeeps, one man into each. Then the rest of us climbed in and we drove slowly back down the road.—WALTER BERNSTEIN

•

She raised her head, startled, and stared at a young boy who was smiling at her. Spread around her was a sun-flooded valley where buttercups nodded lazily in the summer breeze and tranquil cows chewed solemnly at her elbow.—*Western Family Magazine.*

It never pays to lie on the ground.

•

3-YR.-OLD, 5-RM. BRICK HOUSE, all mod., con. gas heat, reasonable to 2 adults who will let man owner have rear upstairs room. Positively no children or Va. women.—*From an adv. in the Washington Evening Star.*

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[*From an ad in the Syracuse Herald Journal*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Let's Just Stay Home

IF it is ever all right for a movie reviewer to walk out on a movie he is supposed to be reviewing, it was all right for me to walk out on "Hi Diddle Diddle," a disastrous betrayal of the comic talents of Billie Burke, Adolphe Menjou, and Pola Negri (that's what I said, Pola Negri, back again and pretty as a picture). Hi diddle diddle just about sums it up, if you ask me, and at that it might be an overstatement. Anyway, diddle diddle, it reminded me of something that should have been called to the industry's attention long before now: the effect on the average moviegoer of the cute presentation of the title and credit lines that precede the unfolding of the story. The effect on the average moviegoer is perfectly terrible.

"Hi," as I call it, has cute-credit trouble in such an aggravated form that nothing but complete amputation could save it. It starts with a subtitle in some such vein as "This is frankly a propaganda picture, a picture with a message (*pause while audience reads, laboriously and sibilantly*). . . . Try and find it!" Very funny, but no movie yet. Then comes an animated-cartoon sequence in which two love birds are sitting in a tree, and a third love bird comes along and entices one of the pair away. No movie yet. Then we get at last a glimpse of flesh-and-blood actors—a girl and a sailor. The sailor kisses the girl and says he's been in love with lots of girls before, but this time it's different. Then we finally get the name of the movie we're going to see. Then back to the sailor, this time kissing *another* girl and telling her that this time it's different. Then another dose of credit lines, and then a glimpse of the sailor kissing a third girl, and so on. Well, naturally, by the time the story got launched, the production staff was bushed and the good ideas were all used up. Now, my contention is that Mr. and Mrs. Moviegoer would rather take their screen credits straight, or at least that they don't want them so scintillating that the picture proper is an anticlimax.

Billie Burke is in "Hi," playing—you'd never guess—a flighty mother. My present plans for Miss Burke call for a production of "Oedipus Rex," with her playing Jocasta. There's a flighty-

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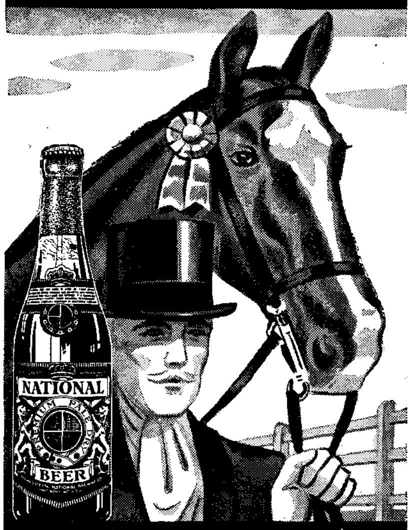

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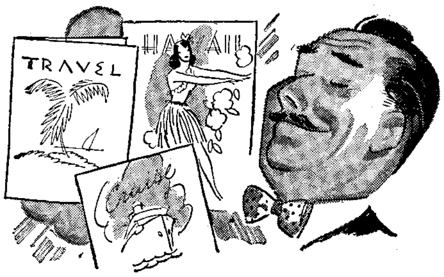

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mother part you can really get your teeth into, Miss B.

SINCE Shirley Temple has grown up, Charles Laughton has become indisputably the cunningest actor in the world. He's irresistible, and he knows it. In "The Man from Down Under," an interminable film now kicking around these parts, he gives you the old corn syrup undiluted. The story is concerned—or maybe concerned is too strong a word—with wartime Australia, and Mr. Laughton is a winsome old digger who wants to get into uniform and can't. The dialogue contains what is probably the meatiest line ever written: "These documents that have just arrived from Belgium prove that you are not brother and sister." But I mustn't give the plot away.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

THE SOLITARY

"Some men," he said, "may live by bread,
Though not by bread alone,
And some with pride
Be satisfied
And bite for bread the stone.
By Dives' table Lazarus
Swallows his crumbs and scorn;
Hermits can thrive
On the wild hive,
On lilies the unicorn.
Lost mariners who sup on salt
Die within sight of land,
And skeletons
Of bleaching bones
Lie starved on desert sand.
But I shall never starve," said he,
"I feast both long and late,
Oh, late and long,
And am grown strong
Upon my honeyed hate.
No other bread I need," he said,
"So nourished by my hate.
I am well fed by hate," he said.
How hungry was his look!—
"No need have I of company."
His voice with longing shook.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

ANOTHER VISION dreamed, explained: breathing motion seen in sphincter-radii iris color-areas defined sections vibration condition of various parts of growing-body, heart circulatories to bone-cells marrows to eyes-etc bloods food-supply, eyes and skull-orbits muscles nerves cerebrals, the human-camera-pupil dilatation control via cilio spinal center; regards eyesight and why many people wearing eye-glasses. Interested? Consult Dr. Helbig, 813½ Church St.—*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

Interested is not the word—we're spellbound.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

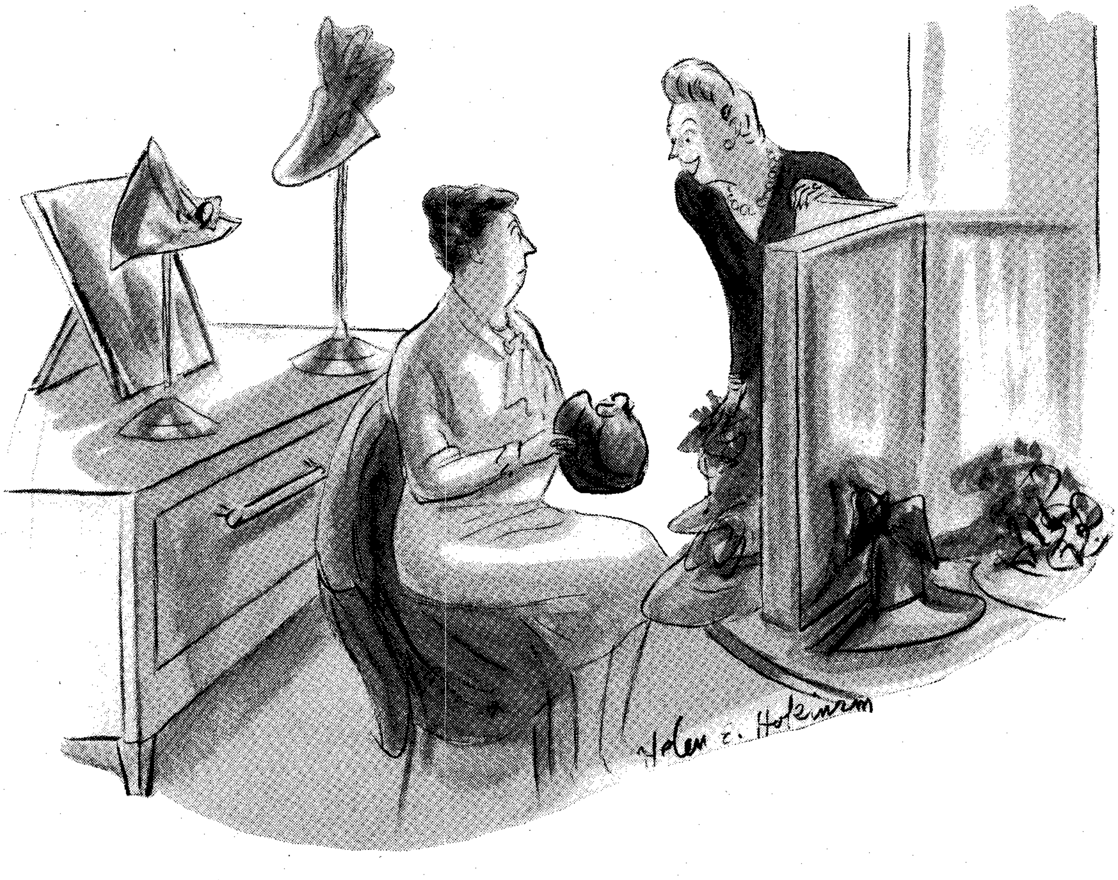
ONE thing they won't be able to do any more after this war is to throw in our faces the housewifely thrift of our good and, I hasten to add, respected grandmothers. These earlier American ladies may have been, and probably were, the most diligent conservationists ever (after all, you can't refute the testimony of the family heirlooms which are the boast of American homes of today), but a good answer to any reproaches is: Who *wouldn't* save, mend, repair, and remake if she knew that her cherished household comforts, once worn out, could be replaced only with the greatest difficulty, if at all? Now that the necessity of making things last is upon us, we'll probably end up by beating Grandmother at her own game.

The town's big shops have organized to help us with our conservation problems, such as putting run-down upholstered furniture back on its feet. As anyone knows who has tried out the new springless seats being shown in the stores, anything you own which has springs in it is worth having remade at any price. Macy's Reupholstery Clinic (seventh floor) does an excellent job of rebuilding upholstered pieces of any sort—completely, if necessary. It will also send around a diagnostician to examine, recommend, and estimate. McCreery, too, has an upholstery repair shop. Its specialty is restyling, which doesn't stop short of even changing a sofa's silhouette if you're tired of its original shape.

Altman's Save-It Service is wonderful at all the tiny jobs you'd ordinarily hesitate to bother a big store about. Replacing absent, shaky, or burned wood handles on your now priceless metal pots and pans is one of them; putting missing knobs back on kitchen canister covers is another. They'll repair and refinish fireplace tools or comb the market to replace missing parts of sets; they'll resurface marred table tops and redecorate painted wood furniture. This place is a haven, too, for worn-out electrical appliances—fans, toasters, grills, juicers, vacuum cleaners, anything. There's only one string attached; if the maker of a part which has to be replaced is out of business, the deal is off.

Repairs, Inc., at 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, can do repairs on electrical appliances if the work doesn't involve tinkering with the motor; for instance, fixing up a fan which has a broken blade. Repairs will also take on leather repairs of all kinds, make old clocks run again, do a beautiful job on damaged linens and laces, and restore old papier-mâché and tôle trays. These people won't touch any more china and porcelain right now, because the moving season has brought on such a rush, but they will repair glassware—jobs like fixing snapped-off pedestals of valuable crystal stemware, which come back to you wearing delicate silver collars to reinforce the mend. One of the things Repairs is best known for is the rebuilding of maltreated silver, even seemingly hopeless cases, such as serving dishes which have been slipped into the oven to warm up (ladies *will* do this, it seems), and I'll lay a bet that one of the things the place will soon be known for is the relining of thermos bottles and ice buckets. That alone should be enough to keep Repairs in business for the duration.

Women who were thrifty housewives long before they had to be know all about the Service Desk of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, at 541 Madison Avenue (54th). Exchange needlewomen are magnificent at doing the most delicate mending and reweaving of household linens and laces. They will finish and mount the needlepoint job you abandoned midway, recover sofa pillows, and recut and refit curtains, draperies, and bedspreads to meet new needs. They can even take a crocheted spread for a double bed and make a pair of covers for twin beds out of it; whatever crochet has to be added will exactly duplicate the original. Quilt covers are an old story to them, too. The quilting has to be machine-done if the filling is down, but you can have all the fancy handwork you like on a lamb's-wool quilt. Right now the Exchange is proudest of the job it is doing with irreplaceable old metal laundry hampers and scrap baskets. These can be scraped down, repainted, and dec-



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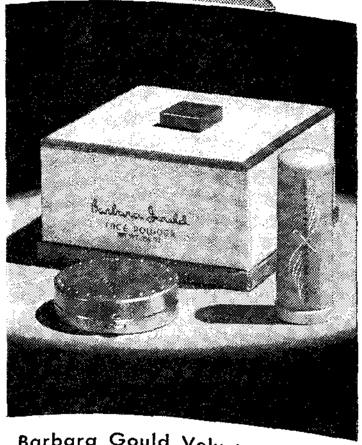

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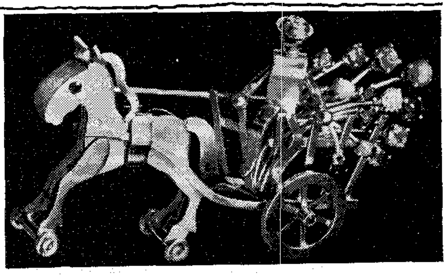

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orated to match anything you like—a wallpaper or fabric pattern, for instance—or, if they're too banged up for this, they can be fitted with snug fabric slipcovers, removable for laundering. You can send wood and metal serving trays to the Exchange for general repairs, for refinishing, or for redecorating with old or new patterns. You can also send it any dilapidated lampshades, to be done over in silk or parchment.

RUGS, carpets, and upholstered furniture which need only cleaning to be as good as new are best handled now on their home grounds, by services such as Lewis & Conger's. Reasonably enough, you must have a sizable job to give them, to justify their sending men and equipment to your house. The job can be done in a few hours and, as often as not, your rooms can be ready for use again the same day. They'll send an estimator in advance, if you like. If just one rug and a chair or two are all that need cleaning, Lewis & Conger will sell you the chemicals and tools their own workmen use and give instructions for doing the work yourself. It isn't hard (Grandma would have considered it a cinch), and you can avoid all the frenzy of having things sent away in this day of labor shortages and deliveries who-knows-when.

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rugs, and wall-to-wall carpets. The organization is smart about this and knows all the tricks for piecing out sets of curtains to make them spread over more windows or, in reverse, for converting spare sets into stylish swag valances, window-seat cushions, and so on in the event that your new rooms have fewer windows than the old.

For repairs on furniture which is worthy of a real cabinetmaker's attention, I doubt that you can do better than to try the ancient and honorable firm of Joseph A. McAnerney, at 503 East Seventy-second Street. This is the company which furnishes visiting housemen to do weekly, semi-monthly, or once-a-year cleanup jobs. They do minor repairs at your house, such as refinishing scarred table tops. Anything more extensive (regluing marquetry, redowelling, and so on) must be done in the workshop. In either case, the charge usually runs high, but if you value your furniture you are not likely to regret the expense.

TWO fussy little types of renovation job which have a way of cropping up in the fall are rug and Venetian-blind repairs. Macy can do almost anything with Venetian blinds but likes best a complete job of taking apart, cleaning, repainting, and reassembling with fresh cord and tapes. There's a minimum charge of $3.48 a blind for this. For holes or frayed places in hooked rugs, old or modern, there is the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, which does a fine job of undetectable mending. Oriental-rug reweaving and binding is another specialty of Joseph A. McAnerney. If your worry is something like a cigarette burn in a plain carpet, though, there are already about a thousand customers ahead of you everywhere, and you might just as well sit back and wait a while. After November, when the present accumulation of tasks has been worked off, you might try Scott Service. As I've indicated before, these boys are experts. —B. B.

•

MOVIE IN WARTIME

Out of the daytime,
  Visible, seeing,
Into the playtime
  Hopefully fleeing,

Here are the people—
  Standing room only—
Church without steeple
  For all the lonely.

—Richard Armour

PONCE DE LEON

STERNER stood just inside the doorway of his barracks, scowling out upon the camp. "Ponce de León, a Spanish gentleman," he said, "a retired nobleman, a man of culture."

The ditches along the roads had flooded, and all over camp large stretches of ground were reverting, now that it was the rainy season, to marshland. Sterner fixed his eyes on a soldier who, his pants rolled up above his knees, was picking his way across the grassy field which stretched behind the line of barracks. Further away, in the wooded area just beyond the field, frogs were croaking.

"He had to come out of his castle," Sterner said, "and find this godforsaken swamp. Searching for the fountain of youth! You'd think he'd have some brains!"

"He was an old man," Wrigley said. "He wanted something he couldn't get." Wrigley was sprawled out on his cot. On the cot next to his, Clark sat looking at a newspaper.

"So he discovers Florida!" Sterner said, and clamped his lips together. His eyes were focussed on a large puddle of water a few yards away from the barracks. "If that frog gets funny tonight," Sterner said, shaking his head menacingly, "I'll get the bastard sure as day."

"He's a foghorn all right," Wrigley said. "Kept me awake a solid hour last night."

"I'll get him!" Sterner said.

Clark threw his paper aside. "How many rocks did you pitch in there? There must have been a lot of dead frogs floating around this morning."

"He was in form," Wrigley said. "He got 'em all but the one blowing away. Where's Malley? What's he doing all this time at the PX? Sterner, you give us a hell of a lot better service. Next time I need cigarettes, you go."

"Sure. You watch," Sterner said.

"Malley's getting a late start tonight," Clark said. "He's usually in town by this time."

"What a wolf!" Sterner's eyes grew narrow. "All he talks about is women and women. Christ, he makes me sick."

"Take it easy, will you?" Wrigley said.

"I was all right when I was stationed in Hattiesburg," Sterner said, his voice suddenly low. "I was all right when I was there with my wife. It's this damn place that's got me down."

"Old Ponce de León should have stayed in his castle all right," Wrigley said.

"You were there with me. You know I was all right."

"Forget the wife," Wrigley said. "Get some diversion. Get in the crap game."

Sterner looked at the other end of the barracks, where a group of men were playing dice. "That's one game I can never beat," he said. "This army owes me eight hundred bucks."

"Sterner!" Clark yelled, sitting up. "He's off!"

Sterner wheeled back to the doorway. A loud and clamorous croaking, which seemed to come from under the barracks, answered the dim chorus in the distance. Sterner ran down the steps, almost slipping in the mud, and over to the puddle. Picking up a small boulder, he slammed it into the water. He leaped back when the water splashed and then hurried forward to look.

"Sterner!" Wrigley shouted from the barracks steps. "If he spits at you, jump right in after him. Don't take that kind of stuff from nobody."

"Can't see him," Sterner muttered. "He's either dead or hiding." For a few minutes Sterner walked around the puddle, then he snapped his fingers and walked back to the barracks.

"You're not giving up that easy?" Clark said.

"He'll get going soon as it turns dark," Sterner said. "I'm just giving him a little rope."

As Sterner followed Clark and Wrigley through the doorway, a tall, neatly dressed soldier came hurrying down the aisle toward them.

"Malley!" Wrigley said. "Where the hell were you?"

"Where were *you?*" Malley asked. "I come back with your cigarettes and you're out. I just dropped a dollar in that crap game! You should know better than to leave me wait a minute with that around!"

"You're sure starting out late tonight," Wrigley said.

"Late?" Malley said. "Listen, with the dame I've got now, what's the difference what time I start?"

"Well, get moving," Sterner said. "I'm sick of you and your women."

"I got time," Malley said. "I got all the time in the world. Even time to take a drink. Sterner," Malley said, "you and I will have a drink."

"Oh, for god's sake," Sterner said, "let's not play."

"For once," Malley said, "for this one evening I don't want you to have anything against me. Why should we always battle around? All right, you've got trouble with your wife—should I stay in barracks and bawl? Let's have a drink." Malley hurried over to his foot locker, opened it, and took out a bottle and two whiskey glasses.

"One of these days the old man's coming through and lifting the lid of that locker," Clark said.

"He don't lift drawers. I keep it under my drawers. Sterner," Malley said, holding out a glass.

Sterner turned his face away.

"Oh, take the glass," Wrigley said. His voice sounded annoyed. "What's Malley ever done to you, anyway?"

"Come on, Sterner." Malley shook the bottle. "She's getting hot."

Sterner turned to Malley and took the glass. Malley winked at him and filled both glasses. Sterner smiled at Malley, almost affectionately. "Here's looking at you," he said.

"You ain't kidding," Malley said. He finished his drink in one gulp. Sterner finished his in two. The very moment Sterner was done, Malley snatched the glass from his hand, hurried over to his foot locker, and buried the bottle and glasses. "I'm off," he said. "Go to bed early and get some sleep."

"You make me sick!" Sterner said.

"Doesn't like me," Malley said to Clark and Wrigley. He turned to Sterner. "No luck today? No letter again? Why do you think she doesn't write? Christ, two whole weeks this time. But why? What can she be doing? What can a lonely wife do in Hattiesburg? What do you think, Sterner?"

"You think you're so hot!" Sterner shouted. "Listen, I wanna tell you something."

"Well, I'm off, fellows," Malley said brightly. He tightened the knot of his tie and went out the door.

TWO hours later, when the bugle sounded for lights out, Sterner was walking about his bed, tucking the loose ends of his mosquito netting under his mattress. Clark and Wrigley were already in bed.

"Tell me why I do this," Sterner said. "They have a secret way of getting in."

Wrigley looked down the barracks at the group of men filing out the doorway. "There goes the crap game."

"That game never ends," Sterner said. "They kick them out of the day room, so they come in here. Lights go out, they march to the latrine." He clapped his hands. "Christ, did you see that one? He was looking at my dog tags for my blood type."

"Here comes Tisdale," Wrigley said. "How come he's quit the game?"

"Cleaned out," Tisdale said. He stopped three beds away from Sterner and began to remove his shirt.

"Target for tonight," Sterner said. "That's me."

"What's he mumbling about now?" Tisdale said to Wrigley.

"Mosquitoes."

"Mosquitoes?" At once Tisdale faced Sterner. "They bother you? Hell, that's crazy. Jister Oil."

"What?"

"Jister Oil. Sold at all drugstores. You shake it into your palm and then rub it all over your body. Your arms, your legs, your face, your neck. Then you crawl into bed and station a man near you with a forty-five. And when the mosquitoes swoop down to lick the stuff off—bang!—he lets them have it with the forty-five."

"Oh, shut up," Sterner said.

"Jister Oil."

"Leave him alone," Wrigley said.

A tall, thin soldier came down the aisle in his underwear, turning out the lights.

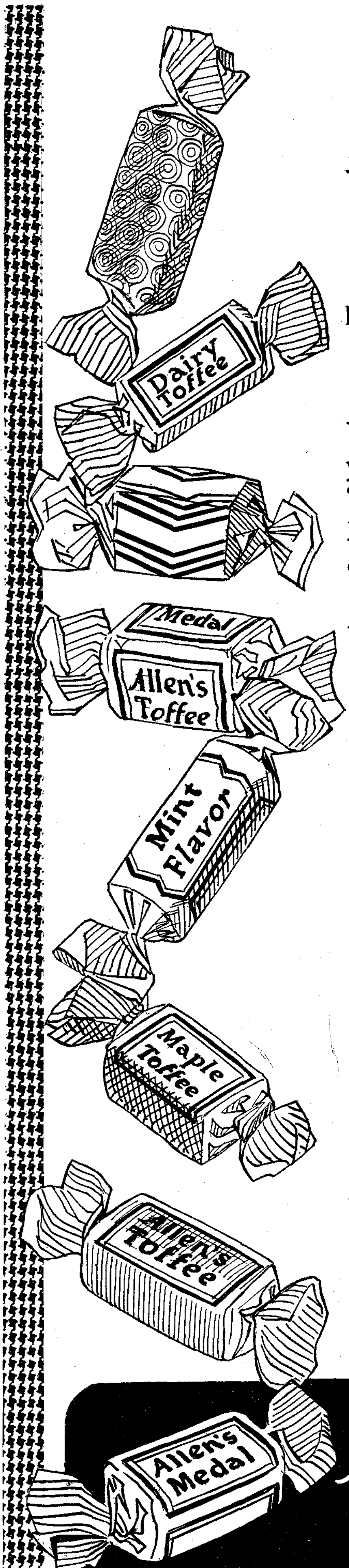
"The sandman," Tisdale said.

Sterner turned out the one remaining light, returned to his bed in the dark, and crept under the mosquito netting. Someone lit a match at the other end of the barracks.

"Lights out at ten," Wrigley said. "Candles out at one."

The barracks was silent and the men lying in bed suddenly heard the sound of the crickets outside and, further away, the croaking of the frogs. Then it happened—the loud croaking which seemed to come from under the barracks.

Sterner uttered a cry and kicked the flap of his mosquito netting from under his mattress. "I'll make that frog wish he never found that goddam pond!" he shouted as he jumped out of bed. Hurrying down the aisle in the dark, he stumbled over a foot locker and,



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FAMOUS IN ENGLAND SINCE 1860

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still cursing, plunged out the doorway.

A burst of laughter came from the men lying under the netting. There was the sound of a loud thud, followed by another. "He's throwing rocks again," Tisdale said. "That Sterner, he's a murderer at heart."

"He's sure steamed up about his wife," Clark said.

"He can be steamed up all he wants to," Wrigley said. "He can storm and bitch at everything in Florida. I told him not to marry that girl. A dizzy kid just out of high school. He meets her at the U.S.O. in Hattiesburg and rushes her off. Man alive, she began throwing eyes around before we were even shipped out of there."

"Plenty of soldiers in Hattiesburg," Tisdale said.

"Soldiers? The moment it turns dark they're over the streets like a flood of water. Don't you think he knows it?"

Outside the thuds continued.

"He can wait at mail call day and night," Wrigley went on. "He'll never hear from her again. That chippy has written her last letter. She's through."

The barracks was quiet. Under their mosquito netting, the men listened to the thuds. After a while they ended and Sterner came quietly into the barracks. He reached his bed and crawled back under the netting. He seemed calm and relaxed. Outside the crickets chirped louder than ever. The frogs croaked in the distance, but from the puddle a few yards away from the barracks there was no sound.

—SGT. BEN PASSEN

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(BENT PEEPERS DIVISION)

[*From "Citizen Tom Paine," by Howard Fast*]

. . . his oddly twisted eyes tight with bitterness and resentment . . . —*Page 4*

His twisted eyes glittered . . . —*Page 6*

. . . his twisted eyes closing . . . —*Page 7*

. . . white skin into which the twisted brown eyes were sunk . . . —*Page 14*

. . . his twisted brown eyes fixed themselves upon Aitken . . . —*Page 25*

. . . his twisted eyes that seemed to be turned inward more than outward. —*Page 43*

. . . for a moment the twisted, burning eyes of the staymaker captured and held her . . . —*Page 63*

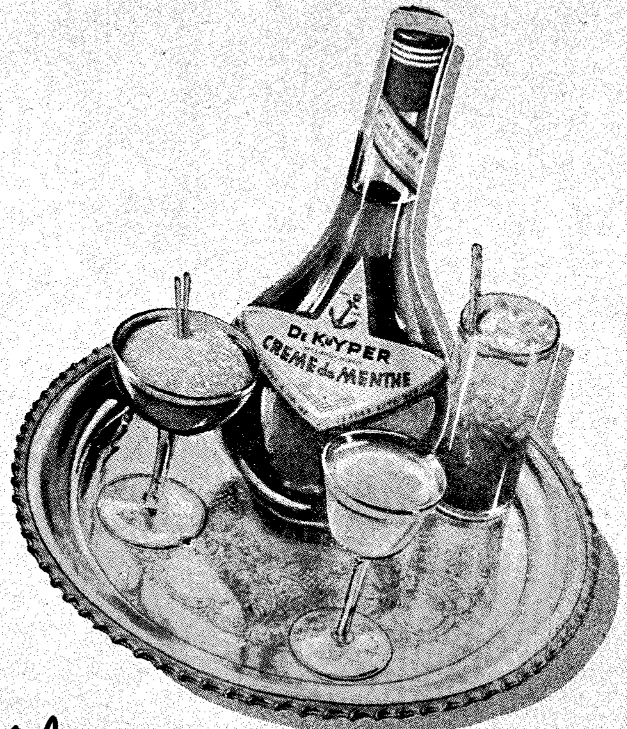
. . . the curious twisted eyes had a shadow of fear in them. —*Page 204*

. . . his twisted eyes gleaming . . . —*Page 245*

. . . and the old sparkle in his twisted eyes . . . —*Page 257*

. . . his twisted eyes . . . *Page 270*

. . . his twisted eyes wrinkled querulously. —*Page 335*



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FOOTBALL

Loan Exhibition

WHAT must certainly be the longest season of college football in history—Yale and Muhlenburg started it off the weekend after Labor Day and Army and Navy will finish it up the weekend after Thanksgiving—is a sort of lend-lease program by courtesy of the Navy and the Marine Corps. Without this program, to take just one handy example, the leading game in this part of the world last Saturday—the thirty-eighth between Pennsylvania and Princeton—would have been a rather peculiar dish to set before thirty thousand cash customers. Thirty of the forty-five Princeton players and thirty-one of the forty-nine Penn players were sailors or Marines assigned to courses of training of one sort or another at the two universities, which should give you an idea. The proportion of servicemen is just about the same in all the football teams this fall. It would be even higher if the Army were participating in the lend-lease project too. Though the Army also is sending some of its men back to the campuses, they can't go out for varsity sports. If anybody wants to play college football for the Army, he'll have to get himself transferred to West Point.

What with the services' celebrated predilection for moving personnel about, a good many football teams are practically unrecognizable this fall, none more so than Princeton's. Most of what would have been its regulars this year are already off to the wars. To add to the happy confusion, several of the Princeton first-stringers were on the Penn squad a year ago. At times last Saturday, as Penn kept on rolling up the score, it looked as though they still were. Penn, despite losing men like O'Brien and Miller to Princeton and Calcagni, who would have captained the team this season, to Cornell, is very recognizable indeed, on the other hand, as one of the best outfits in the East.

THERE must be something in the atmosphere of field houses and locker rooms that gives each football team its special characteristics. Last Saturday, Penn looked as it has looked on opening days for years—a sturdy line flanked by a nice pair of husky ends, and a backfield which was a judicious mix-

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ture of boys who were either big enough to butt their way through any opposition or else fast enough to outfoot it. In fact, the whole team was in midseason form, though still a bit backward about breaking up a passing attack. Princeton, too, looked traditional as could be for opening day—hot and cold in rapid alternation, rather weak between guard and tackle, rather slow through the line, and very good at punting and passing.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE MANPOWER SITUATION: Players will be all sizes and shapes this season, and there will be a spread of a good ten years in the ages. Small, the Penn fullback, is only sixteen, for all his six feet and his hundred and seventy pounds, and since the Navy aviation courses are signing up seventeen-year-olds, there will be plenty of them on the squads. And although eligibility rules still prevent civilians from doing more than three years' time as varsity players, boys who are in the Marines or Navy can play college football regardless of how long they've been at it. However, Mal Stevens, who coached N. Y. U. when N. Y. U. had a team to coach and now handles the Sampson Naval Training Station team, had to promise that he wouldn't play any of the ex-college and/or professional talent he had on hand against Cornell, even though it was using Penn's Calcagni at right tackle. What he had to say about this arrangement after Cornell beat Sampson 27–13 on Saturday undoubtedly has no place in this family magazine. . . . The effort to promote the use of what some newspapers ingeniously referred to as "the fair sex" died before the press agents for the movement were even able to reach for an oxygen tank. A young lady who had undertaken to coach a small-town Pennsylvania high-school squad moved quietly out of the headlines after her team dropped its opening game by something like 46–0. Another young lady at another Pennsylvania school, whose underpinning and drum-major costume seemed to have a peculiar charm for all the news photographers, also disappeared from view after her first game, in the course of which it became painfully apparent that God simply had not designed her to kick points after touchdown.

—J. W. L.

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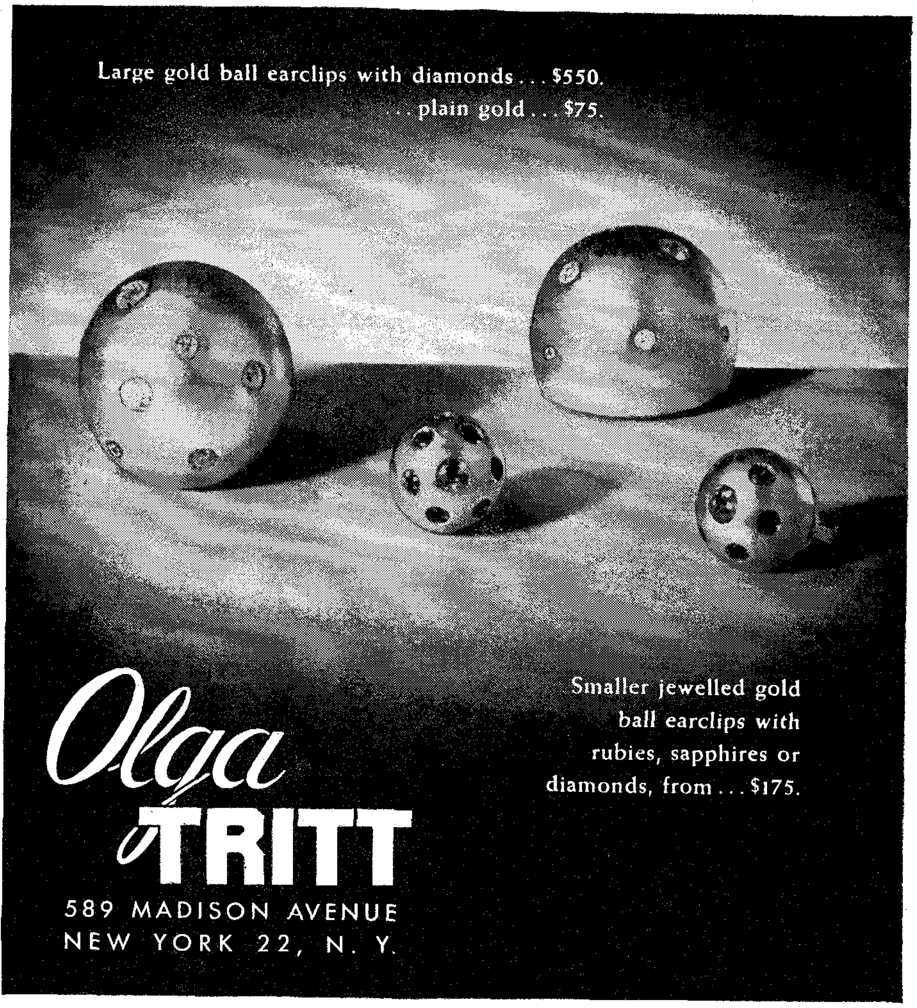
The First Lady is an eminent writer, has honorary degrees and all that. But her grammer can slip like yours or mine.
—*The Mirror.*

Especially yours.



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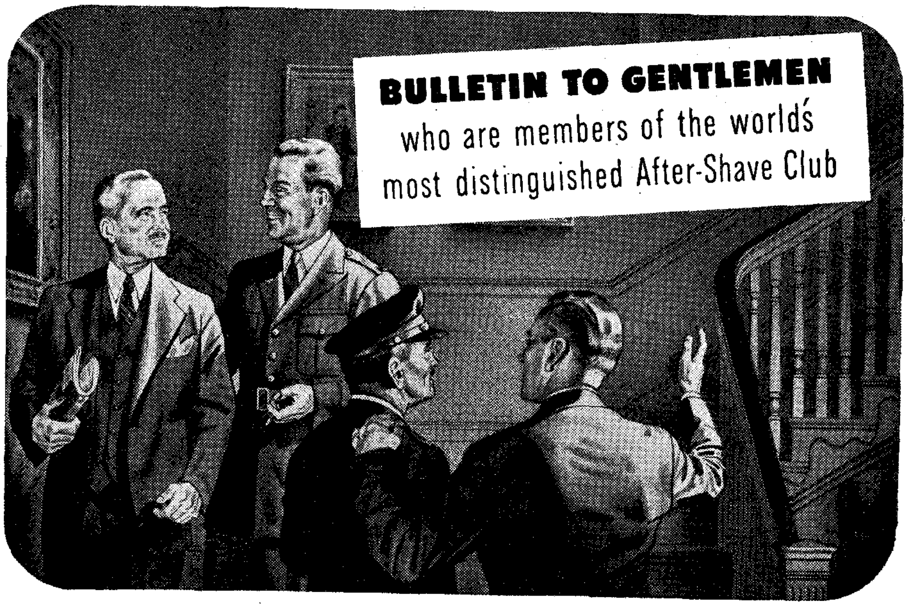
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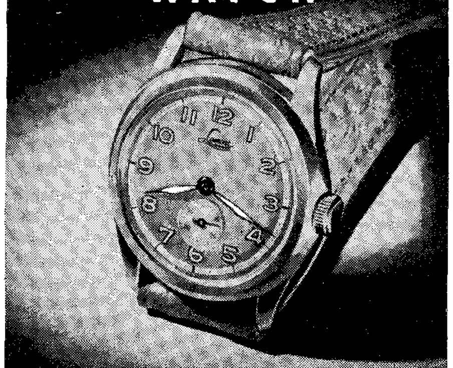

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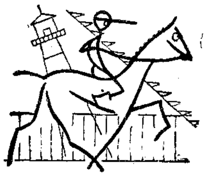
THE RACE TRACK

As to The Futurity



YOU had better carry your crystal ball or an old divining rod with you when you go to see the Futurity at Belmont on Saturday, because picking out the winner may be difficult for you. Perhaps you can't even take refuge in being weak-minded and just betting on the favorite, because it looks as if there are going to be several favorites.

All last week, candidates for this most important two-year-old event of the season were blossoming in the paddock and then folding up on the race course quick as you could say "Cattachiptico!" Let's take up the more interesting cases. On Wednesday, Professor Lee failed again. This time the excuse his trainer offered was that he got bumped by too many horses. The winner of the race was Sonny Whitney's Pukka Gin, who really ran quite fast and of whom you are likely to hear more. Another disappointment, in a Thursday race, was Pressure, who seemed to be running under forced draft. He ended up an inglorious sixth.

Of course, the colt that impressed everybody last week was Pensive. Ever since Warren Wright's stable arrived from Chicago a fortnight ago, there have been paddock whisperings about this fellow. For once they were not exaggerated. In his first start last week he was merely galloping when he beat B Nineteen, who is supposed to be Ed Bradley's best, and some other horses not nearly so good, and in his second he beat By Jimminy and a larger field almost as easily. Pensive—and I must say the name would be more suitable for a filly—reminds me a lot of Whirlaway. No doubt it's his color, his long tail, and his smooth, powerful way of running. There isn't any relationship, however. Pensive is by Hyperion out of Penicuik 2nd, both of whom are British stock. Whirlaway's stock you could best describe as Irish-American.

Don't think that I've had my last say about Pensive. Ever so many people insist that Sonny Whitney is going to win the Futurity with Boojiana or Pukka Gin, but it's Pensive for my money.

WHEN I suggested last week that Bee Mac would have only Mrs. Ames to worry about in the Matron, I

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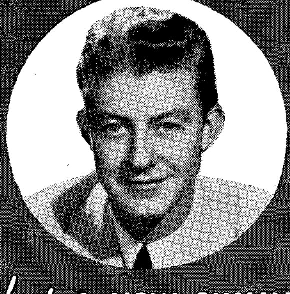

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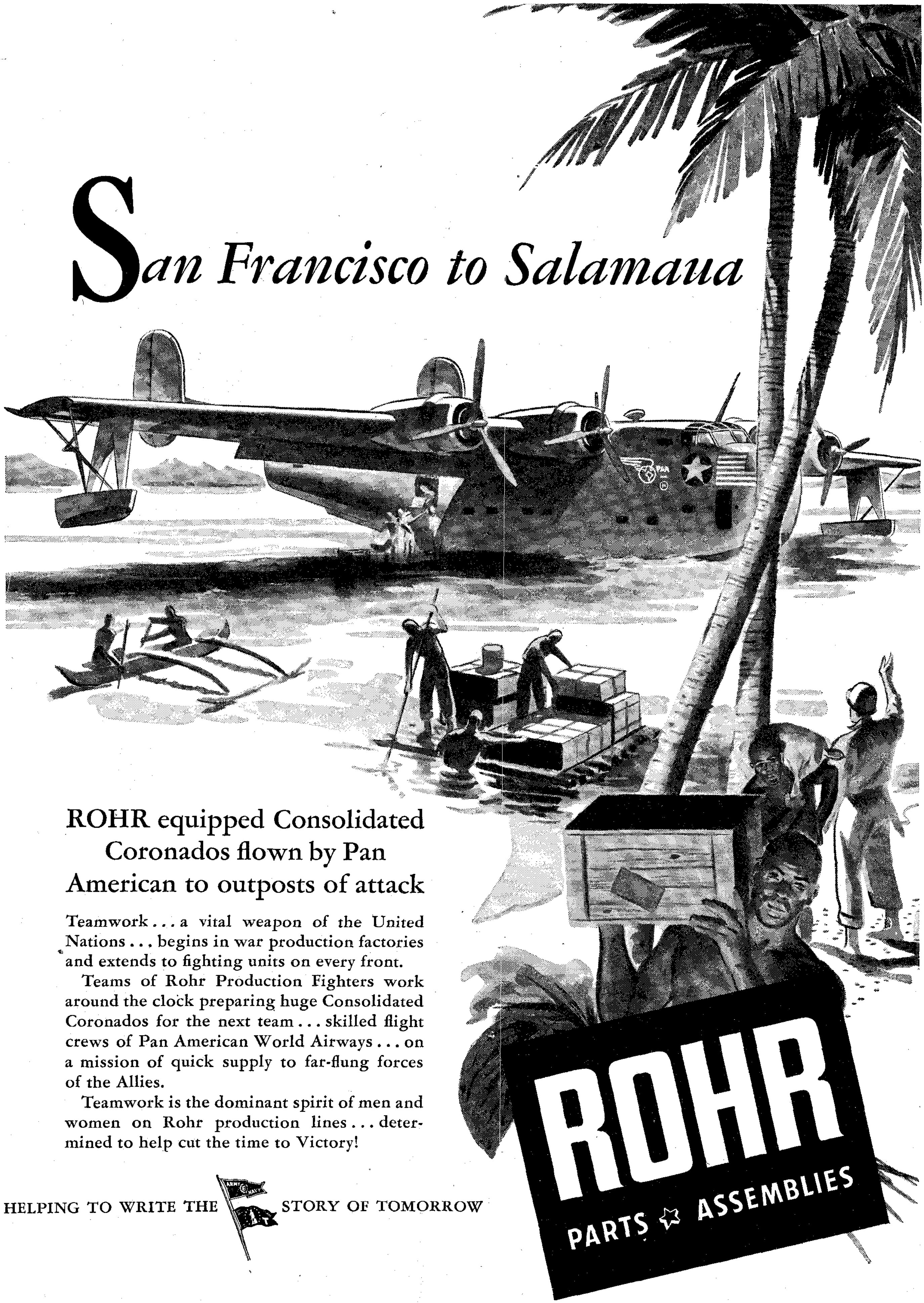

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HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA hadn't forgotten that Boojiana had demonstrated that she was very much at home on the straight Widener Course, over which the race would be run. I simply didn't think that Boojiana would do as well at six furlongs as she did at five and a half. I seem to have been wrong. As you know, she not only won, but covered the distance in 1:09⅘. Those hopeful girls, Bee Mac and Mrs. Ames, weren't even in the running.

Winning the Manhattan Handicap is probably getting to be a bore for Bolingbroke—he has done it three times in as many tries—but nevertheless he always makes it exciting. He deserved all the cheers he got last weekend. Maybe it was just the way I was feeling Tuesday, but Slide Rule's victory in the Jerome Handicap that afternoon pleased me more than any race at the meeting.

THE yearling sales at Meadow Brook last week didn't promise much. Most people, in fact, thought that the buyers had done all their heavy spending at the August sales in Kentucky. Right off the reel, however, Henry Lustig gave $33,000 for a colt by Stimulus out of Heloise, which makes him a full brother to Sgt. Byrne, one of the leading sprinters not so long ago. Then, before you knew it, people were dizzily bidding for almost anything. In the course of the two sessions, a hundred and thirty animals were sold for a total of $393,650, and that's not bad for Long Island. William Helis skipped the first day's sales but got around in time the second day to pick up half a dozen little numbers, among them a colt by Bull Dog out of Nimble Hoof for $18,100 and one by Bull Dog out of Piety for $15,600. Helis now owns thirty-three yearlings.

MEMO TO STATISTICIANS: Hirsch Jacobs saddled his hundredth winner of the season on September 22nd. It's the tenth year out of eleven that his winning list has run over the hundred mark. The animal's name was Hillblond, and he took the eighth race. —AUDAX MINOR

•

INDIAN SUMMER OF A LINOTYPE OPERATOR

[From the financial page of the Boston Traveler]

El B & Share	285	7⅝	6⅞	7	—	¾
do 5 pf	3	73¾	73⅛	73⅜	—	⅝
do 6 pf	37	77⅝	77	77	—	¾
the sardonic	female		the	sardonic		female
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BOOKS

Christians

A COUPLE of years ago a member of the House of Commons, addressing a denominational convention in this country, remarked, "If the Church of Jesus Christ has anything to say, this is the time to say it." The point would appear to be well taken, and it is developed clearly in an extraordinary collection of essays, speeches, official announcements, and sermons, "The War Against God," edited by Carl Carmer.

The purpose of this collection is first to demonstrate what apparently very few of our churchgoers have been told, that it is the avowed purpose of the German and Japanese regimes to destroy Christianity, totally and mercilessly; second, to record the limits of the Church's reaction to the Axis program of annihilation. Hitler's "One is either a German or a Christian; you cannot be both" is a statement made by a man who has a shrewd understanding of Christianity and certainly a practical insight into the character of most of his own people. His lieutenant, Julius Streicher, puts the German view even more memorably: "It is only on one or two exceptional points that Christ and Hitler stand comparison, for Hitler is far too big a man to be compared to one so petty." After establishing, by careful documentation, that this is the official German view of Christianity, Mr. Carmer proceeds to lay before the reader report after report from occupied territory demonstrating that the Germans mean exactly what they say and that their persecution of the Christian Church has been calculated, bloody, and fairly successful.

This is no less true of Japan. Robert Bellaire, an American correspondent who knows the country well, makes a flat statement, "Japan is at war with Christianity," and then proceeds to prove it.

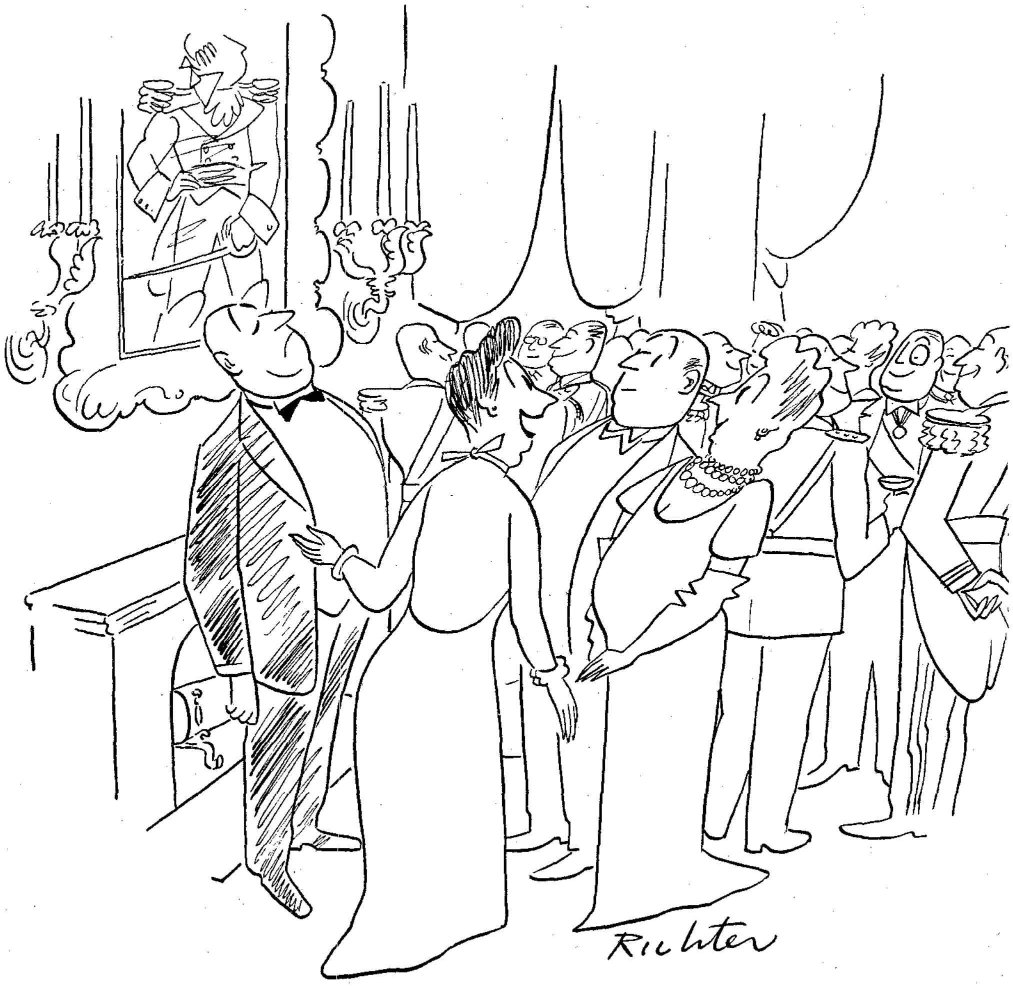
Apparently, while our political leaders (Mr. Carmer includes statements by the President, Viscount Halifax, Henry Wallace, and Madame Chiang) recognize that this is a war against the slayers of Christ, our church leaders have been somewhat less explicit. In this connection, Pearl Buck asks "Can the Church Lead?" and John W. Bradbury asks "Is the Church at War?"

Mr. Carmer's anthology is not in the least an assault on the Church. It merely asks us to realize that we are waging a war against anti-religion, that, as Mr. Carmer says, "If the Christian Church would survive and be an influence toward a Christian postwar world it must throw itself without reserve into battle against its declared enemies."

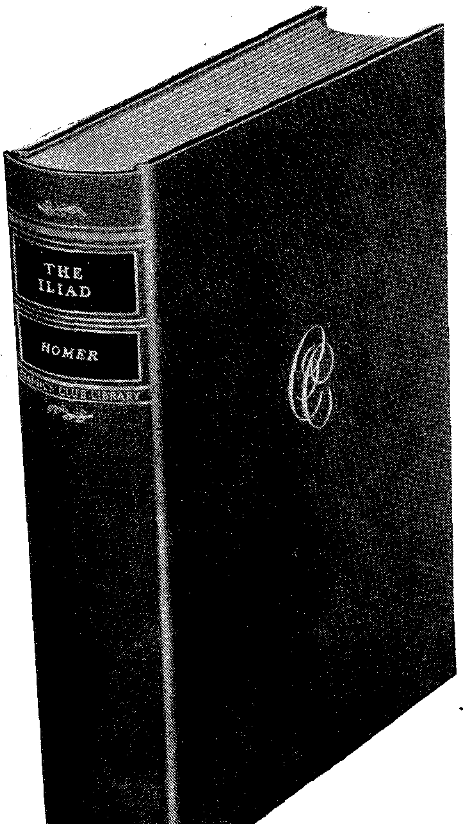
THIS past week I have been reading about a bold, strong Christian who was not afraid to be outspoken. The book is "Gilbert Keith Chesterton," a G.K.C.-sized biography by a family friend, Maisie Ward. Written from the point of view of a devout coreligionist and fervent admirer, it is a plum pudding of a book, stuffed with anecdotes and long stretches of quoted correspondence. It is quite uncritical. It makes no attempt to analyze the many dangerous weaknesses of Chesterton's political position and it is just a little cozy and parochial (which Chesterton never was) about his Catholicism.

But it is a grand book to read, nevertheless, because so much of the man is in it, so much of the great comic genius who will someday, for all his limitations, be recognized as a lesser brother of Chaucer, Fielding, and Dickens. Chesterton was a true eccentric, whose wisdom derived from his eccentricity (he would have called it his centrality). He was like one of the magnificent fools of Shakespeare.

OCCASIONALLY every reviewer is confronted with a book so entirely at variance with his own wave length that he cannot tell whether it is good, bad, or indifferent. He feels only, and with a kind of dull rage at his own incapacity, that he cannot read it. This seems to be my situation with respect to



"Senator and Mrs. Jones, meet Mr. Sutton. Mr. Sutton has no connection whatever with the government."



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"None But the Lonely Heart" consists of four hundred and forty-four pages of London cockney dialect. It purports to expose the mind and character of one Ernie Mott, a pathetic young pup with a yen for painting and the Better Life. (Ernie is always referred to as He, as if he were some special sort of deity.) After seventy pages of Mr. Llewellyn's peculiar and doubtless quite authentic dialect, I gave up and confessed myself both baffled and sleepy. In the firm belief that my opinion of "None But the Lonely Heart" is not worth a hoot, I urge you to buy it for yourself. Just leave me out of this.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

"A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S VERSE MADE BY T. S. ELIOT" is a startling title, both to those who admire Kipling and those who admire Eliot. The juxtaposition of the two writers' names is one which the wildest flight of the imagination could not have conjured up some years ago. Eliot's remarks, in the long introductory essay to the collection, about the talents of the man he calls "a great verse writer," are, though expressed in the quiet tone of ordered logic, often surprising; they will someday stir up controversy. Eliot does not sound as though he were working at a task imposed by anyone but himself, and he seems to know that he has a rather feeble set of facts on which to build a case. He resorts to all the expedients of a seasoned debater who finds himself in a more or less untenable position. He makes fine distinctions, and often leads us right up to a point which dissolves into something else before our very eyes. He does not tell any downright fibs, but the atmosphere of special pleading is strong.

Eliot cleverly begins by listing the chief arguments of the opposition: that Kipling is a writer of "jingles," and of political jingles at that. He counters the jingle charge by stating that Kipling never attempted to write "poetry," that he knew exactly what he was doing and possessed remarkable equipment with which to do it. Together with sharpness of sight and hearing and a searching curiosity, he grasped the means and understood the purposes of the true ballad-writer. Eliot points to Kipling's "singleness of intention in attempting to

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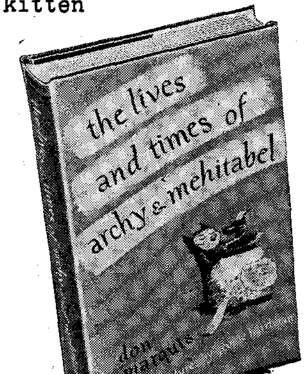
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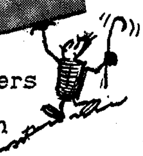

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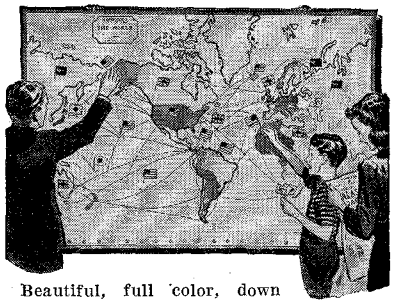

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convey no more to the simple-minded than can be taken in on one reading or hearing. . . . With this simplicity of purpose goes a consummate gift of word, phrase, and rhythm." Eliot then absolves Kipling, so far as inordinate praise of Empire is concerned, of either flattery or propaganda. "He was," Eliot says, "aiming to communicate the awareness of something in existence of which he felt that most people were very imperfectly aware. It was an awareness of grandeur, certainly, but it was much more an awareness of responsibility."

The ballad-maker point is a telling one. Kipling really did share something of the true ballad-writer's skill and sense of audience. His ballads were effective, however, only for a short time. They were written in a brief period of transition; his public changed. But the explanation must go deeper. What Kipling's verse in general does not share with ballads of folk tradition is contact with some profound vein of emotion and belief. He was never really coarse and never really reverent; a kind of "middle" sentimentality or else a willed and inflated seriousness exists behind his verse and behind that "mask of the entertainer" of which Eliot speaks. Further, Kipling did not develop in that humane direction which must be the course of every writer who will "last." His later interest in machines was the opposite of humane; his interest in drill, discipline, obedience, and general competence was basic. He built himself firmly into the most mechanistic side of a particularly materialist society; he dramatized all the naïveté of that society's conscious desires. Therefore his fate (in spite of his later love affair with rural Sussex) has been that of all purely mechanical contraptions. He has not become old-fashioned or "period," in the way of furniture or clothes or anything which even faintly bears the imprint of life. He has become obsolete, like an old engine. Built for a certain use, he is no longer usable. His verse is no longer bearable even on the simple levels toward which most of it was directed. "If—" is simply silly, "Gunga Din" and "Boots" are jokes, and even his most authentic ballad-writing effort, "Danny Deever," is now a kind of serio-comic baritone bad dream.

Eliot mentions the partly humble and fearful tone of "Recessional" as prophetic and notes Kipling's occasional queer insights into "the things which are underneath." Actually, these moments in Kipling show a compensating fear and anxiety, naturally attendant

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upon his tensions and strainings. Kipling's real unawareness of the future is proved by the fact that his own time was not transparent to him. He did not see through it. And it is rather appalling to find Eliot naming the author of "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted" a classic, not a romantic, poet, in the same category as Dryden.

Eliot himself belongs in the company of the post-Symbolists, of those poets who "did not share," as C. M. Bowra has said, "his [Kipling's] growing hatred of humanity and his consequent worship of the inanimate. If they had to choose between men and machines, they chose men." It is therefore strange to see him bending the subtle resources of his intelligence in a hopeless cause. Many of his tangential remarks are, however, interesting and valuable. The poems are arranged in non-chronological order. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN, by Wallace Stegner. A well-written study of a footloose family—a restless, brutal father, out to get something for nothing, a mother of inherent decency and sweetness, two intelligent boys whose spirit the father does his best to break. The interest of the novel is concentrated on the mother's and sons' reactions to the violent, egocentric father. The life of the household is a misery of continual cruelty and often crushing poverty, alternating with occasional scenes of simple family happiness which stand out beautifully and unforgettably.

KATHRINE, by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Harry Hansen. The centre of this expertly patterned novel is a lovely and gracious *demi-mondaine*, mistress of a French industrialist of great wealth and mother of a well-brought-up *jeune fille*. The emotional situation that arises when Kathrine's passion for her daughter comes into conflict with her loyalty to her lover is real and affecting. Quite as real and rather terrible is the author's dissection of upper-class prewar France.

AGAINST THIS ROCK, by Louis Zara. A full-dress historical novel that takes the Emperor Charles V from birth to death. Every political and personal event of his reign is examined and there is an impressive quantity of data on the life of the period. An easy way of doing your homework

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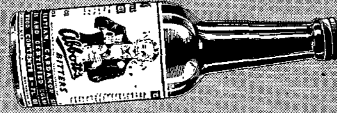

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on sixteenth-century European history.

Out of the Silent Planet, by C. S. Lewis. A journey-to-Mars fantasy that is almost as good as the early H. G. Wells. The writing is miles above the usual "scientifiction" level.

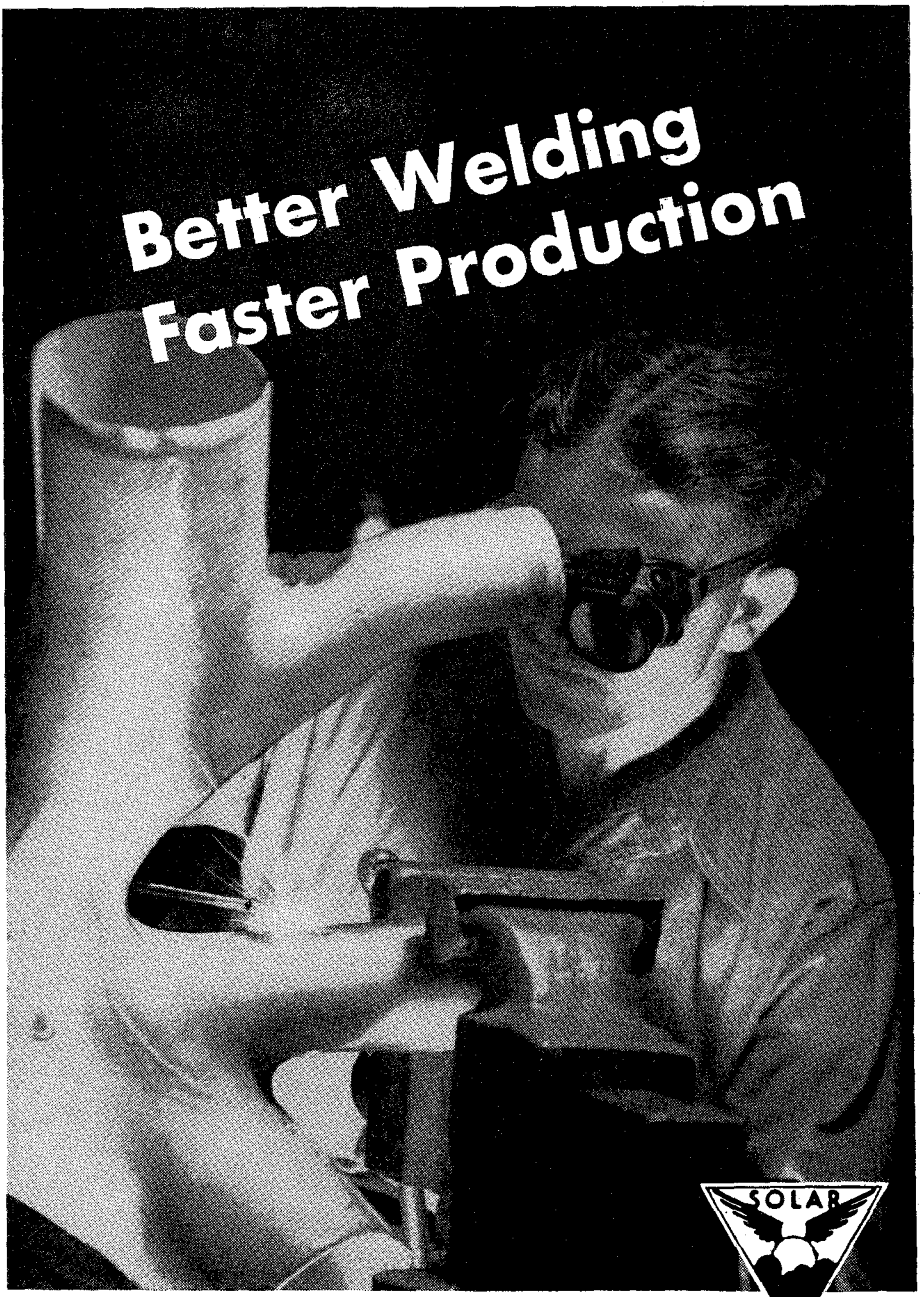
The Best American Short Stories 1943, edited by Martha Foley. Thirty selections, several from these pages, form this year's roundup in the series founded by the late Edward J. O'Brien. The volume has a number of familiar names (William Faulkner, Kay Boyle, James Thurber, William Saroyan, Eudora Welty, Wallace Stegner) and is, on the whole, pretty good reading.

GENERAL

Journey into America, by Donald Culross Peattie. Like James Truslow Adams' "The American," this is a historical evaluation of the American temperament, done in the form of an open letter to the author's anti-Nazi German friend, Baldur Olden. The Constitutional Convention, Daniel Boone's daughter, Robert Dale Owen, Kit Carson, the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and other matters resolve into a fervent national portrait. The author seems to detour some of the rough spots and he has a weakness for easy effects and romantic half-truths. Even so, he makes rich and stinging poetry out of the things we have been and are. Much of the material has appeared in the magazines. Illustrations in color by Lynd Ward.

The "Infantry Journal" Reader, selected and edited by Colonel Joseph I. Greene. Nearly seven hundred pages of articles (and even a little verse) covering very nearly every aspect of modern war you can think of, from the humor of infantry officers on horseback to the theory of military government. A valuable compendium, signed by such names as Stilwell, Chennault, MacArthur, Patton, Marshall, and dozens of more modest ones, with a preface and comment by the editor. Professional, of course, but civilians should find it pleasantly readable. Servicemen will eat it up.

The Serbs Choose War, by Ruth Mitchell. General Billy Mitchell's sister tells how she joined the Serbian Chetniks under Mikhailovich, was arrested by the Gestapo, and spent eighteen months in German prisons before she was exchanged. A vivid,



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SOLAR AIRCRAFT COMPANY ★ SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA

This one's going to hurt!

Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many and many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to get the money to keep our fighting machine going—you, and every man or woman in America, are asked to invest in at least one extra $100 Bond in September.

$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody!*

No man or woman can hold back. No one can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No one can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—just money that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on —that might have meant extra clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can do without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will.*

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest way out of this whole rotten business is to chip in all we can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

Back the attack with War Bonds

warm-hearted story by a redoubtably self-possessed American woman.

MEET MR. BLANK, by Countess Waldeck. A book about the hypothetical leader—a general, a Socialist, a refugee, a bureaucrat, or whatever—who will sign the peace for Germany and rule after it. Some interesting speculations, but rather on the naïve side.

RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN, by Carleton Beals. A seasoned observer of Latin American affairs gives us an up-to-date report on the cultures of the Caribbean area, Mexico, and the countries to the south, ranging all the way from ecological theory to the author's vivid impressions of what he has seen. Energetic and sometimes hasty journalism. Not too well organized, but entertaining and valuable for its understanding and its broad, factual grasp of regional and national qualities.

MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler, translated by Ralph Manheim. A completely new and definitive translation, which even preserves (quite consciously) some of the illiteracies of the original.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SAINT STEPS IN, by Leslie Charteris. Simon Templar, whose buccaneering activities in recent years have begun to take on a tinge of absurdity, gets in his stride again as he tackles a group of men who are trying to suppress a formula for synthetic rubber. Although Templar, commonly known as the Saint, is now coöperating with the F.B.I., his methods are still unregimented, and one can foresee that this arrangement is apt to be temporary. The best Saint book in some time.

SCANDAL HAS TWO FACES, by Mary E. Campbell. The academic atmosphere, which is having quite a vogue in mysteries right now, is amusingly handled by a new writer who seems well acquainted with faculty life in a Middle Western university. She has chosen a rather difficult double-barrelled plot, of which many readers will prefer the minor thread, which has to do with the cribbing in English A, to the major one of murder.

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NAZIS MOVING MORE AND
MORE FIGHTERS INTO AREA
BY HUGH BAILLIE
(PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES)
—*Greenville (S. C.) News.*

Come now, Baillie, quiet down!

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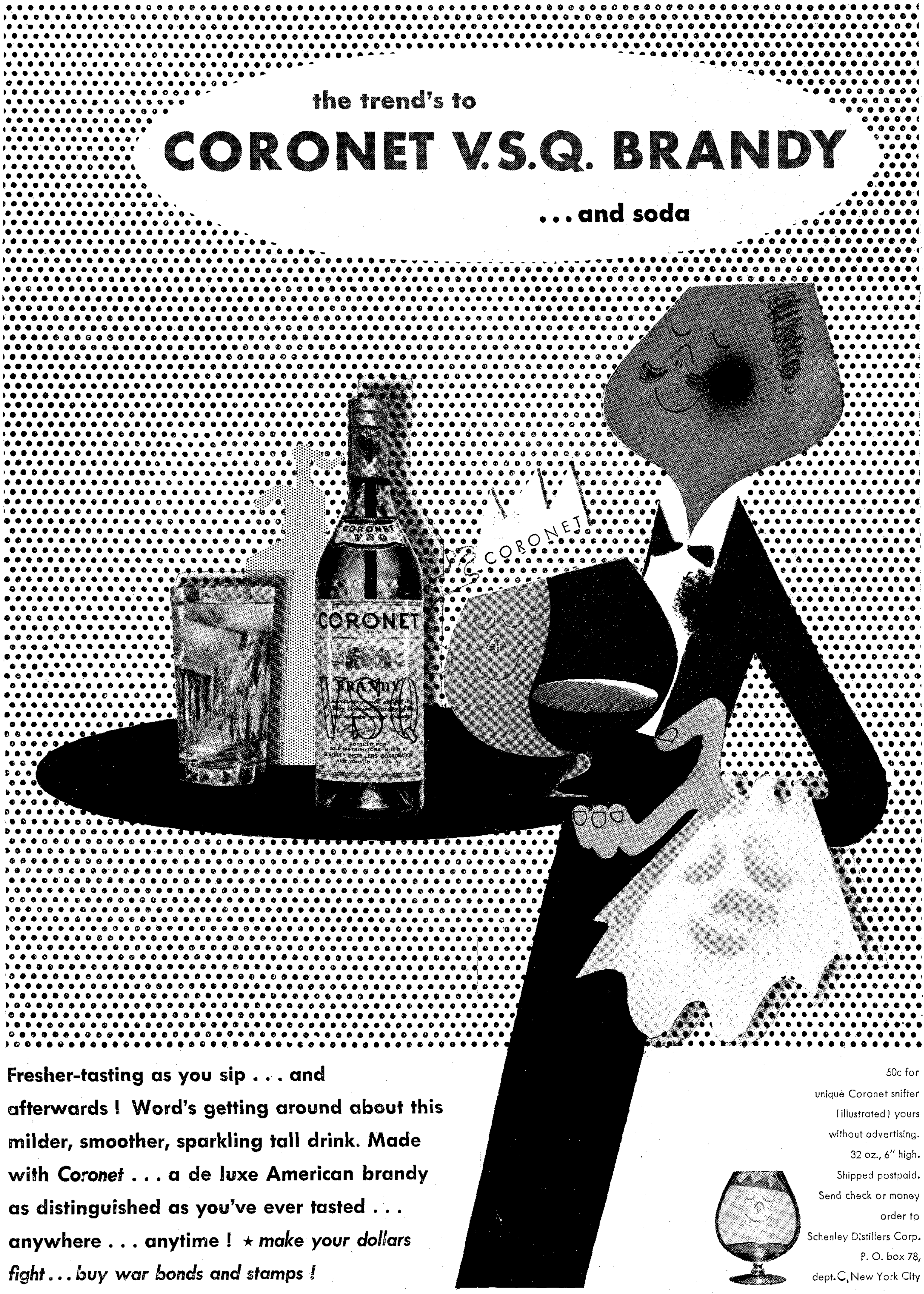
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. . . and soda
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Some bad.
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It has been famous
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That always stands out.
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More than 132 years ago
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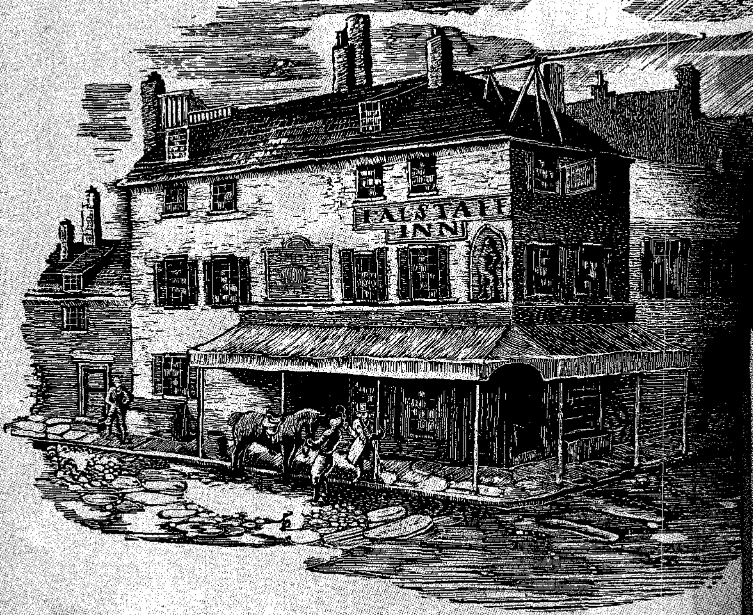
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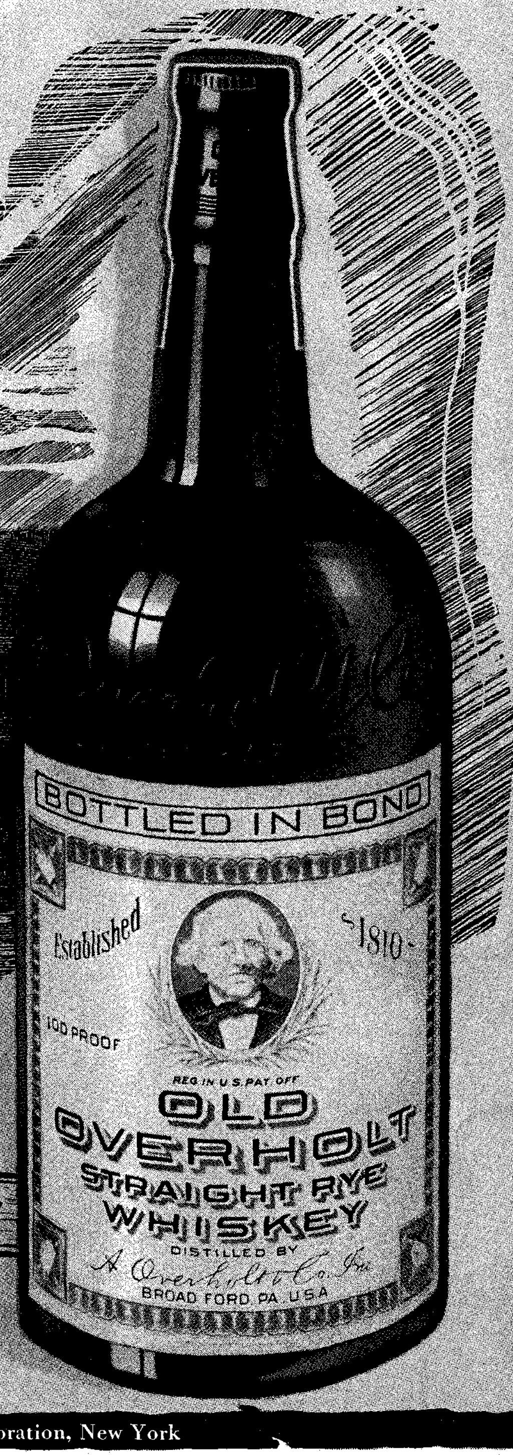
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